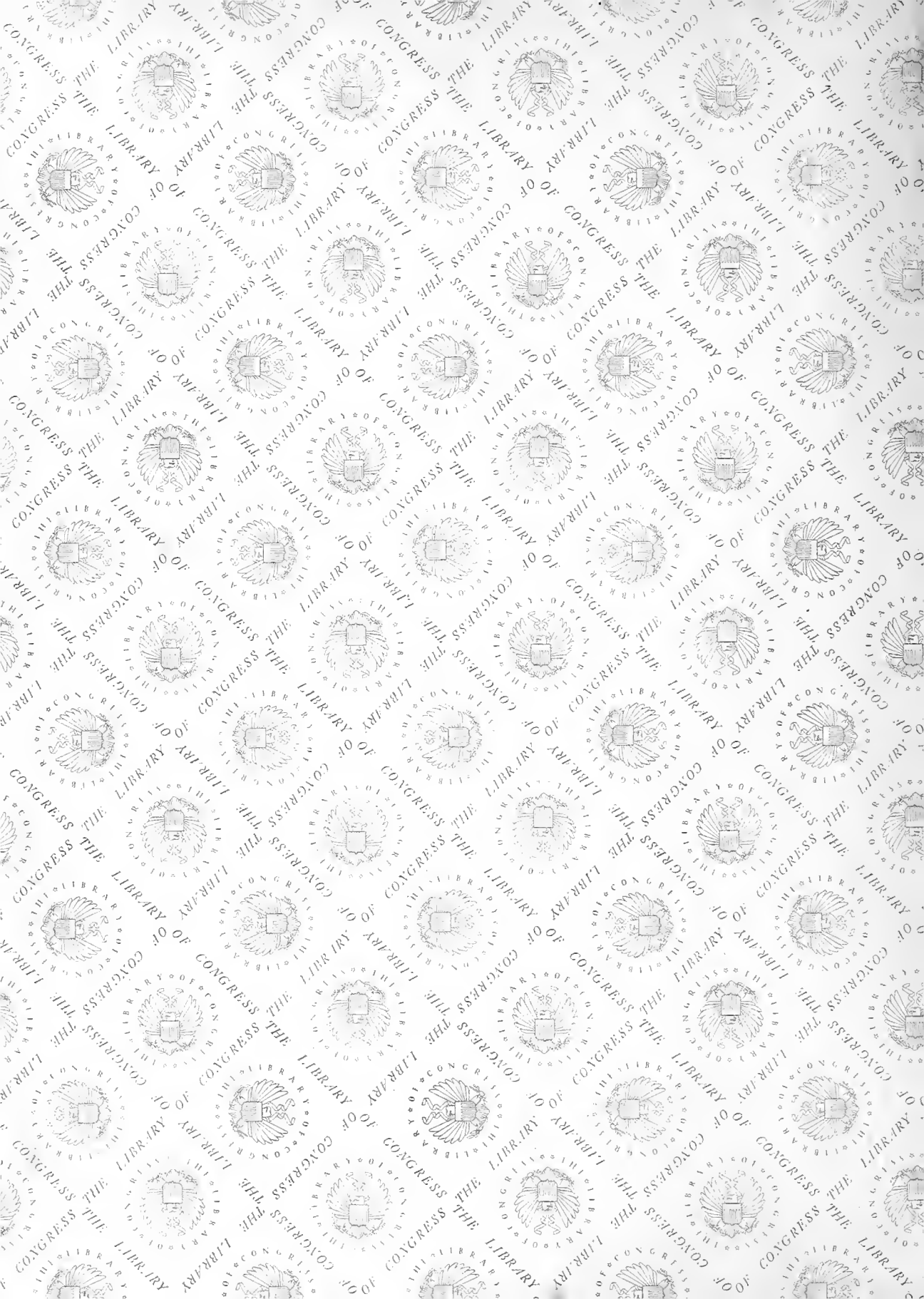
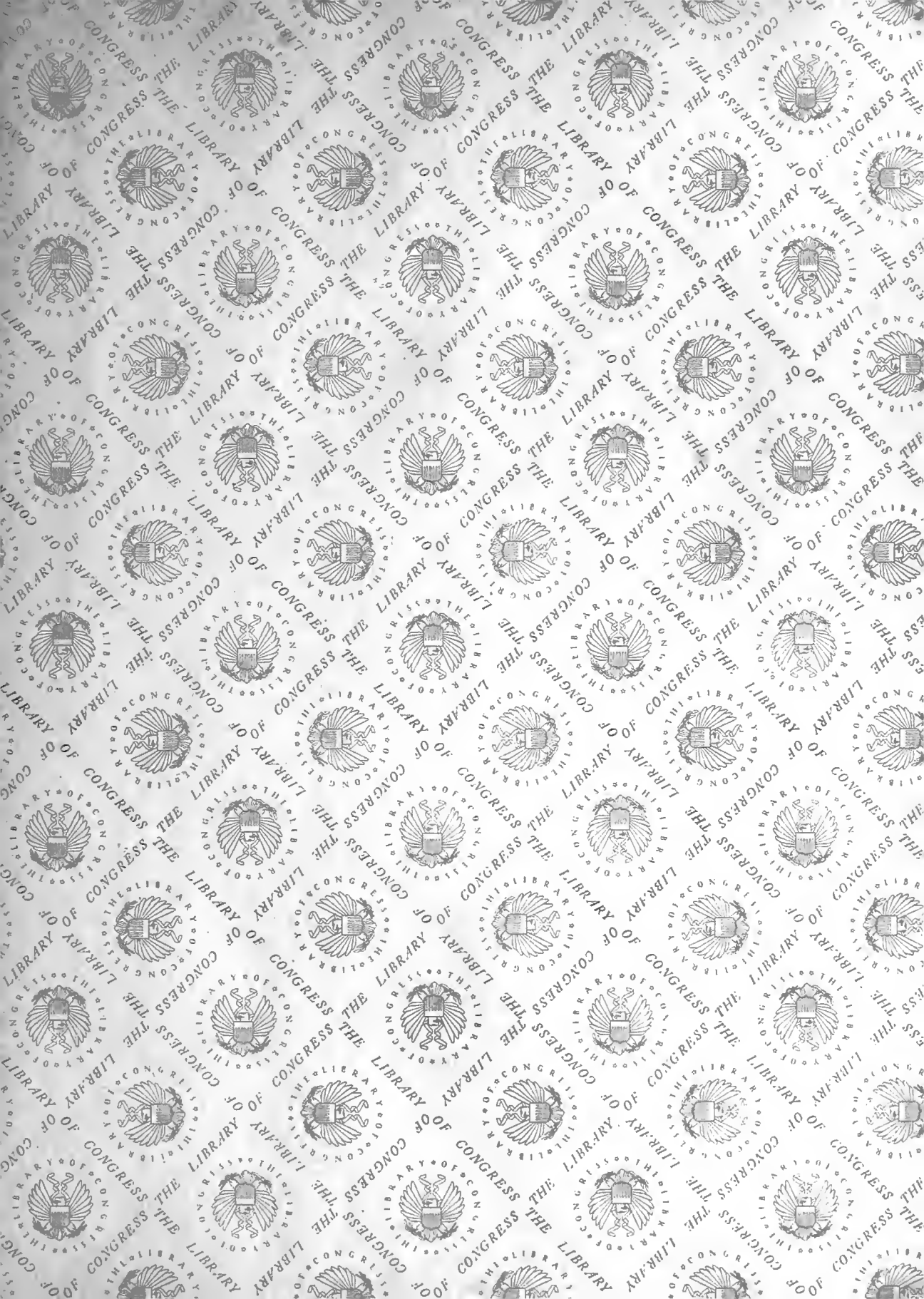


LOG OF MY MOTOR
1908-1911







CONGRATULATIONS





LOG OF MY MOTOR



LOG
OF
MY MOTOR

BY
W. K. VANDERBILT, JR.



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1912

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Vol.

FOREWORD

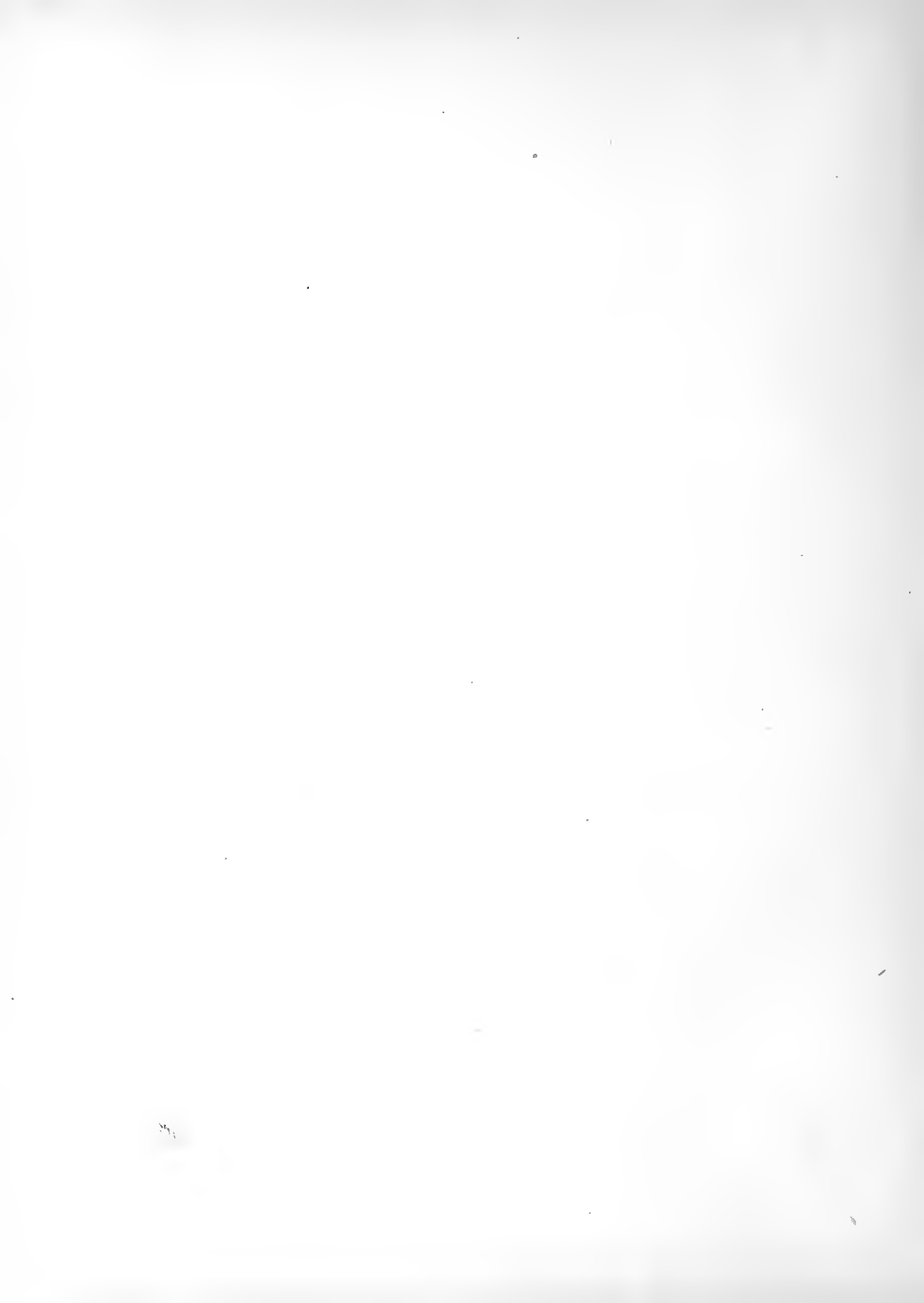


THIS book is a modest attempt to collect between two covers the records of the more important trips made in Europe by the author, during the past four years.

It contains such information as guide books lack, describing conditions along the various routes as they now exist, touching lightly on the history of the more important towns. It is illustrated from photographs taken en route.

CONTENTS

TRIP, 1908	PAGE
LIVERPOOL TO LONDON	3
LONDON TO FRANKFURT	7
THROUGH THE AUSTRIAN TYROLS TO LUCERNE AND AIX-LES- BAINS	19
AIX-LES-BAINS TO MONTE CARLO	39
MONTE CARLO TO LYONS	48
TRIP THROUGH SPAIN, March 21-April 1, 1909	57
TOUR THROUGH EUROPE, December 15, 1909-January 22, 1910	103
TRIP THROUGH SPAIN AND PORTUGAL, February 11- March 15, 1911	153



LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
THE SPECIALLY BUILT 35-H. P. RENAULT CAR	2
THE 45-H. P. MERCEDES AND THE 35-H. P. RENAULT	5
A GOOD EXAMPLE OF GERMAN TOWN ARCHITECTURE — ULM	6
MR. W. K. VANDERBILT, JR., AND MR. WILLIAM PAYNE	9
CASTLE OF KING OF BAVARIA, NEAR FUSSEN	13
THE FOOT-HILLS OF THE AUSTRIAN TYROL	17
ANOTHER VIEW OF THE FOOT-HILLS OF THE AUSTRIAN TYROL	18
ENTRANCE TO THE TOWN OF MUMURRIGEN	21
CATHEDRAL AT ULM	22
WEISSEN SEE, NEAR FUSSEN	25
ANOTHER VIEW OF THE FOOT-HILLS OF THE AUSTRIAN TYROL	26
ARLBERG PASS — THE RENAULT CAR	29
A SWISS VILLAGE — THE RENAULT CAR	30
NEAR LICHTENSTEIG, SWITZERLAND	33
THE RIVER RHONE, JUST WEST OF AIX-LES-BAINS	34
SCENERY IN SWITZERLAND	37
THE CLIMB OF THE COL DU CHAT, NEAR AIX-LES-BAINS	38
THE ROAD BETWEEN GAP AND DIGNE	41
THE HOTEL DES TROIS ROIS IN THE VILLAGE OF SEYNE	45
ANOTHER VIEW OF THE HOTEL DES TROIS ROIS	46
GRASSE	49
THE COUNTRY NEAR GRASSE	50
VIEW ALONG THE RIVIERA. A GLIMPSE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN	53
ROMAN ARCH AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE TOWN OF ORANGE	54
MAP OF 1909 TRIP THROUGH SPAIN	56
THE 55-H. P., 1909 MERCEDES, USED ON TRIP THROUGH SPAIN	59
PORTION OF WALL SURROUNDING LAGUARDIA	60
MARKET DAY IN TOLOSA	61
STREET IN A VILLAGE OF NORTHERN SPAIN	62
OLD SPANISH CHURCH, TOLOSA	65
TYPES OF SPANISH PEASANTS, TOLOSA	66
STREAM CROSSING THE HIGHWAY AND A SHEPHERD	69
TYPES OF SPANISH PEASANTS IN THIS SECTION	70

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
CARAVAN ON THE ROAD TO GUADALAJARA	73
DESERT BETWEEN TUDELA AND ZARAGOZA	74
VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE SIERRA DE LA MUELA	77
VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE SIERRA DE LA VIRGEN	78
BULL FIGHT IN MADRID. SUNDAY, MARCH 28, 1909	81
BULL FIGHT IN MADRID. SUNDAY, MARCH 28, 1909	82
BULL FIGHT IN MADRID. SUNDAY, MARCH 28, 1909	83
BULL FIGHT IN MADRID. SUNDAY, MARCH 28, 1909	84
THE TOWN SQUARE. BADAJOZ	87
FERTILE PLAINS BETWEEN BADAJOZ AND LOS SANTOS	88
CROSSING THE SIERRA DE TUDIA	91
CROSSING THE SIERRA DE TUDIA	92
TYPE OF VILLAGES BETWEEN LOS SANTOS AND SEVILLE	95
TYPE OF VILLAGES BETWEEN ÚTRERA AND JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA	96
CATHEDRAL AT SEVILLE	99
GOVERNMENT BUILDING, SEVILLE	100
MAIN STREET OF ÚTRERA	101
VILLAFRANCA — SHOWING DRAINING DITCH AND CACTUS HEDGES	102
MAP OF TOUR THROUGH EUROPE IN 1909	104
VIEWS IN AMSTERDAM	113
VIEWS NEAR ROTTERDAM	114
TOWN HALL. VEK	117
TYPICAL HUNGARIAN VILLAGE	123
TOWN SQUARE. FEUCHTEWANGEN	124
STREET IN ROTHENBERG	127
SMALL FARM HOUSE NEAR MUNICH	128
WASSERBURG	131
ROAD BETWEEN VIENNA AND BUDAPEST	132
CASTLE AT HARBURG-I-SCHWABEN	135
BUDAPEST	139
SMALL VILLAGE ON THE DANUBE, 60 KILOMETERS FROM BUDAPEST	140
A SCENE IN VENICE FROM THE GRAND CANAL	143
A SCENE IN VENICE FROM THE GRAND CANAL	144
ROAD SKIRTING THE MEDITERRANEAN BETWEEN GENOA AND MONTE CARLO	147
STREET SCENE IN VILLAGE ON ROAD BETWEEN GENOA AND MONTE CARLO	148
MAP OF TOUR THROUGH SPAIN AND PORTUGAL	154
CANAL DU MIDI	157
CAR USED ON TRIP	158
PLANTER'S HOME AND VINEYARDS SURROUNDING IT	159
NARBONNE	160
IN THE PYRENEES, JUST BEFORE REACHING THE SPANISH FRONTIER	163
IN THE PYRENEES, JUST BEFORE REACHING THE SPANISH FRONTIER	164
FORT DE SALSES, 15 KILOMETERS FROM PERPIGNAN	167
OLD CASTLE, ABOUT 20 KILOMETERS FROM BARCELONA	168
ROAD NEAR FIGUERAS	169
GERONA. FROM THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER TER	170
CROSSING THE FLUVIA RIVER	173

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
VIEW OF COUNTRY 20 KILOMETERS FROM BARCELONA	173
ROAD AND SCENERY 30 KILOMETERS FROM BARCELONA	174
VILLAGE OF ITAFULLA, NEAR TARRAGONA	174
MORELLA MOUNTAINS, 29 KILOMETERS FROM BARCELONA	175
VIEW OF VILLAGE OF VILLANUEVA, BETWEEN BARCELONA AND TARRAGONA	176
ROMAN ARCH ON ROAD BETWEEN BARCELONA AND TARRAGONA	179
OLD ROMAN RELIC ON ROAD TO TARRAGONA	180
STREET IN TARRAGONA	181
CHURCH AT BENICARLO	182
OLD LADY. TAKEN NEAR CASTELLON	185
NEAR CASTELLON. VIEW FROM TOP OF MOUNTAIN	186
ROAD-KEEPER'S HOUSE NEAR CASTELLON	187
TWO MEN AND A BOY. TAKEN NEAR THE SUMMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN AT CASTELLON	188
PICKING ORANGES, NEAR VALENCIA	188
OLD FORTIFICATIONS SURROUNDING THE TOWN OF SAGUNTO	191
MONASTERY JUST OUTSIDE OF VALENCIA	192
WHERE THE ROAD AND RAILROAD RUN CLOSE TO EACH OTHER	193
CHURCH AT VILLAREAL	193
HOTEL IN TARRAGONA	194
ROAD TRAVERSED AFTER LEAVING GUADIX	194
CONDITION OF ROAD ENTERING VALENCIA	197
ORANGE GROVES NEAR VALENCIA	198
SOME FINE ORANGE TREES	199
VIEW IN VALENCIA	200
VIEW IN VALENCIA	203
MARKET AT VALENCIA	204
MARKET AT VALENCIA	205
ONE OF THE FINEST CHURCHES IN VALENCIA	206
ON THE ROAD TO VALENCIA	209
CLIMBING THE PASS ON THE ROAD TO ALCOY	210
VIEW OF PLAIN, ON THE ROAD TO ALCOY	211
DESCENT DURING AFTERNOON'S RUN	212
PLAIN CROSSED DURING AFTERNOON'S RUN	215
CULLAR DE BAZA	216
CULLAR DE BAZA	217
CULLAR DE BAZA	218
"TOP OF THE WORLD"—SUMMIT OF PASS BETWEEN GUADIX AND GRANADA	221
THE CAR AT THE SPOT WHERE WE LUNCHEd	222
CROSSING A DRY RIVER-BED AFTER LEAVING GUADIX	223
STREET SCENE IN A TYPICAL VILLAGE OF SOUTHERN SPAIN	224
VIEW AT GRANADA	227
THE ALHAMBRA AT GRANADA	228
WALLS OF THE ALHAMBRA, GRANADA	229
PALACE OF CHARLES V, SHOWING EASTERLY FAÇADE	230
THAT PART OF GRANADA SITUATED ON THE HILL	233
APPROACH TO A PRIVATE VILLA AT GRANADA	234

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
PRIVATE GARDEN AT GRANADA	235
VILLAGE JUST OUTSIDE OF GRANADA	236
MONASTERY AT GRANADA	239
OLD MAN. PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE ROAD TO CORDOBA, NEAR CABRA	240
PRIEGO	241
STREET LIFE AND TYPICAL HOUSES, PRIEGO	242
FOUNTAIN AT CORDOBA	243
CATHEDRAL AT CORDOBA	244
COUNTRY 30 KILOMETERS SOUTH OF CORDOBA	245
VIEW OF COUNTRY. STORK ON FARTHER SIDE OF POND	246
LA CARLOTA	249
A STREET IN CORDOBA	250
THE CATHEDRAL AT SEVILLE	251
THE CATHEDRAL AT SEVILLE	252
THE ALCAZAR GARDENS, SEVILLE	253
W. K. V., JR., IN THE ALCAZAR AT SEVILLE	254
A HOUSE IN SEVILLE	257
ROMAN RUINS NEAR SEVILLE	258
ROMAN RUINS NEAR SEVILLE	259
STORK'S NEST ON DOME OF CATHEDRAL AT FREJENAL	260
CEMETERY NEAR FREJENAL	263
A VILLAGE NEAR ESTREMOZ	264
ON THE ROAD TO BADAJOZ, NEAR SEVILLE	265
CATHEDRAL AT BADAJOZ	266
SCENERY NEAR ELVAS	269
ROMAN RELICS AT ELVAS	270
TYPE OF VILLAGE NEAR ELVAS	271
SOME PEASANTS	272
FINE EXAMPLE OF WALL ARCHITECTURE	275
TRAVELER ON HIS MULE	276
ON THE WAY TO COIMBRA	279
COIMBRA	280
HOTEL BUSSACO	281
HOTEL BUSSACO FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN BEHIND THE HOTEL	282
VIEW FROM HOTEL BUSSACO	285
BUSSACO. PART OF THE MONASTERY	286
ON THE ROAD TO PORTO	287
VILLAGE SCENE ON THE ROAD TO PORTO	288
WOMAN AND TWO YOUNG GIRLS. PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE ROAD TO PORTO	291
TWO FINE HEADS	292
BRIDGE CROSSED JUST BEFORE ENTERING THE TOWN OF PORTO	293
FISHERMEN'S QUARTERS. VIGO	294
WATERFRONT AT VIGO, SHOWING CUSTOM HOUSE AND HARBOR FACILITIES	297
TYPE OF HOUSES AT VIGO	298
STREET SCENE. VIGO	299
ONE OF THE SQUARES. VIGO	300
BRIDGE NEAR TUY	303

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
SOME OF THE INHABITANTS OF VIGO	304
STREET SCENE IN VIGO	305
PORT OF VIGO	306
COUNTRY NEAR SANTIAGO	309
LAREDO. BETWEEN SANTUNDER AND BILBAO	317
ELGDIBAR, NEAR DEVA, ON THE WAY TO SAN SEBASTIAN	323
BAYONNE	327
CATHEDRAL IN BAYONNE	328
THE SQUARE OF A FRENCH VILLAGE ON THE ROAD TO BORDEAUX . . .	331
TWENTY KILOMETERS FROM BORDEAUX. THE RIVER DORDOGNE IN THE DISTANCE	322

TRIP

LIVERPOOL TO LONDON

LONDON TO PARIS

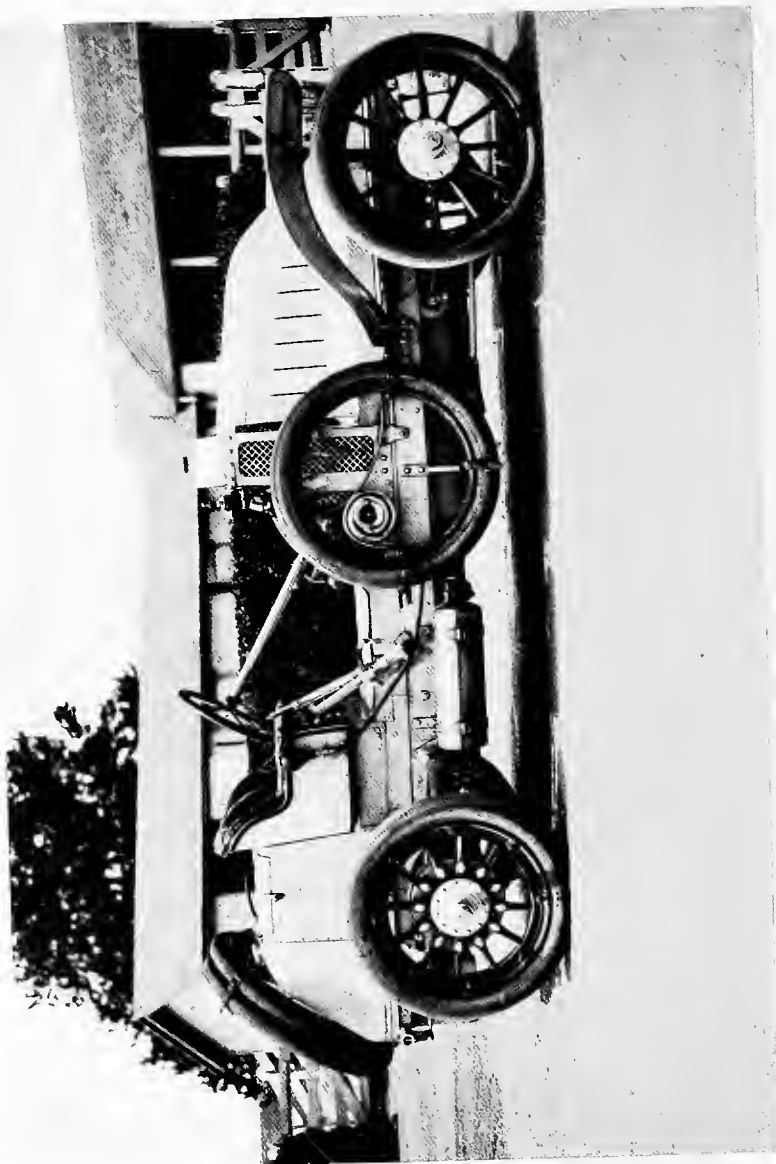
PARIS TO FRANKFURT

THROUGH THE AUSTRIAN TYROLS
TO LUCERNE AND AIX-LES-BAINS

AIX-LES-BAINS TO MONTE CARLO

MONTE CARLO TO LYONS

1908



THE SPECIALLY BUILT 35-H.P. RENAULT CAR

LIVERPOOL TO LONDON

JUNE 30, 1908



WE arrived at Liverpool at 10 o'clock this morning, on board the new turbine steamer "Mauretania." As it was our intention to motor to London, our first thought on leaving the ship was to proceed to the hotel for lunch. After partaking of a good meal, we sought the garage, where my specially built 35-H. P. Renault car awaited our arrival.

It took some time to procure the necessary police license, but by 1.45 P. M. we were under way for London.

On leaving Liverpool, it is necessary to ferry across the Mersey River, the time required for the journey being 15 minutes, but by 2.20 we had reached Chester, the first large town, 18 miles distant. The country in the neighborhood of Liverpool is flat and uninteresting. The road surface was good, and had been tarred. There was very little traffic encountered, but bicyclists swarmed all over the highway like bees.

Nantwich, Stone and Stafford were reached in due time. At the latter place, we punctured a tire. The clock pointed to 4.10 when repairs were begun, but 15 minutes later we were once more under way, the detachable rims making the repair operation very easy.

LOG OF MY MOTOR

The country now began to assume a hilly aspect, and many fine estates and beautiful trees were to be seen on all sides. The villages are very picturesque, and if we only had had time, many a good picture could have been taken.

Lichfield, 84.5 miles from Liverpool, was reached at 4.45 p. m. Here we stopped at the George Hotel for tea. We also filled up with gasoline and oil, and at 5.05 were once again on our way. Coventry, Daventry and Stratford, all interesting towns, were passed in rapid succession.

At 8.00 p. m., we entered the small town of Dunstable, distant 172.5 miles from Liverpool, and while passing through the main street, punctured another rear tire. Repairs were made, and at the same time more gasoline and oil taken on board. Darkness rapidly coming on, we lit the lamps.

Dunstable was left behind at 8.30 and we passed through St. Albans and Barnet. Just before reaching St. Albans we punctured another rear tire, and owing to having used up our extra supply, we were compelled to run the remaining 30 miles on the rim. Nevertheless, 10.10 p. m. found us safe and sound at the Hotel Ritz, London, having covered the distance of 206.9 miles from Liverpool in 7 hours and 25 minutes.

The surface of the road along the entire distance was found to be perfect and free from dust, owing to the layer of tar which had been applied. The car worked to perfection, and apart from the three punctures, we experienced no mishaps. Speed was not considered, and we never exceeded 45 miles an hour.

The cyclometer on leaving Liverpool stood at 1,631 miles. The weather conditions were fine.



THE 45-H. P. MERCEDES AND THE 35-H. P. RENAULT



A GOOD EXAMPLE OF GERMAN TOWN ARCHITECTURE — ULM

LONDON TO PARIS

JULY 2, 1908



FINE morning. Left for Paris at 7.55 A. M. Owing to the early hour, there was little congestion in the streets, and Eltham was reached by 8.30. At this point the city is left behind. Farningham and Wrotham were passed in rapid succession, Maidstone looming up at 9.15.

Lenham, Charing, Ashford, Hythe and Sandgate were all passed through without mishap. Folkstone was reached by 10.15. Distance from Hotel Ritz, 73.2 miles. Roads in perfect condition, and tarred the entire distance.

The country is superb, and less traffic was encountered on the highways in this section of England than we met in the north. There were several police traps on the route, but we were not hindered in our progress.

We had no mishaps to the car, and after the gasoline had been emptied from the tank, the car was placed on the steamer due to sail at 12 o'clock for Boulogne. A smooth crossing—somewhat longer than usual, owing to a fog,—was the cause of our not docking before 1.30 P. M. While the car was being unloaded we lunched at the railway station, so that it was 3.00 P. M. before we got under way for Paris.

LOG OF MY MOTOR

About 20 miles from Boulogne a crow flying across the road was struck and killed. Montreuil was reached at 3.30. Here we stopped to fill our tanks with gasoline and oil. At 3.40 we were under way again. Abbeville, 50 miles from Boulogne, was reached at 4.20. Airaines, 62.6 miles, at 4.45, and Poix, 77.5 miles, at 5.05. At the latter place we stopped for 25 minutes to replenish our gasoline and oil tanks, and at the same time we bought some pie and fruit for ourselves. We were again under way by 5.30.

At 7.15, just before reaching Maison Laffitte, while running at full speed on a curve, a front tire was punctured. The shoe flew off, but no jar or swerve to the car was noticeable. Ten minutes later, or at 7.25, the change having been made, we were again on the road, reaching the Hotel Ritz at 7.50 P. M.

Distance, 157.7 miles from Boulogne. The cyclometer registered 1,995.3 miles.

We found the roads in superb condition, tar being applied in numerous places. The weather favored us the entire day, and the run proved most enjoyable.

Distance from London to Paris, 230.9 miles, covered in 6 hours and 3 minutes.

Our last run from London to Paris on March 14, 1906, was in a 45-H. P. landaulet Mors car. We followed the same route, and the total distance, 365 kilometers, was covered in 8 hours and 23 minutes.

The actual distance, according to the maps, from London to Paris, is 228 miles (365 kilometers). Our cyclometer reading showed the distance that we had run, from hotel to hotel, as 230.9 miles. This extra 2.9 miles can be considered as the distance from the gates of Paris to the Hotel Ritz, and from the Hotel Ritz in London to Westminster Abbey.

The above figures prove the accuracy of the cyclometer I am using.



MR. W. K. VANDERBILT, JR., AND MR. WILLIAM PAYNE



LOG OF MY MOTOR

TUESDAY, JULY 21, 1908

Left London this morning by train for Paris, arriving at my destination at 5.00 P. M.

As I had promised to be in Frankfurt on Wednesday evening, I calculated it would be necessary to leave Paris to-night, and therefore 6.20 found us in the 35-H. P. Renault car, en route for Chalons-sur-Marne.

We left the eastern extremity of Paris at 7.00 P. M., took the road to Noisy and Lagny, and reached the latter town at 7.25. This route avoids the cobble stones that are found on the Route National between Paris and Meaux, and although narrow, has been lately tarred, and was in splendid condition the entire way.

From Lagny we shaped our course for Meaux and here rejoined the Route National.

Montmirail, 113 kilometers from Paris, hove in sight at 8.10 P. M. Here we stopped, at the Hotel Vertgallant, for dinner. Food poor, and hotel dirty.

After dinner the lights being lit and tanks replenished with gasoline and oil, we left at 9.00 P. M. for Chalons, 63 kilometers distant.

One of France's finest highways was now under us. At Thebie we punctured a rear tire, but with the help of one of the side lamps, the change was made in 8 minutes, Chalons being reached at 9.55 P. M. A very quick run, considering it was night, the 63 kilometers being covered in 55 minutes.

The day's run was 176 kilometers, in 2 hours and 38 minutes.

Stopped for the night at Hotel Haute-Mère-Dieu, where we were made comfortable, and were recompensed the next morning for any inconvenience that we suffered by the bill amounting but to 15 francs, which included charges for two

LOG OF MY MOTOR

bedrooms, breakfast, and all other items of expense for automobile, etc., something quite extraordinary nowadays where automobile travel is frequent.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1908

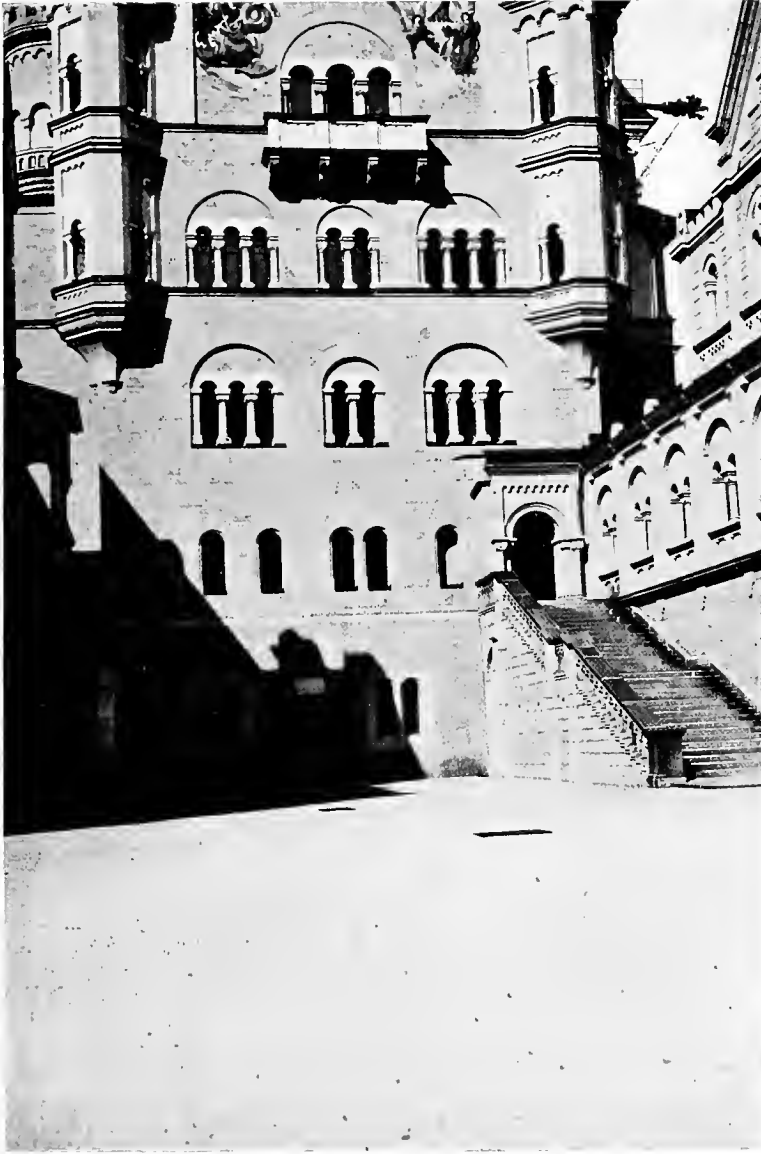
On descending from our rooms at the hotel, we found we had a fine day before us for our run to Frankfurt. Chalons was left behind at 9.40 A. M. St. Menchould was reached at 10.05, distance 41 kilometers. The road was uninteresting but in fine shape. The cyclometer at this point stood at 2,540.7 miles. Distance from Hotel Ritz, 135 miles.

We filled the tanks with gasoline and oil, and at 10.15 were under way again, arriving at Verdun at 11.00 A. M. The road between St. Menchould and Verdun is rather hilly, and crosses the railroad at numerous points, and as it is also full of turns, high speed could not be attained in this section. Distance, St. Menchould to Verdun, 42 kilometers.

Verdun is a pretty little town, the streets of which are always crowded. It is well fortified, and is one of France's most strongly garrisoned towns bordering the German frontier.

We passed the Hotel des Trois Morts, which looked as dirty as ever, and emerged a few minutes afterwards at the eastern end of the town. Took the road to Etain, 20 kilometers from Verdun, and then followed the road to Chalons, 20 kilometers distant. Between the two latter places are situated the French and German *douanes*. We arrived at the French *douane* at 11.20. Our papers being correct, we were delayed but five minutes.

The German frontier was reached at 11.45. It is quite a problem to enter this country nowadays. In years gone by, all that was necessary for the automobilist was to salute



CASTLE OF KING OF BAVARIA, NEAR FUSSEN



LOG OF MY MOTOR

the officer, and pass on. Now we were loaded up with a trunkful of documents. All had to be verified, stamped and punched, and my certificate as a driver also came in for its share of inscriptions. At last, after receiving number 8,837 and other papers, we were allowed to proceed at 12.05, and arrived at Metz, over a very picturesque, well-fortified route, at 12.25.

Metz, as usual, was crowded, and the German officers and troops presented a great contrast to those we had just left behind on French soil. We stopped for lunch at the Grand Hotel, which had been entirely renovated, and now presented a most respectable appearance. During our morning's run of 2 hours and 10 minutes we had covered 151 kilometers.

Gasoline, water and oil were put in the car, and at 3.05, German time, we were once more on the way for Frankfurt. Before leaving, we examined the cyclometer, and found that we were 68 miles from St. Meneshould, or 203 miles from the Hotel Ritz in Paris.

The following is the route we took to Frankfurt:

	Kil.
Metz to Fouligny	25
Fouligny to St. Avoird	17
St. Avoird to Sarrebruck	28
Sarrebruck to Homburg	29
Homburg to Landstuhl	19
Landstuhl to Kaiserlautern	16
Kaiserlautern to Grunstadtz	35
Grunstadtz to Worms	17
Worms to Bensheim	21
Bensheim to Darmstadt	23
Darmstadt to Frankfurt	28
Total	<hr/> 258

LOG OF MY MOTOR

We found the road the entire distance in good condition; and the country, as far as Worms, which we reached at 7.30, picturesque. The villages are most attractive and clean.

From Worms, the route lay along the valley of the River Rhine. After crossing a very imposing bridge, we entered a flat, uninteresting country. Bensheim was reached by 8.00 P. M. Distance from Metz, 137 miles. Stopped for gasoline, and changed one of the rear tires which we had punctured, causing a delay of 6 minutes. The road north of Bensheim was being repaired and caused us considerable trouble and delay in finding a route circumventing this section. Nevertheless, 8.20 saw Bensheim behind us, and at 9.20 Frankfurt was reached. As usual the town was celebrating some anniversary, and the streets were decorated with bunting from end to end.

We were now 170 miles from Metz, or 373 miles from the Hotel Ritz, Paris. On entering the town of Frankfurt we punctured another rear tire, the third since leaving the French capital.

Stopped at the Frankfurter-Hof, which is first class in every way, but for prices it exceeded anything that we had ever encountered before.



THE FOOT-HILLS OF THE AUSTRIAN TYROL

TAKEN FROM A WINDOW OF THE KING OF BAVARIA'S CASTLE

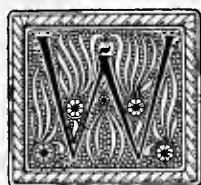


ANOTHER VIEW OF THE FOOT-HILLS OF THE AUSTRIAN TYROL

TAKEN FROM A WINDOW OF THE KING OF BAVARIA'S CASTLE

THROUGH THE AUSTRIAN TYROLS TO LUCERNE AND AIX-LES-BAINS

THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1908



E got under way, with the Renault, at 1.10 after having partaken of lunch.

Before leaving Frankfurt I had the car looked over, and replenished my stock of tires, so that we were in good shape in every respect. We had, however, scarcely gone 20 kilometers, when we punctured another rear tire.

The following route was taken:

	Kil.
Frankfurt to Seligenstadt	25
Seligenstadt to Obernburg	27
Obernburg to Amorbach	30
Amorbach to Mudau	14
Mudau to Mosbach	24
Mosbach to Heilbronn	35
Heilbronn to Ludwigsburg	34
Ludwigsburg to Stuttgart	15
Total	204

Found the road from Frankfurt to Obernburg uninteresting. At the latter point we joined the River Main, which

LOG OF MY MOTOR

flows through a rather picturesque valley. We paralleled this river as far as Heubach, where, on turning to the right, we joined the swift-flowing Muldau.

From Buch, where the Muldau was crossed by an old stone bridge, we followed the route to Mosbach. At Gumdelsheim, a very attractive little village, which was also celebrating an anniversary of some sort, we came across my mother's car with a punctured tire. While repairs were being made, we visited the town church.

Heilbronn, the next place of importance, proved to be a busy spot.

Stuttgart was reached at 6.35 P. M. Stopped for the night at the Hotel Marquardt, where rooms had been reserved.

On examining the cyclometer, we found that it registered 2,905.2 miles.

FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1908

Another beautiful day greeted us, and we decided to leave Stuttgart for Fussen, a little town situated at the foot of the Austrian Tyrol.

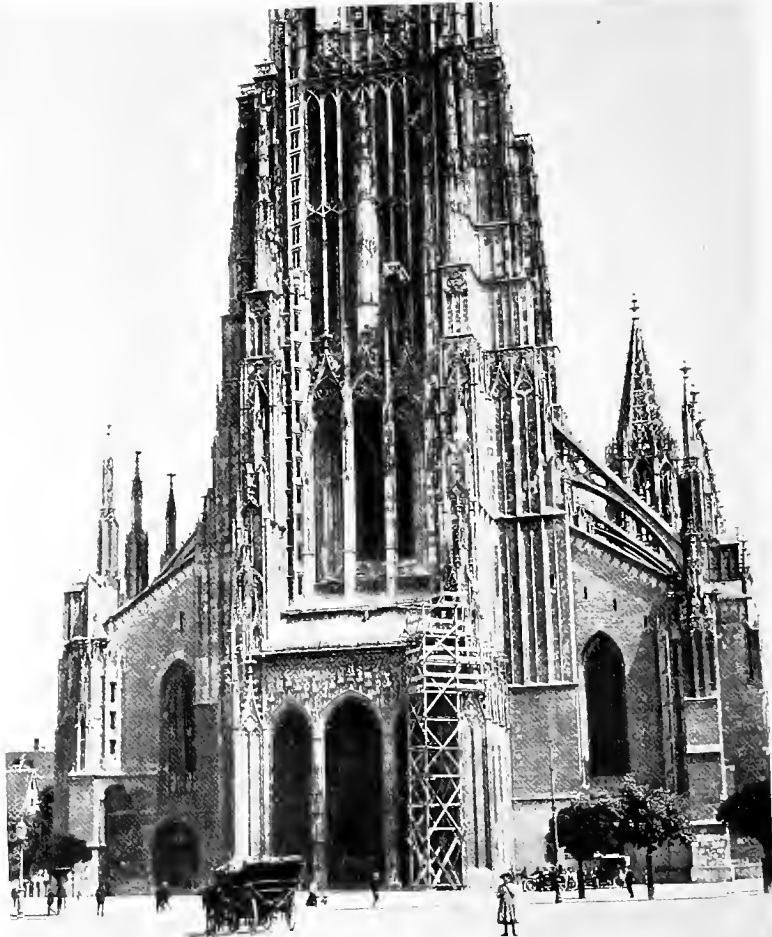
At 9.20 both cars were under way for Ulm. Route taken:

	Kil.
Stuttgart to Esslingen	11
Esslingen to Coppingen	25
Coppingen to Geislingen	16
Geislingen to Ulm	30
Total	<hr/> 82

We found the road in good condition, but as the entire distance lies through a broad valley, there is nothing much to keep up the interest of the traveler. The towns are all modern, and factories are to be found in abundance in all directions.



ENTRANCE TO TOWN OF MUMURRIGEN



CATHEDRAL AT ULM

LOG OF MY MOTOR

Ulm, which we reached at 11.50 A. M., is another modern town, laid out with big boulevards. It possesses some fine government buildings. Its one attraction, the cathedral, is very fine. We stopped for lunch at the Russischer Hof, just opposite the railway station. Clean and up-to-date.

Took on gasoline and oil, and after lunch, proceeded to visit the cathedral and take some photographs. The exterior and interior of the cathedral are considered the finest examples of German Gothic in the empire.

At 1.25 P. M. left Ulm for Fussen by way of

	Kil.
Ulm to Kellmunz	35
Kellmunz to Memmingen	14
Memmingen to Kempten	35
Kempten to Nesselwang	20
Nesselwang to Fussen	17
Total	121

The road from Ulm to Kempten is through a flat country, well cultivated, but uninteresting. At 2.30, we stopped for 15 minutes at the entrance gate to the town of Murrigen and took a photograph. Fussen was reached at 4.45 P. M. — 81.5 miles for the afternoon's run. Total for day, 138.5 miles.

From Kempten to Fussen, the country becomes very hilly; and from Nesselwang on, it strongly resembles that of Switzerland.

Weissen See, which was passed just before reaching Fussen, is a very picturesque lake, along the northern borders of which runs the road. Fussen is a quaint old town, but rarely visited by strangers. The hotel is best compared to a country boarding-house, but the proprietor did all in his power to make us comfortable, and sacrificed everything in his efforts. We visited an old castle belonging to the

LOG OF MY MOTOR

Ponicken family. Rather interesting. Owing to the death of the head of the house a few days previously, the place had taken on a very gloomy appearance. We dined in the garden surrounding the hotel, and had fourteen singers and dancers play for us that evening. They made a very attractive picture in their native costume, and their dances and music proved to be quite original.

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1908

Another beautiful day. At 8.20 A. M., we were under way to visit the Mad King of Bavaria's Castle. The castle is situated within 5 kilometers of Fussen, on top of a mountain, in the most inaccessible of positions. On arriving at the foot of the hill, we were informed that automobiles could not proceed further. We therefore stopped the two cars and made arrangements for a landau to drive us to the summit. After waiting a considerable time, and the landau not putting in an appearance, we decided that we would abandon our visit to the castle, and proceed on our route to Bregenz. Not wishing to return to Fussen, we took a short cut leading to the town of Vils, and much to our astonishment, after half a mile's run, we saw the entrance to the castle suddenly loom up in front of us. We were all agreeably surprised, and the entire party visited the imposing structure.

We found the gentleman in charge a most charming guide. The view from the windows is superb, but the castle itself rather uninteresting, being massive in construction, and furnished in extremely bad taste. Three-quarters of an hour's visit gave us ample time in which to take in the surroundings, and after having thanked our courier we began our return journey to Fussen.

Half-way back we were stopped by the police and placed



WEISSEN SEE, NEAR FUSSEN



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE FOOT-HILLS OF THE AUSTRIAN TYROL

TAKEN FROM A WINDOW OF THE KING OF BAVARIA'S CASTLE

LOG OF MY MOTOR

under arrest. The road proved to be private and not open to automobile traffic, and the one leading to Vils was for the personal use of the King only.

On arriving at the police headquarters at Fussen, I explained to the Mayor of the town the error we had made, and that we very much regretted it. The officials all proved to be most affable, and after a fifteen-minute delay, and the deposit of 50 marks, we were allowed to proceed on our way at 9.50 A. M.

At 10 o'clock, 3 kilometers from Fussen, the German frontier was reached. Our papers being correct, we were delayed but a couple of minutes, so that by 10.20 we had arrived at the Austrian frontier. Here we had some inconvenience in making the necessary deposit. The Touring Club of France had not yet completed its arrangements with the Austrian Government for a *triptik*, and as a consequence we suffered a twenty-minute delay. The Austrian frontier was left at 10.50.

At Reutte, the ascent of the first pass began. The road was in splendid condition, but very winding. Numerous lakes were passed, the waters of which reflected an unusual turquoise color.

The timber all through this section of the country is superb, and the mountains towered above us 10,000 to 12,000 feet. It was a wonderful sight. The day was clear so that we could easily observe the grandeur of the scenery.

At the little town of Wangle the summit was reached, and a steep winding descent begun to the village of Leermoos, from which point the route is practically level as far as Imst. At Imst we arrived at 12.30, and stopped at the quaint Hotel Post for lunch, an old building with walls six to eight feet thick. Morning's run, 49.5 miles from Fussen. No mishaps on the way except one punctured tire to the

LOG OF MY MOTOR

Mercedes car. Filled up with gasoline and oil, and under way again, at 2.00 P. M.

A few kilometers from the town, the narrow valley in which Innsbruck lies, appeared far below, and winding up through this valley we beheld an express train running in our direction. As we reached the stream flowing at the bottom of the valley, we found ourselves running parallel with the train. It is only fair to state that we kept up with it, and after descending the other side of the Arlberg Pass, arrived at the exit of the tunnel just as the train was coming out.

We reached St. Anton, a small village with a good hotel, at 3.00 P. M. At this point begins the ascent of the Arlberg, and an 18 per cent grade with a 5,400-foot climb stared us in the face.

At the village of Langen, at the foot of the Pass, we once more emerged into sunlight, and at Bludenz came again into contact with the dusty roads. Here a broad valley is entered through which our route leads, and the Upper Rhine, one of the most noted rivers of the world, is paralleled the entire distance to Bregenz.

Stopped at Bregenz at the Oesterreichischer Hof.

Total day's run, 109.5 miles.

SUNDAY, JULY 26, 1908

Another superb day. At 10.15 we left Bregenz for Lucerne and passed through the following towns:

	Kil.
Bregenz to Rheineck	20
Rheineck to Rorschach	13
Rorschach to St. Gallen	15
St. Gallen to Waldstadt	4
Waldstadt to Lichtensteig	21
Lichtensteig to Utnach	16



ARLBERG PASS — THE RENAULT CAR



A SWISS VILLAGE — THE RENAULT CAR

LOG OF MY MOTOR

	Kil.
Utnach to Lachen	12
Lachen to Feusisberg	12
Feusisberg to Schonenberg	14
Schonenberg to Menzingen	13
Menzingen to Baar	4
Baar to Zug	4
Zug to Lucerne	13
Total	189

The Austrian frontier, situated at Hochst, was reached at 10.45. Stopped on the way to reprimand a boy who turned a hose on the occupants of both cars.

We had some trouble in getting back our deposit, but at 11.05 were under way again, the Rhine being crossed by means of a very fine and massive old wooden bridge, both sides and top of which were covered, and the interior hung with shields.

At the western terminus of the bridge, we reached the Swiss *douane*. Owing to my *triptik*, it was only a matter of a few minutes to pass my car; but we were somewhat delayed, so that it was 11.15 before we were on our way for Utnach.

At Rorschach, Lake Constance was left behind, and the ascent to the town of St. Gallen begun. The towns and villages proved uninteresting. We could hardly believe we were traveling through Switzerland; they were, most of them, modern and well laid out, with boulevards and fine stone buildings. The roads were confusing and ran in all directions. Signs were erected at intervals only, and it was with difficulty we reached Utnach by 1.15 P. M., stopping for lunch at a dirty little inn named the Falken Hotel.

The road from St. Gallen on is rather picturesque. At

LOG OF MY MOTOR

Riken, rain had fallen, which abated the dust nuisance; but owing to the lack of rain for many weeks it had become transformed into a slippery grease, and our descent into Utznach from Lichtensteig was tedious, slow and dangerous.

A very fine view of Lake Zurich is obtained about 8 kilometers from Utznach before the descent is commenced. One can also see for miles up the Glarus Valley.

According to the cyclometer, we had run 56 miles or 89 kilometers from Bregenz to Utznach.

At 2.20 P. M., having eaten hardly anything, we got under way for Lucerne. A few kilometers out of Utznach, the rain was left behind, and we once more encountered dust.

The road as far as Lachen is practically straight, with the exception of two turns. At Feusisberg, the Lake of Zurich is left behind, and the road ascends the mountains to the village of Menzingen. The route chosen was a short cut, and not one of the national highways; although in good repair, it is extremely narrow and not built for speed. Curves are sharp, and but few villages are passed through.

Baar and Zug are modern towns, and from the latter to Lucerne, which was reached at 4.25 P. M., the road is uninteresting.

Stopped at the Grand Hotel National.

TUESDAY, JULY 28, 1908

Another cloudless day. Mrs. Vanderbilt having left for Paris, I got under way at 8.45 A. M. for Aix-les-Bains. The route taken was through Langnau, Fribourg, Lausanne, Geneva and Aix-les-Bains.

The road to Langnau as far as the town of Belp is interesting, lying in a valley. It passes through village after village, all absolute models of Swiss architecture. The people also wear their peasant costume, but unfortunately they are



NEAR LICHTENSTEIG, SWITZERLAND



THE RIVER RHONE, JUST WEST OF AIX-LES-BAINS

LOG OF MY MOTOR

rather "down" on the automobilist. Knowing this, I proceeded slowly, as it was not my intention to irritate anyone.

At the little town of Schachen, I took a cut-off over a small pass, and descended into the village of Entlebuch. I would not advise anyone to take this route. The road is in bad condition and dangerous. It is wiser to proceed to Wonlhusen. This route, although increasing the distance by 12 kilometers, does not take a much longer time because of the good condition of the road.

At Rubig, the main route to Berne is left, and the road to Belp and Thunnen taken. At the latter town, I swung west and up into the hills to the village of Schwarzenburg, then down through a canyon to the village of Fribourg. Romont was the next town of importance, and Lausanne was reached at 12.50, a non-stop run from Lucerne. The time occupied was 4 hours and 5 minutes, and the distance covered 117 miles. The road was fair most of the way. The car worked well, and I had but one experience on the entire route.

An old man near the village of Langnau, driving a horse in a four-wheeled cart, became very much frightened at my sudden appearance, and began jerking the animal, who evidently was taking no interest in the car, but being hauled around with its driver's force, broke one of the shafts. I stopped my motor at about 200 feet from the wagon, and descending, ran to the assistance of the old fellow. He seemed to be in a terrible state, but as the horse had shown no signs of fear during the whole proceeding, I thought some kind of a game was being played. The old gentleman was jabbering something as I helped him unhitch his horse, and then we found the left-hand shaft broken. It broke while I was looking at it and on closer examination I found that both shafts had been broken before, thin strips of wood having been nailed to either side to hold them together. It was clearly a put-up job, and I so expressed myself; but not

LOG OF MY MOTOR

wishing to be troubled, I handed the old man 20 francs and resumed my journey.

Took lunch at Lausanne, at the same time refilling the gasoline tank, and at 2.10 P. M. was once more under way for Aix. The road to Geneva had been put in splendid condition, having been widened the entire way and tarred, although it was necessary to run slowly through many villages. Geneva, 62 kilometers distant, was reached at 3.05, and the Swiss frontier at 3.25. Stopped two minutes to have my papers examined and then proceeded to the French frontier, arriving at 4.00 P. M.

Ten minutes later, after having my *passavant* examined, I was once more on the way for Aix, and at 4.55, German time, found myself in front of the Villa Victoria. Having traveled west all day, I had gained one hour, and to my surprise found that by French time it was only 3.55.

The distance from Geneva to Aix-les-Bains is 75 kilometers. The total day's run was 206 miles, covered in 6 hours and 38 minutes.



SCENERY IN SWITZERLAND



THE CLIMB OF THE COL DU CHAT, NEAR AIX-LES-BAINS

AIX-LES-BAINS TO MONTE CARLO

AUGUST 18, 1908



It was a cloudy day, but Mr. Payne and myself decided to take a run down to Monte Carlo and try our luck at the tables. At 3.40 P. M. we got under way for Gap. Our route lay through the towns of Chambéry, Grenoble, La Mure, Corps and Gap. Total distance, 167 kilometers. The 35-H. P. Renault was used.

Everything went well until we reached the village of La Buissière. Here we punctured a rear tire and lost 6 minutes in making the change. We followed the road on the north side of the Isère River, which is in far better condition and less winding than the route on the south bank of that stream.

Grenoble was reached at 5.05. The scenery from Chambéry to Grenoble, by Le Touvet, the route we had taken, is uninteresting. The road runs through a broad valley the entire distance. For scenery the road by Les Eschelles should be taken, but for speed the one we had just traversed is the route to take.

From Grenoble to Vizille, one encounters a tangent of 7 kilometers, and then a dusty, broad road, the surface of which is not in first-class condition, skirting the River Drac for 10 kilometers to the town of Vizille. From Vizille, we started to climb to the village of La Mure, a distance of

LOG OF MY MOTOR

21 kilometers. The grade for the first eight kilometers is very steep, and an altitude of 2,100 feet is attained. We obtained, however, a fine view of the valley and the town we had just left behind.

At Laffrey, the summit was reached, and from there on the road is rather undulating and skirts three small lakes; it is uninteresting, however, and far from picturesque.

Through this section of the country it is worth while noting the transmission lines of the various power companies. The poles are large, cement ones, substantially built, with a very neat appearance.

From La Mure to Corps, 23 kilometers, the road is very picturesque, but there are a good many sharp turns, and the way leads continuously up and down hill.

From Corps to Gap, 38 kilometers, the route is mountainous and extremely beautiful. The last six kilometers descending to the town of Gap are dangerous and full of reverse curves.

At Layre, owing to darkness, we stopped and lit the lamps. The Hotel Brasserie des Négociants in the town of Gap was reached at 7.45 P. M. It had been improved to a certain extent and at present is a fairly comfortable place for the automobilist to stop at for the night.

On examining the gasoline tank we found we had used 35 liters of gasoline for the run of 167 kilometers. No mechanical troubles, the only mishap being a punctured tire.

AUGUST 19, 1908

Another cloudy day. At 10.45 A. M. we got under way for Nice. The route taken from Gap was as follows:

	Kil.
Gap to Chorges	18
Chorges to Digne, by way of Seyne . . .	75



THE ROAD BETWEEN GAP AND DIGNE

LOG OF MY MOTOR

	Kil.
Digne to Castellane	51
Castellane to Grasse	63
Grasse to Nice	33
Total	<u>240</u>

The road from Gap to Chorges, skirting the River Moullettes, is rather flat and uninteresting. From Chorges to the River Durance, distant 6 kilometers, we found that the bed of the river lies in a canyon, and the road skirting it full of twists and rather out of the ordinary. A geologist might profitably spend many hours examining the stratification of the rocks in this section.

At the town of Les Bonnets one turns to the right, and crosses the River Moullettes. The road now skirts the River Durance for 9 kilometers to the village of Les Celliers. Here, on turning to the left, the River Durance is crossed by a small bridge, and a narrow road, the surface of which is in bad condition, is taken, following the River Rabious, a small stream flowing down from the mountains, the source of which is about 30 kilometers distant. The road as far as the town of Selonnet, a distance of about 12 kilometers, is in bad condition, but the scenery is rather wild, and the way narrow, steep and winding. One stop was made to take a photograph. The reproduction gives a very good idea of the aspect of the surrounding country, no vegetation or trees being anywhere to be seen.

From Selonnet the Government is building a new road to Seyne which, when completed, will be of great benefit to the motorist. I would not advise any automobilist at present to take this route to Digne. The old way by Sisteron is the best.

At Seyne, an altitude of 3,900 feet was attained, and we stopped for lunch at the Hotel des Trois Rois — small and poor, but food fairly appetizing.

LOG OF MY MOTOR

The clock stood at 12.10 at the moment of our arrival, and the distance covered had been 33 kilometers from Gap. We were off again at 1.10. There had been numerous showers during the morning, but as luck would have it, we managed to escape them all.

The scenery from Seyne to Digne is fine. The road leads continuously up and down hill and one or two small mountains are crossed. The Col du Labburet, a steep and winding pass, was safely negotiated.

The hotel at Digne, which we reached at 2.30 P. M., has been much improved. We passed by without stopping, and ascended for 6 kilometers to the village of St. Jurson. From here on, we descended again to the village of Chateaufort, situated on the banks of the Asse River, which stream was skirted for 18 kilometers as far as the town of Barrême.

From Barrême we climbed to an elevation of 3,300 feet over a fine road, and enjoyed the scenery, to the town of Ht. Sonne, at which point begins the descent into the valley in which Castellane is nestled. At Ht. Sonne, stopped to take photographs, also to adjust the brakes and to look over the oiling apparatus.

Arrived at the village of Castellane at 4.00 P. M., and found it a quiet old spot. Standing in the big square, we took a photograph of a church which had been erected on the brink of a precipice at an elevation of about 1,000 feet.

Taking on 35 liters of gasoline, we were off again at 4.10 P. M. Found another steep ascent before us, and rode to an altitude of 3,000 feet to the village of La Batie through a very fine and interesting country, the continued varied scenery of which kept us delighted the entire time.

At La Batie, we encountered another descent, only to rise again to the village of Seranon. This time we rose well into the clouds and our view was entirely obscured. The



THE HOTEL DES TROIS ROIS IN THE VILLAGE OF SEYNE



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE HOTEL DES
TROIS ROIS

LOG OF MY MOTOR

route skirted close to a precipice which must drop for many thousands of feet sheer away from the road; for on several occasions a little rift in the clouds would permit us to look into the valley below. One had very much the sensation of being up in a balloon.

At Seranon, at an altitude of 4,000 feet, we descended again until the clouds were left behind. Passing a curve at the end of a small mountain, we found, much to our disgust, that we had to begin another steep ascent to the town of Le Bail.

On leaving this village, a beautiful view of the town of Grasse and the Mediterranean is obtained. Looking at it from above, it is certainly one of the most charming spots that I have ever seen. On arriving at 5.45, I found good hotels and villas with superb gardens. I felt the Riviera had been reached. At Chateauneuf, 23 kilometers farther on, we stopped at the Restaurant des Tunnels for some coffee and eggs. Poor place.

At 6.55 P. M., or 45 minutes later, having lit our lamps, we were off for Nice, arriving at 7.10 P. M., over a rather interesting route, with, however, much of the same character of scenery as most of the Riviera drives.

Total day's run, 6 hours running time; distance, 240 kilometers.

MONTE CARLO TO LYONS

AUGUST 20, 1908



VERY hot day. Had a swim in the morning, and during the afternoon drove over to Monte Carlo. Stayed there five minutes, won 16,000 francs, and returned to Nice. Dined, and at 8.55 P. M., after placing 30 liters of gasoline into the tank, we started on our run to Paris.

Followed the route from Nice to Grasse, distance 33 kilometers, and from Grasse to Draguignan, 59 kilometers. The last part of the run was through the Esterel Mountains, over a tortuous road, which is, however, very picturesque.

The moon was out, and we enjoyed a comfortable ride, free from the terrific heat that one would have encountered in a daylight run at this time of the year.

Stopped at the Hotel Bertin for the night, and having arrived at 11.10 P. M., found that the manager and hotel guests had all retired, the only individual in sight being one of the stupidest bell-boys that I have ever had the pleasure of encountering. After a delay of about fifteen minutes, we got it into his head that we wanted two bedrooms. We were finally shown to our apartments, which were dirty and poor. Nevertheless we spent a fairly comfortable night. Distance from Nice, 92 kilometers. Time, 2 hours and 15 minutes.



GRASSE



THE COUNTRY NEAR GRASSE

LOG OF MY MOTOR

AUGUST 21, 1908

A beautiful day greeted us. After putting 20 liters of gasoline in the car, and paying the large bill of 8 francs (\$1.60) for the two rooms and breakfasts, we left at 9.55 A. M. on our route to Lyons.

To get onto the main road, we found it best to run to Les Ares, 10 kilometers from Draguignan. Thence we took the road to Le Luc, 18 kilometers farther, arriving there at 10.30 A. M.

The road is winding for the first part, but the surface was good. The latter part, the usual route taken by me from Avignon to Nice, was in the same condition as I had found it before, — splendid and adapted to high speed.

Brignoles, 24 kilometers farther, was reached at 10.50. At the railroad crossing, just before entering the town of St. Maximam, we found the gates closed owing to the shunting of some freight cars, and were delayed five minutes. Distance, Brignoles to St. Maximam, 20 kilometers. During our stop at this point, we suffered much from the heat. The thermometer must have stood well over a hundred.

Twelve kilometers from Aix we punctured a rear tire and lost 10 minutes in making the change, entering the town at 11.55 A. M., 39 kilometers from St. Maximam. Distance from Draguignan, 111 kilometers. Time, 2 hours; running time, 1 hour and 45 minutes.

Stopped for lunch at the Hotel de France, where to our surprise we found the cooking very good.

Putting in 20 liters of gasoline, we were under way again at 1.15.

Arrived at Avignon,	71 kilometers distant,	at 2.15
“ “ Orange,	78 “ “	2.45
“ “ Valence,	102 “ “	4.15

LOG OF MY MOTOR

Stopped at the Hotel de Louvre et de la Poste, where we procured some chocolate and eggs. We also bought a new tire to replenish our stock, and put in 35 liters of gasoline and 8 liters of oil. The run from Aix to Valence occupied 3 hours' time, and 201 kilometers were traversed. Run so far, from Draguignan, 312 kilometers. At 5.20, Valence was left behind. Our next stop was at Lyons, and the sky, as usual, became overcast. Just after St. Vallier, we punctured a front tire. It cost us ten minutes' delay in making repairs. We found the *caniveaux* between Tain and St. Vallier in the same deplorable condition as in years gone by.

Fifteen kilometers from Lyons, we punctured a rear tire, and owing to the lighting of the lamps and working in the dark, 15 minutes were lost in making repairs, Lyons being reached at 7.30 P. M.

Deducting 25 minutes for the two punctures, we covered the distance of 102 kilometers in 1 hour and 45 minutes.

We stopped at the Hotel Terminus, adjoining the railway station, and found it as good as the Ritz in Paris. Ten minutes after entering the hotel, rain began to fall.

Total day's run, 506 kilometers; running time, 8 hours and 45 minutes. Gasoline consumed, 95 liters.

AUGUST 22, 1908

Owing to the rain, we decided to take the train to Paris, and shipped the automobile through by freight. Yesterday's run thus terminated a series of short trips through Europe for the year 1908.

The cyclometer stood at 4,840 miles. On our arrival in Liverpool on June 30 it had registered 1,631, thus showing that I had covered during my trips a distance of 3,209 miles, the only repairs to the car being the following:

Tires 12



VIEW ALONG THE RIVIERA. A GLIMPSE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN



ROMAN ARCH AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE TOWN OF ORANGE



TRIP

**THROUGH SPAIN
MARCH 21 TO APRIL 1**

1909





MAP OF 1909 TRIP THROUGH SPAIN

TRIP THROUGH SPAIN

SUNDAY, MARCH 21, 1909



OVER a rain-bespattered road, Mr. Payne and I left Paris this evening for a tour through Spain. The car we used was a 55-H. P., 1909 Mercedes, with a light tonneau attached. A baggage rack, which enabled us to carry from 500 to 600 pounds of luggage, had also been adjusted to the rear end of the body, with the result that we traveled with every comfort due the motorist. The car was also equipped with four anti-skid Michelin racing tires, size 935 by 135. The two headlights, the rays of which threw forth 10,000 candle power, illuminated the road for fully half a kilometer. Gas was furnished by Prestolite tanks.

I called for Mr. Payne at his residence in the Avenue des Champs Élysées at 7.00 p. m., and half an hour later the gates of Paris were left behind. A run of twenty minutes brought us to Versailles, where we dined, leaving again at 9.30 for Chartres, which town was reached, after a very disagreeable ride, at 11.00 p. m. Day's run, 94 kilometers, in 1 hour and 50 minutes. Stopped for the night at the Hotel Grand Monarque, now passable, having been renovated during the past twelve months.

LOG OF MY MOTOR

MONDAY, MARCH 22, 1909

The day opened cloudy, with showers every few minutes during the morning. At 8.45 A. M., we were under way. The road is uninteresting, and the surface, owing to heavy rains, was greasy and wet. We were much inconvenienced by pebbles thrown into our faces by the front wheels owing to the anti-skid tires with which they were equipped.

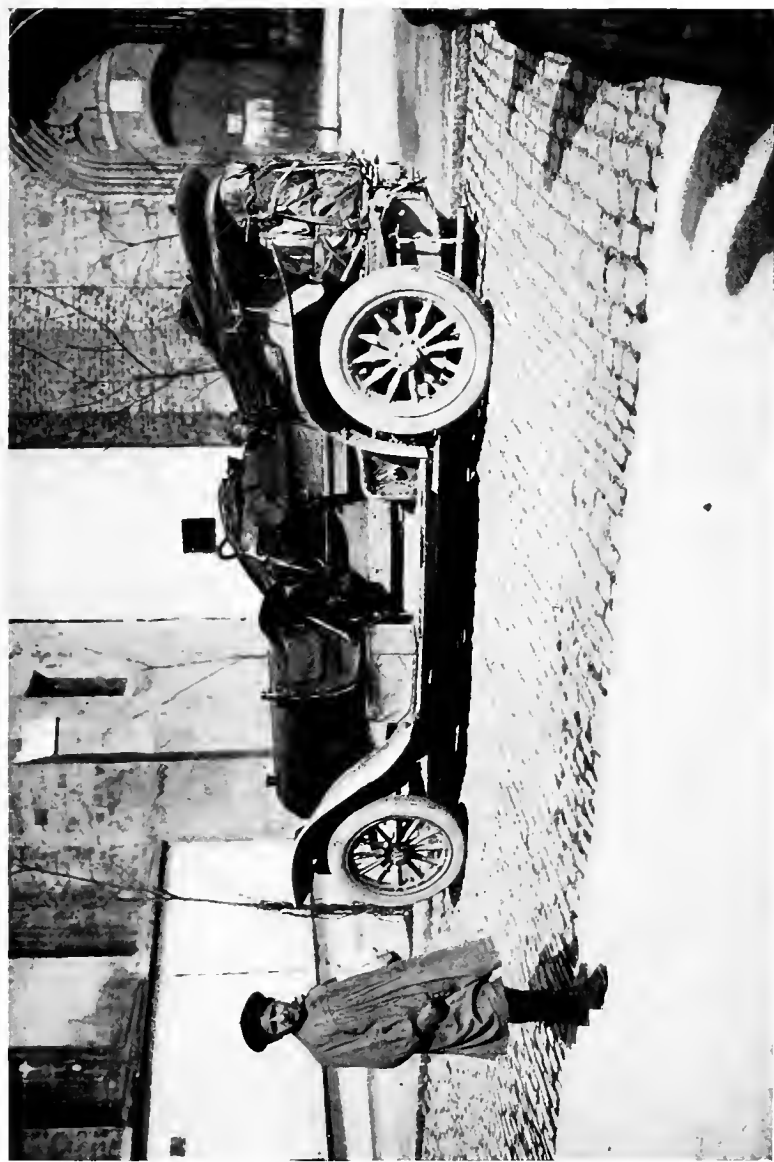
At 10.50 A. M., we passed through the town of Tours and shaped our course for Châtellerault, where we intended to lunch. At 11.45 the town hove in sight, and at 11.55 the Hotel Moderne was reached. Enjoyed a good lunch and found the hotel clean and fairly comfortable. The tanks were replenished with 80 liters of gasoline, and the oilers were also filled. At 1.45 sharp, the motor was again set in motion. A steady downpour now accompanied us, but with the hood up, little inconvenience was felt.

Angoulême was reached at 3.50, and Bordeaux, our resting place for the night, at 6.07 P. M. The last 100 kilometers were over a rather hilly and winding route. Stopped for the night at the Hotel Chapon-Fin. Very good and comfortable.

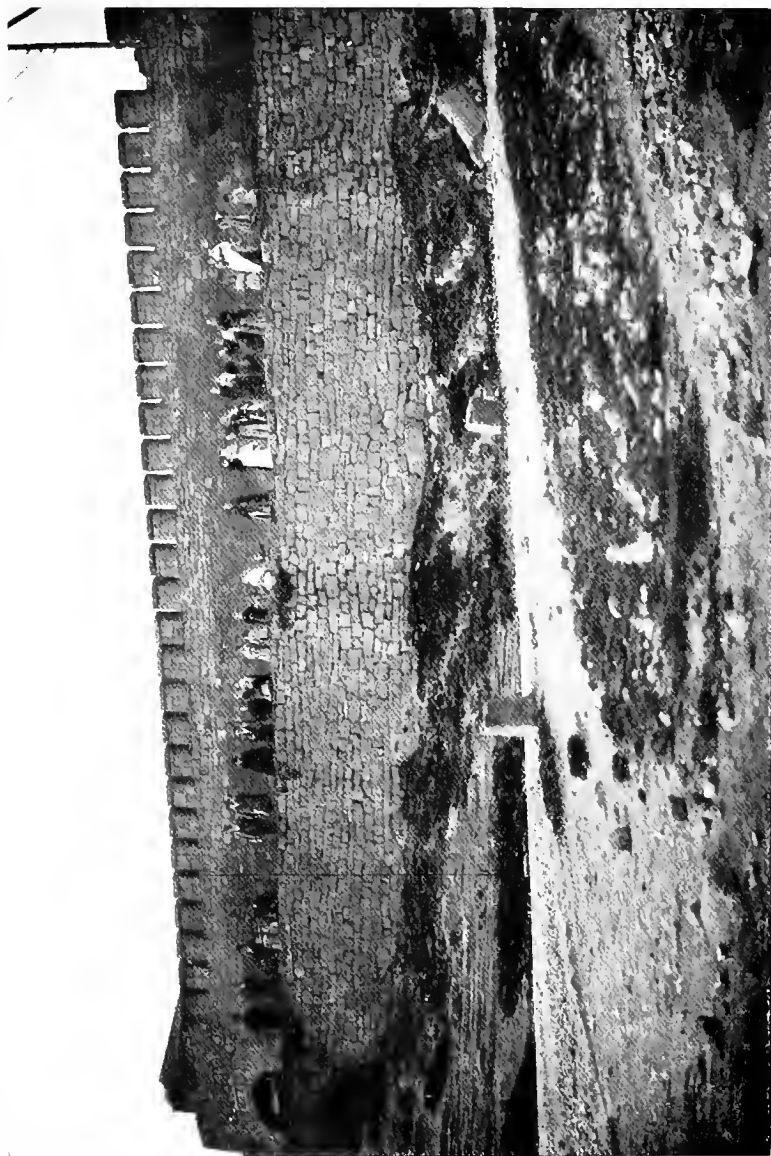
Day's run, 480 kilometers, in 7 hours and 32 minutes. Average speed, Paris to Bordeaux, 63 kilometers an hour. Three stops. So far no mishaps, and everything working satisfactorily. We refilled the tank at Bordeaux with 75 liters of gasoline.

TUESDAY, MARCH 23, 1909

Showery. At 10.00 A. M., we left Bordeaux. Owing to the breaking of a chain, 3 kilometers out of town, and finding repairs impossible, we returned to Bordeaux for lunch and telegraphed Paris-Automobile to send a man that night with four new chains to St. Sebastian, to meet us there the



THE 55-H. P., 1909 MERCEDES, USED ON TRIP THROUGH SPAIN



PORTION OF WALL SURROUNDING LAGUARDIA



MARKET DAY IN TOLOSA



STREET IN A VILLAGE OF NORTHERN SPAIN

LOG OF MY MOTOR

following morning at 9. We managed, after considerable search through the various garages of the town, to find a French chain, and this being adjusted, a start was again made for St. Sebastian, at 2.45 P. M.

The road as far as Dax is mostly cobbled, but, by making a detour by way of Arcachon, 30 kilometers of bad paving are avoided. The country is flat and uninteresting. The route lies through splendid pine forests, the trees of which are tapped, the sap being used for the making of turpentine. I noticed on this road, which is mostly in tangents of from five to six miles in length, that much of the cobbled structure had been removed since 1902, and replaced with macadam. The old pavement also had been renovated in many places, and judging by the piles of blue stone heaped up on the side, it is evident the Government intends relaying the entire route in the course of the next few years.

Bayonne was reached at 5.50 P. M. A picturesque and well-fortified town. Passed on without stopping. We took the back road leading to the Spanish frontier, which avoided the town of Biarritz. From Bayonne on, the aspect of the country changes, and we passed over a hilly district skirting the foot of the Pyrenees. The run to the frontier was fine and enjoyable; the snow-capped mountains, which we were rapidly approaching, looked very grand in the distance.

We drew up at the French *douane* at 6.30 P. M., and to our disgust found it had been closed at 6. It was, therefore, impossible to go farther. Nevertheless, after a few minutes' conversation with the French and Spanish officials, who are stationed here on each side of a small stone bridge, we were granted the privilege, after making a deposit of 1,500 francs, to proceed into Spain for the night, provided we returned with the car by 8.00 A. M. in the morning to have our papers properly made out.

LOG OF MY MOTOR

At Irun, a small village 2 kilometers from the Spanish frontier, we found the Hotel du Palace, and decided to stop there for the night. A very uncomfortable and dirty place, the kitchen of which produced nothing but uneatable food.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24, 1909

Eight A. M. found us back at the frontier, and while our papers were being prepared, we put 75 liters of gasoline in the car. At 8.55, everything being O. K., we started off on our run through Spain. The country now began to assume a very mountainous aspect. In fact, we were skirting the northern extremity of the Pyrenees. St. Sebastian was reached at 9.35, and proceeding to the hotel where we had instructed the chains to be sent, we found them awaiting our arrival. Having a long way still before us, we did not stop, but continued on our way to Vitoria. The road is good. Numerous toll lodges were passed, and all claimed 5 pesetas, or \$1.00, for the privilege of using them. The country was in superb condition, and the people have the appearance of being prosperous. They seemed kindly disposed to the motorist and received us with smiles.

We took the road to Tolosa and Villafranca. At the latter town, we turned to the left and traversed the Sierra de Aralar Mountains. Very fine in every way, although the road is rather tortuous owing to sharp turns and grades. The last 43 kilometers to Vitoria from Alsasua are flat and uninteresting, running through a rather fertile valley bordered by the Sierra de Aralar on the north, and Sierra de Audia to the south.

At 12.10 P. M., we arrived at Vitoria and stopped for lunch at the Hotel Pallares, which had been much improved since my stop there in 1902. The rooms were clean and comfortable, and the food fairly palatable.



OLD SPANISH CHURCH, TOLOSA



TYPES OF SPANISH PEASANTS, TOLOSA

LOG OF MY MOTOR

We put in 30 liters of gasoline, refilled the oil tanks, and added as a reserve supply one 5-liter can of gasoline, and two 2-liter cans of oil, which were placed on the baggage rack. This precaution proved our salvation two days later.

The Royal Automobile Club of Spain has begun to establish, at frequent points throughout the country, sign posts indicating the roads, *caniveaux* and railroad crossings; but these warnings cannot as yet be depended upon, and the motorist should disregard them. There is an official guide issued by the Royal Automobile Club of Spain, which is a great help in touring the country. The touring club has also published a map, indicating the good roads. But best of all is a small pocket edition entitled "Mapa de España y Portugal con indice, Extracto del Atlas manual de Stieler."

The run from Irum to Vitoria is as follows:

	Kil.
Irum to St. Sebastian	20
St. Sebastian to Tolosa	26
Tolosa to Villafranca	16
Villafranca to Alsasua	51
Alsasua to Vitoria	43
Total	156

After lunch we visited the cathedral, which is not very interesting. The town is clean, healthy and thriving. Its population is given as 26,000. With regard to places of interest, there are none. It was here that the battle of Vitoria between the British and French forces was fought in 1813, which eventually led to the complete defeat of the latter, and their expulsion from Spain.

At 2.15 p. m., we started for Logrono. At Arminon, 24 kilometers from Vitoria, the main road leading to Madrid

LOG OF MY MOTOR

was forsaken, and we turned to the left at the junction of two roads, which has for a sign post a huge monument of stone standing approximately 15 feet in height.

The route is rather uninteresting for the first 40 kilometers. After the River Ebro is skirted, however, the landscape changes. The country is hilly, and in appearance very like that of northern Africa. The village of Labaslida is a small dilapidated town. We passed through it without stopping. From the numerous coats of arms on many of the houses, I judged it to have been at one time the home of the Dons.

Laguardia, 16 kilometers from Logrono, is rather a picturesque town, well fortified, situated on the summit of a small hill, and commanding a fine view of the surrounding country. The approach to the town is up a 20 per cent grade. On reaching the summit, we stopped to take a photograph of some of the inhabitants. The villages in this district are difficult to distinguish from the surrounding country. The stone used in the construction of the houses and the tiles covering the roofs are of the dark brown clay of the country itself.

At 4.00 P. M., we arrived at Logrono. Finding the artillery drilling on the outskirts of the town, we stopped for a few minutes to watch the maneuvers. Logrono is situated on the south side of the River Ebro, which we crossed on a modern steel structure. The town is well laid out and clean, and lies in the middle of a fertile valley producing a heavy wine called Vino de la Rioja. It has a population of about 14,000. No points of interest, except an old stone bridge crossing the Ebro, which was built in 1138, situated about a quarter of a mile from the new steel span. We stopped at the Hotel de Commerce, but the accommodations proved so bad that we decided to make Soria for the night, and at 4.20 were once more under way.



STREAM CROSSING THE HIGHWAY, AND A SHEPHERD



TYPES OF SPANISH PEASANTS IN THIS SECTION

LOG OF MY MOTOR

The route taken from Vitoria to Logrono was as follows:

	Kil.
Vitoria to Arminon	24
Arminon to Labaslida	13
Labaslida to Laguardia	27
Laguardia to Logrono	16
Total	<u>80</u>

Surface of road good.

There is a shorter route over the mountains, by way of Moraza, as follows:

	Kil.
Vitoria to Moraza	21
Moraza to Leza	17
Leza to Laguardia	6
Laguardia to Logrono	16
Total	<u>60</u>

This route, although saving 20 kilometers, is not so good for motoring.

Having left Logrono behind, we found a straight stretch of poor road, leading for 13 kilometers to the foot of the mountains, which loomed up to an appalling height. The snow-capped summits gave us a foreboding of what we might find at the top of the pass, and it was certainly far from comforting.

Soria was 120 kilometers distant from Logrono, and owing to the late hour, we pushed on as rapidly as possible. It was necessary to cross the Sierra Cebolle Mountains over a pass which attained an altitude of 6,500 feet.

After leaving the plains, the surface of the road improved considerably, but wound through canyons and valleys in a continuous up-grade to the town of Torrecilla. The scenery

LOG OF MY MOTOR

is grand, wild and picturesque. Some small tunnels were traversed.

At Torrecilla we punctured a rear tire, the first since leaving Paris. Repairs were quickly made. Two minutes later, however, we punctured it again. We now found it necessary to change the outer shoe. Fifty minutes were lost making the repairs for both punctures.

At Pagares we ran into deep snow. The top of the pass could now be seen, but the possibility of our crossing it looked very dubious. The snow increased constantly as we climbed the side of the mountain. In the end, the radiator pushed the snow over the hood, and the car stuck. It was impossible to turn, and darkness rapidly falling, we had to act quickly, or spend the night in the mountains. Putting on the reverse gear, we backed down the pass for a little over a mile, where a sharp turn of the road permitted us once more to put on our first speed. Before descending farther we lit the lamps, and took a look at the surrounding country. It was a fine sight; the valleys and mountains below were stretched out like a map in front of us.

Logrono was 59 kilometers distant from our turning point. It seemed to us a long way off. Nevertheless, at 8.50 P. M., the lights of the town loomed up, and the Hotel du Commerce, that had looked so uninviting at 4.00 P. M., now took on the appearance of a palace. After a poor dinner cooked in oil, we were glad to hunt up our quarters, for we had had a very long day, having covered 354 kilometers in 8 hours and 4 minutes' running time. We put in 70 liters of gasoline, and refilled the oil tanks.

THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1909

Fine. We left Logrono at 8.50 A. M. for Zaragoza, 169 kilometers distant, arriving at 1.05 P. M., which made 4



CARAVAN ON THE ROAD TO GUADALAJARA



DESERT BETWEEN TUDELA AND ZARAGOZA

LOG OF MY MOTOR

hours and 15 minutes' running time. Stopped at the Grand Hotel de l'Europe. Very good hotel. We put in 45 liters of gasoline.

The country throughout the day's run was uninteresting, being mostly flat and desert-like in appearance. Sometimes we could see no dwellings for 30 kilometers in all directions. The road as far as the town of Mallen is good, but from there on it is very bad, and we were compelled to reduce speed to 25 kilometers an hour.

Just after passing Fontellas, 100 kilometers from Logrono, we struck a "thank-you-ma'am," while going at full speed, which very nearly brought the trip to an abrupt end. We passed over three piles of broken stone before again landing on terra firma, and missed cutting down a telegraph pole by a couple of inches. On returning to the spot, we could find no trace of the wheels on the road for a distance of 33 feet, but on a close examination of the car we found that no harm had been done, not even a punctured tire.

The route taken was as follows:

	Kil.
Logrono to Agoncillo	13
Agoncillo to Calahorra	37
Calahorra to Alfaro	21
Alfaro to Tudela	18
Tudela to Mallen	24
Mallen to Alagon	32
Alagon to Zaragoza	24
Total	169

Zaragoza has a population of about 87,000, and is a fine town, very interesting to the tourist. There are many churches of note to be visited, and two cathedrals, La Seo and Del Pilar, which are as fine as any in Spain.

LOG OF MY MOTOR

FRIDAY, MARCH 26, 1909

Fine during the morning; rain during the afternoon and evening. Left Zaragoza at 10.30 A. M. for Madrid. The distance, 321 kilometers, was covered in 7 hours and 45 minutes, 1 hour and 30 minutes of which were spent in lunching and putting in gasoline.

La Almunia, 47 kilometers from Zaragoza, was reached at 11.30 A. M., and Calatayud, 34 kilometers farther, at 12.35. At the latter town, we stopped and bought some lunch. To our great delight, we found two large cans of gasoline, which we immediately purchased. There being no hotel, and the populace that surrounded the car being mostly blind and decrepit, we decided to take our lunch with us into the country. Therefore, after purchasing a bottle of wine, bread, and some hard-boiled eggs, we departed once more into the desert.

During the morning's run we had crossed some extraordinary country, and as for the scenery, I have never seen its equal. The eye ranges over the plains for a distance of certainly 75 miles, if not more, in all directions. The tourist is much impressed by the barren aspect of the unproductive country. Once in a while, olive trees may be seen with a few houses nestling amongst them; but on the whole, the landscape is so unforbidding that one wonders how the people scrape together a living in that region.

The Sierra de la Muela and Sierra de la Virgen were crossed, both mountain ranges beautiful to behold, without a tree or trace of any vegetation on their barren slopes.

The surface of the road was good, but numerous *caniveaux* were encountered, so that we were compelled to advance with great caution. Indeed, many streams of considerable depth have to be crossed and no bridges span them.

Ateca, 14 kilometers from Calatayud, was the next town



V I E W F R O M T H E S U M M I T O F T H E S I E R R A D E L A M U E L A



VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE SIERRA DE LA VIRGEN

LOG OF MY MOTOR

of importance. It is really only a small village containing 500 or 600 inhabitants. From here on for 72 kilometers, to the town of Medinaceli, the road is full of *caniveaux*, and four streams were crossed. Nevertheless, the scenery is grand, and we passed through mountain gorges, over small passes, and through uninhabited plains. The Sierra Ministra Pass was climbed, and an altitude of 3,500 feet attained. At Algora, 37 kilometers from Medinaceli, we traversed a broad plateau, absolutely barren and most uninteresting. The road at this point runs in a continuous straight line for many miles, and no villages or signs of habitation are visible in any direction. Owing to the rain, we were compelled to run rather slowly, and Guadalajara, 58 kilometers from Algora, was reached just as it was getting dark. As we still had 58 kilometers before reaching Madrid, we lit the lamps and proceeded through a more fertile country, over a rather bad road, to our destination.

At 7.45 P. M. we descended at the Hotel de la Paix, tired and dirty to a degree. The car had worked to perfection since leaving Paris. Out of gratitude we determined to give it a bath — its first wash since starting the trip.

During the day's run we encountered one *caniveau* that was so deep that it tore off the pet cocks on the bottom of the oil reservoir and water tanks, the contents of which were scattered along the road. It was here that our extra four liters of oil came in handy, and saved the day, since without them we should never have been able to reach Madrid.

The total amount of gasoline consumed on the run between Zaragoza and Madrid was 70 liters.

LOG OF MY MOTOR

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1909

AND

SUNDAY, MARCH 28, 1909

Both days were spent at Madrid sight-seeing and enjoying a bull fight.

MONDAY, MARCH 29, 1909

It being a clear day, we decided to leave at 8.15 A. M. for Seville. The road, on leaving Madrid, ascends to a plateau about 1,000 feet above the level of the town. Here it assumes a level aspect for the next 40 miles; but it is rather uninteresting and desert-like in appearance.

The Sierra de Gredos and Sierra de Guadarrama are plainly visible to the north, looming up to a great height, with their peaks covered with snow.

As we doubted our ability to accomplish the journey to Seville in one day, we laid our course for the town of Caceres, where we hoped to find a fairly comfortable hotel for the night. We stopped on several occasions so that I might take a shot with a revolver at some big birds that looked like large cranes or storks. None was killed, owing either to my bad shooting or the long range. Mr. Payne stuck to the first reason obstinately. At 12.10 P. M., after a tedious morning's run, we stopped for lunch in the open air, and enjoyed the scanty repast we had brought with us from Madrid.

At 1.00 P. M., our journey was resumed. We crossed the Tajo River over a fine old stone bridge. Then we proceeded to ascend the Sierra de Guadalupe, a rather hazardous task, in view of the facts that our foot brakes were entirely worn and that but little remained of the emergency brake. Nevertheless, Trujillo was safely reached at 3.00 P. M., and finding a garage established in an old church, we stopped



BULL FIGHT IN MADRID. SUNDAY, MARCH 28, 1909



BULL FIGHT IN MADRID. SUNDAY, MARCH 28, 1909



BULL FIGHT IN MADRID. SUNDAY, MARCH 28, 1909



BULL FIGHT IN MADRID. SUNDAY, MARCH 28, 1909

LOG OF MY MOTOR

to replenish our supply of gasoline and oil. We took on 72 liters of the former, and 6 liters of the latter.

A cursory ramble through the village proved it to be small and uninteresting, and half an hour later we had resumed our journey. The garage just spoken of is the repair and terminal station of a stagecoach line running between Trujillo and Carceres. To our surprise we found three German mechanics in the shop, who informed us that the best road to Seville was by way of Carceres and Merida, instead of by the main road, by way of Miajadas and Merida.

At 3.30 we were off again, over a rather hilly route to Carceres, 48 kilometers distant. Arrived at the latter town at 4.30 P. M. Rather interesting, and situated on a hill, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country. At the outskirts, we stopped to inquire the way to the Hotel du Commerce. We had no sooner slowed down than the entire population offered themselves as guides. Choosing one, and followed by the rest, we entered the town looking more like a circus procession than a couple of ordinary tourists.

The hotel proved to be a dirty place, situated on a small street just off a big square. The car took up the entire street, covering both road and sidewalk. On inquiring for rooms (as we had decided not to go farther that day), we were informed that the hotel was full. After a short council of war, we decided to move on to Badajoz for the night.

The country now took on a more fertile appearance, and one could understand how the farmer here could scrape together a living, a proposition no one in his wildest dreams could imagine possible in any part of the last 800 kilometers of the country we had traversed.

Merida soon hove in sight, the last stretch of the road having been traversed at great speed, although Mr. Payne, who was sitting in the back seat, complained seriously of the shocks he was receiving from the many deep holes encountered. He

LOG OF MY MOTOR

implied that several parts of his body had been seriously distorted, and it was a question in his mind whether, on descending from the car, he would ever again be able to walk.

From Merida to Badajoz, we skirted the River Guadiana, a large stream flowing through a very fertile country, and finally at 7.30 P. M., just as it was getting dark, passed through a series of fortifications into the town of Badajoz. Stopped for the night at the Hotel Garrido, bad but possessing, much to our surprise, quite a fine dining-room. The food, nevertheless, proved unpalatable; as usual, it had been cooked in oil.

Badajoz is situated on the Portuguese frontier, and can boast of nothing in the way of antiquities, but is simply a typical Spanish town. It possesses a small bomb-proof cathedral situated on the Campo de San Juan. On this square are also to be found the hotel, theater and town hall.

The day's run, of 431 kilometers, took 9 hours and 55 minutes. Consumed 117 liters of gasoline.

The road taken from Madrid was as follows, the entire route being fairly good, and part of it even excellent:

	Kil.
Madrid to Navalcarnero	32
Navalcarnero to Magueda	36
Magueda to Talavera	48
Talavera to Navalморal	64
Navalmoral to Jaraicejo	46
Jaraicejo to Trujillo	27
Trujillo to Caceres	48
Caceres to Merida	69
Merida to Lobon	28
Lobon to Talavera	14
Talavera to Badajoz	19
Total	431



THE TOWN SQUARE. BADAJOZ



FERTILE PLAINS BETWEEN BADAJOZ AND LOS SANTOS

LOG OF MY MOTOR

TUESDAY, MARCH 30, 1909

Fine morning. At 10.15, after visiting the town, and an ineffectual attempt on the part of the mechanic to adjust the much-worn brakes, we started for Seville. We intended to use compression in the cylinders as a temporary brake in our descent of the Sierra de Tudia, which it was necessary to cross on our route. The first 100 kilometers of country, as far as Fuente de Cantos, gave us a good level road, leading through a most attractive plain, cultivated on all sides as far as the eye could reach. Olive groves were also in abundance, and the ranches of the farmers showed at a glance that prosperity, at least in this section of Spain, was not lacking. The country, as a whole, much resembles southern California.

At 12 sharp, a stop was made in the open air for lunch. Forty-five minutes were devoted to this repast, and at 12.45 the old motor was once more set in motion.

At 1.30, a loud report announced that a punctured tire required to be taken care of. After an examination of the shoe, we found that it would be necessary to change it. A delay of half an hour was thus caused in making the repairs. As this was only our third puncture since leaving Paris, we had nothing to complain of. The Michelin bomb brought with us proved a great success, requiring only 30 seconds in which to blow up the inner tubes.

We were now entering a wilder country, the surface of which had but very little top soil. Small trees, however, and shrubs of all kinds, especially cactus, were to be seen in all directions. The ascent of the Tudia Mountains is picturesque, and the scenery constantly changes.

At Venta del Culebrin the summit was reached, and from here on we advanced with great caution owing to the lack of brakes. The compression on the cylinders worked like "a charm," and the descent was accomplished in safety.

LOG OF MY MOTOR

At Venta del Alto, 37 kilometers from Seville, we reached the plain in which the latter town is situated. Here we encountered the worst roads we had yet driven on, and speed was reduced to 10 kilometers an hour. This lasted as far as Seville, where we arrived at 4.30 P. M.

Hotels. { Hotel de Madrid. Very good.
 { Hotel de Paris. Very good.

The last 40 kilometers are through a more attractive country, increasing in richness as Seville is approached. We found the appearance of the villages much changed during the last 150 kilometers. They were now nothing more than shacks, whitewashed, and erected in long rows, set back some 30 to 40 feet from the highway. Every idea in house construction had been carried out with the sole intention of withstanding the hot sun's rays during the summer months. In fact, the villages are the same in appearance as those found in Algeria.

The day's run, of 226 kilometers, was covered in 5 hours' running time.

Consumed 70 liters of gasoline.

The route taken was as follows:

	Kil.
Badajoz to La Albuera	23
La Albuera to Santa Marta	21
Santa Marta to Los Santos	40
Los Santos to Fuente de Cantos	25
Fuente de Cantos to Venta del Culebrin	23
Venta del Culebrin to Santa Olalla	21
Santa Olalla to Venta del Alto	36
Venta del Alto to Santiponce	26
Santiponce to Seville	11
Total	226



CROSSING THE SIERRA DE TUDIA



CROSSING THE SIERRA DE TUDIA

LOG OF MY MOTOR

Seville, a town of 133,000 inhabitants, is noted for its religious fêtes during the Holy Week. Apart from this it is not often visited by the tourist. It is very picturesque and somewhat resembles Havana. There are numerous good hotels and several interesting restaurants well worth visiting. Outside of the town limits, there is nothing to see. The town itself can boast of many attractions. It is bright and elegant and full of music and sunshine. It is an enchanting place to those seeking quiet within its walls. Its history is extremely interesting and will well repay reading. The city dates back to the fourteenth century, at which time the Seville Cathedral was erected — a monument of superb architecture that no one can forget who has once seen it. Here rests the body of Christopher Columbus, brought over from Havana in a Spanish man-of-war in the year 1902.

The picture gallery with its magnificent Murillos; the Alcazar with its gorgeous Moorish architecture and superb garden; the House of Pontius Pilate belonging to the Duke of Medina Celi, and many churches of beauty and fame offer the tourist sufficient reasons for a prolonged stay in this beautiful spot.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1909

Fine day. Spent in sight-seeing.

THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1909

At 8.15 we were ready to launch ourselves on our last run to the port of Cadiz. It was very warm, so that rugs and coats were cast aside.

We took the road to Villafranca as the main highway to Utrera was in poor condition. The road proved good, although longer than the main highway. The country is flat and uninteresting, but fertile.

LOG OF MY MOTOR

At Villafranca, the road turns to the left and proceeds for 13 kilometers along a narrow winding way to Utrera. Just as this town loomed up, we punctured another rear tire, the fourth since leaving Paris. Owing to the dilapidated condition of the shoe, it was necessary to change it, and half an hour was lost in making repairs.

Utrera is quite a bustling place. We stopped and took a photograph of the square. Proceeded then to Jerez de la Frontera, 71 kilometers distant. The country now becomes rather hilly, and adapted to raising cattle. Jerez was reached at 12.00 M., a fine town, with many attractive buildings. We did not stop, but proceeded to Puerto de Santa Maria, 16 kilometers farther. It was here that we obtained our first glimpse of the Atlantic Ocean, with Cadiz rising out of the sea on a narrow peninsula across the bay. Puerto Real and San Fernando came next, 24 kilometers distant, and finally, Cadiz, 15 kilometers from San Fernando. From Puerto Real the road is very bad, being full of holes from two to three feet deep. Great care should be taken in traversing this stretch.

At Puerto, the road is fairly good and speed can be attained. At San Fernando several lines of fortifications were passed. The country here is simply one big salt meadow, and piled up in all directions are huge monuments of salt, from 50 to 60 feet high, 20 to 30 feet thick, and 100 feet long.

At 1.30 we arrived at Cadiz and stopped at the Hotel de France. A quaint old city is Cadiz, with nothing of much interest to the traveler. It can, however, boast of a superb situation. Surrounded, as it is, on all sides by water, it looks like a splendid gem rising out of the ocean.

The day's run of 172 kilometers was made in 4 hours and 45 minutes. Gasoline consumed, 50 liters.

Thus ended a very pleasant trip. The summary of the trip shows that we had covered 2,470 kilometers, in 52 hours



TYPE OF VILLAGES BETWEEN LOS SANTOS AND SEVILLE



TYPE OF VILLAGES BETWEEN UTRERA AND JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA

LOG OF MY MOTOR

and 51 minutes' running time, or at an average speed of $46\frac{1}{2}$ kilometers an hour, with one broken chain and four punctured tires. Total amount of gasoline consumed, 687 liters, or an average of 27.81 liters for every 100 kilometers covered.

During the afternoon we placed the car on a freight train, shipping it by Petite Vitesse to Paris. We were notified by the officials that it would take from 35 to 40 days before it would reach its destination.

A few hours later we took accommodations for ourselves on the through train from Madrid. The following day we departed, with the remnants of our clothing, from that town for Paris.

SUMMARY OF TRIP

	Kil.	Time	
Paris to Chartres . . .	94	1.50	
Chartres to Bordeaux .	480	7.32	
Bordeaux to Irum . . .	123	3.45	1 broken chain
Irum to Logrono . . .	354	8.04	2 punctured tires
Logrono to Zaragoza .	169	4.15	
Zaragoza to Madrid . .	321	7.45	
Madrid to Badajoz . .	431	9.55	
Badajoz to Seville . . .	226	5.00	1 punctured tire
Seville to Cadiz	172	4.45	1 punctured tire
Total	2,470	52.51	1 broken chain 4 punctured tires



CATHEDRAL AT SEVILLE



GOVERNMENT BUILDING. SEVILLE



MAIN STREET OF UTRERA

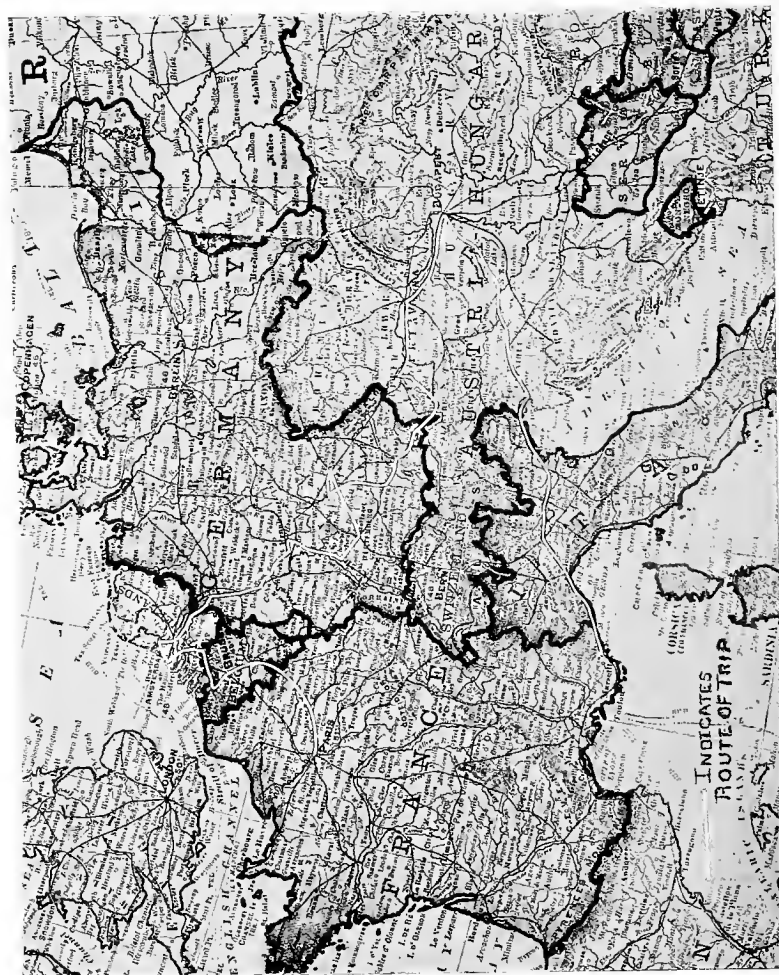


VILLAFRANCA — SHOWING DRAINING DITCH AND CACTUS HEDGES

TOUR

THROUGH EUROPE
DECEMBER 15
TO
JANUARY 22

1909-1910



MAP OF TOUR THROUGH EUROPE IN 1909

TOUR THROUGH EUROPE

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1909



OLD but clear. Mr. Payne and I had set this day for starting out on our extended motor trip through Europe. It was our intention to visit the following cities: Brussels, Bruges, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Cologne, Frankfurt, Stuttgart, Nuremberg, Munich, Vienna, Budapest, Trieste, Venice, Genoa and Nice.

The trip being a long one, the car was necessarily heavily loaded with baggage and extra tires, so that there was but little room for the mechanic in the tonneau.

It is worth noting that the wheels were equipped with the tires used on the Paris to Cadiz run the previous year, the front ones having made the entire journey, and were still in first-class condition. The rear tires, although in very good shape, had been changed in northern Spain.

We left the gates of Paris behind us at 2.30 p. m., and shaped our course for Reims, where we intended to stop for the night. We chose a somewhat different route to Montmirail, to avoid the *pavé* in the town of Meaux. The following villages were passed through:

	Kil. from Paris
Villiers	12
Croissy	24

LOG OF MY MOTOR

	Kil. from Paris
Crecy	45
La Ferte	64
Montmirail	98

Montmirail was reached at 4.30 P. M., when a stop was made at the Hotel de Vart-Galant for chocolate and eggs.

An hour and fifteen minutes later, having thoroughly rested ourselves, the headlights were lit, and a start made on the last section of the run to Reims, by way of Epernay. One hour and thirty minutes later we drew up in front of the hotel.

The aspect of the country between Montmirail and Reims is rolling and picturesque. On leaving Epernay, a steep grade is encountered, and for 15 kilometers the road passes through a fine forest. Over the last 10 kilometers to Reims, the road descends to the plain in the middle of which the town is situated.

Distance, Montmirail to Epernay, 39 kilometers. Epernay to Reims, 25 kilometers, making the total day's run 162 kilometers, covered in three hours and a half running time, without a mishap. We stopped at the Hotel de Lion d'Or, an excellent hotel in every particular.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1909

Before leaving Reims we visited the cathedral just opposite the hotel. It is one of the finest in France. Taking the road to Rethel, 36 kilometers distant, we left Reims behind us at 8.15 A. M.

The country is rolling and free from trees. We found we were driving over the very site of the aviation meet held in August.

LOG OF MY MOTOR

	Kil. from Reims
Rethel	26
Signy	58
Rocroi	87

All these towns are clean and prosperous. We passed through them without anything worthy of note happening and reached the latter town at 10.00 A. M.

At La Gue, 5 kilometers farther, a halt was made at the French *douane*, and to our disgust, we were politely informed by the official in charge, that the customs on the Belgian frontier, some distance beyond, would not accept automobiles entering Belgium. It would, therefore, be necessary to return to Rocroi and take the road to Regniowez, where the customs would accept entry of the car.

Eleven A. M. found us at the Regniowez, some 10 kilometers west of Rocroi, and 30 minutes later, our papers having been made out, we began our journey through Belgium by way of

	Kil. from Reims
Baileux	110
Couvin	120
Phillippeville	138
Fosse	165

The road was in good condition and is picturesque. Fruit trees bedecked the sides of houses and were of extraordinary shapes and sizes. I have never seen such remarkable specimens in any part of Europe.

Namur, 185 kilometers distant from Reims, a thriving town, well worth visiting, was reached at 1.05 P. M. We stopped for lunch at the Hotel d'Harscamp, which proved to be excellent in every way. We had much enjoyed our morning's run of 195 kilometers, covered in 3 hours and 20

LOG OF MY MOTOR

minutes, and were surprised to find the roads in such good condition at this time of the year.

At 3.30, the beautiful town of Namur was left behind. Owing to lack of time, we did not stop to visit the various places of interest in it. Brussels, 63 kilometers distant, was our objective. A cobbled road, in good shape, bordered by tremendous trees impressed us very much during the afternoon's run. Many interesting villages were also passed through, and in order that we might the better enjoy our surroundings, the car was driven at a moderate speed.

Finally, at 4.30 P. M., Brussels loomed up in the dusk, and 15 minutes later the Hotel Bellevue at the Flandre was reached.

Brussels, the Paris of imposing Belgium, impressed us considerably. Its location, its fine boulevards and its buildings and gardens afford the tourist ample opportunities for spending many a delightful day within its walls. The whole town was much shocked a few hours after our arrival by the news of the death of King Leopold, whom few suspected even of being ill.

Day's run, 258 kilometers.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1909

Cloudy and showery. By twelve, we managed to get under way for Gaunt. The road is cobbled the entire distance and in poor shape. Nevertheless, we bumped along over the stones in a most uncomfortable manner, finally bursting one of the rear tires. It required 45 minutes to make the necessary repairs, with the result that our lunch hour was delayed to 2.00 P. M., at which time we reached the Hotel Royale, a clean and up-to-date hostelry.

The morning's run of 50 kilometers was covered in 1 hour and 15 minutes' running time.

LOG OF MY MOTOR

The aspect of the country is flat and uninteresting. The villages are clean and attractive, and the trees, all carefully pruned, show signs of great care. The fields also are rich in their cultivated condition.

After lunch we visited the cathedral, which is very fine. At 4.00 P. M., having lit the lamps, we left in a heavy down-pour for Bruges, arriving at the first-class Hotel de Flandre at 5.15 P. M. Distance, 45 kilometers. Road paved, as usual, the entire way, but in fairly good condition.

Day's run, 95 kilometers, covered in 2 hours and 30 minutes. Mishaps, one punctured tire.

The country during the afternoon's run of 45 kilometers had the same appearance as that passed through on the morning's run. The town of Bruges is most picturesque and the architecture of the houses very fine. There are some wonderful old buildings and interesting museums to be visited. The town hall and several churches are also worthy of a visit.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1909

Rain. Visited the cathedral and church of Notre Dame. Saw the collection of Metlinger pictures at the museum in the rear of the hospital. It is worth a trip to Bruges just to see these paintings, which, in my opinion, have no equal. The cathedral contains several Rubens and many other paintings by well-known masters.

Visited the Château du Conte de Flandre, built in 1411. The Gothic museum in this building is rather interesting and there are many fine old mantels.

LOG OF MY MOTOR

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1909

A dense fog enveloped the city, but the rain had stopped, and we were able to get under way by 8.45 A. M. for Anvers (Antwerp).

We took the same road as on the previous day as far as Gaunt, passing through that city at 9.45. We did not stop, but followed the route by way of Lokeren and St. Nicolas, to Anvers (Antwerp), arriving on the banks of the river at 11.15 A. M. A small steamer ferried us across, and the hotel was reached at 11.45.

Day's run, 98 kilometers, covered in 2 hours and 30 minutes. The drive, owing to the stone-surfaced road, shook us up considerably.

We found the villages in this section of Belgium attractive. The houses, one story high, are painted white with a bluish tint and have red tiled roofs; they are most picturesque to look at.

Hotels at Antwerp are good and numerous. The Terminus, at the station, and the Hotel de Saint-Antoine are both excellent, but there are others quite equal to them.

The town boasts of several beautiful churches and one or two museums. The river, full of shipping, is the home port of many a transatlantic liner. The streets are clean and laid out in big boulevards, bordering some of which are fine theaters and a zoölogical garden.

We visited St. Paul's Cathedral and saw Rembrandt's "The Scourging of Christ." Outside the church in the cloister are to be seen Mount Calvary and Christ's Grave, as well as many fine statues. The church is rich in old carvings executed by the monks.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame has Rubens' great masterpiece the "Descent from the Cross." It contains also many other objects of interest. Unfortunately, nineteen years ago,

LOG OF MY MOTOR

a powder explosion in the harbor broke all the old stained glass windows.

The "Steen," or the Spanish prison used during the Inquisition, is also worthy of a visit. It is now used for a museum. The town hall has a fine ceiling.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1909

Owing to my being laid up, a week was spent in Antwerp; but on December 27, Payne and I found ourselves in the back seat of the car on our way to Rotterdam. At 10.45 A. M., Antwerp was left behind. The road was wet and slippery, which made progress slow, and a cold wind added to our discomfort.

The Belgian frontier at Putten was reached at 11.15, and a half hour's delay was caused preparing our papers to enter Holland. The customs houses of the two countries are situated across the street from each other. At 11.45, we were under way again, and to our joy the sun now peeped out through the clouds. It was really its first appearance since we had left Paris, and advantage was taken to capture, by means of it, a picture of one of Holland's old windmills, many of which are to be seen on all sides. The country is picturesque, full of canals and dikes, and extremely fertile; the houses are quaint, attractive and clean.

The road, although winding, has a good surface, but little speed could be made owing to the sharp turns. We noticed that carts, drawn by dogs harnessed five and six in number, were not so frequently seen in this country. They are being replaced by vehicles drawn by horses. The trees are very fine and planted in long rows. The fruit trees, especially, are magnificent.

Williansted was reached at 1.15, — a clean little town on the banks of the River Rhine. We found that the ferry which

LOG OF MY MOTOR

was to take us across would not return from the other side until 3.00 P. M. We, therefore, repaired to a quaint little inn for lunch, which unfortunately produced tasteless food.

The morning's run of 63 kilometers was covered in 2 hours.

The steamer, a small affair, arrived at 3.15. It was barely the size of a New York harbor tug, so that we had all kinds of trouble getting the motor aboard. Indeed, for some moments, I questioned whether the feat would be accomplished at all. Finally, after heroic efforts on the part of the crew and some villagers who aided, the machine was placed on deck, leaving, unfortunately, but little room for the passengers, who could be heard growling on all sides.

We had a pleasant half hour's run across and found the disembarkation easy. From the river to Rotterdam we lost our way, and owing to the darkness had an uncomfortable time of it, finally reaching the city at 5.00 P. M. Distance, 28 kilometers. We must have gone 10 kilometers more owing to our mistaking the road, which runs on top of a levee almost the entire way.

We had traversed a very interesting country. Quaint houses and attractive villages are everywhere to be seen, giving the impression that Holland is most prosperous.

Hotels { Hotel Weimar. Very good
Hotel de la Meuse. Good

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1909

A strong wind blowing from the north, accompanied by heavy rain squalls, made the prospects for a pleasant day's run look very remote.

We left for Amsterdam at 11.30 A. M., arriving at Leyde at 12.55 P. M. Stopped at the Hotel du Lion d'Or for lunch. Found it very clean and up-to-date. The streets



VIEWS IN AMSTERDAM



VIEWS NEAR ROTTERDAM

LOG OF MY MOTOR

of this town bear a great resemblance to the streets in the small towns in England.

Off again at 2.15 for Haarlem, where we arrived at 3.15. The road proved very interesting. Beautiful villas and fine estates border it on both sides. Visited the church, which is uninteresting, but contains a fine organ. Unfortunately, as our luck would have it, it was not played on this day. The museum had also closed fifteen minutes prior to our arrival in the town. We purchased a few little nick-nacks at some of the stores, and departed at 3.55 for Amsterdam. The road is one long tangent, paralleled by a canal on one side, and a railroad on the other. At 4.30 P. M., we arrived at the hotel in Amsterdam.

A most interesting place, canals everywhere, with fine boulevards and superb villas. The two best hotels are the Amstel and Brack's-Doelen.

The day's run, in spite of the poor weather, was most interesting. Thousands of windmills are to be seen on all sides. Beautiful canals are crossed and re-crossed, and charming villages constantly vary the scenery and keep up the interest of the traveler.

It was amusing to see the canal boats with their extraordinary colors, dragged by horses, mules, dogs, or even by a single man. Some of them were fitted with gasoline engines and made progress rapidly, while others, in the strong breeze, were making good headway with curiously cut sails.

The people are all well-to-do. The boys are full of play and give the motorist many a sensation. Their chief amusement is to make faces, yell, and throw stones when one passes by.

The country is rich to a degree and in summer time must be a paradise of vegetation. The soil, as far as the eye can see, is highly cultivated, as is to be seen in no other country.

LOG OF MY MOTOR

The roads are paved with small bricks, which make riding easy, and need little care from a maintenance point of view.

Day's run, 86 kilometers, in 4 hours.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1909

At Amsterdam. Visited the museum and saw all the Rembrandts and other paintings. We also passed through the Palace, which is furnished in the Empire period. With the exception of the large throne room, it is not worth going to see.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1909

Cloudy, but rainless and warm. Left Amsterdam at 8.45 A. M. for Düsseldorf, by way of Utrecht, which town was reached at 9.45. Road good and rather interesting, paralleling a canal the entire way.

The villages with their houses now begin to assume a different aspect, seeming in appearance like those of southern France, intermingled with a touch of German architecture. Utrecht is interesting, but owing to lack of time we passed through without stopping.

Ziest, 10 kilometers distant, a summer resort full of villas and hotels, has an attractive appearance. At this point, to our great joy, we entered a rolling country, and the flats that we had been traversing for days were gradually left behind.

Arnhem was reached at 11.15. A pretty little town, with a very good hotel, the Hotel du Soleil, where we stopped for lunch. Morning's run, 95 kilometers. Time, 2 hours and 30 minutes.

Left for the frontier at 12.45. At Nimegue, 16 kilometers distant, the Rhine was crossed on a ferry propelled by the bow being swung out against the swiftly moving current



TOWN HALL. VEEK

LOG OF MY MOTOR

which, catching the side of the boat, pushed it sideways, while a rope, lying on the bottom of the river, and fastened to the boat by a pulley on which it travels, gives the necessary resistance. In this way the boat slides over to the landing stage on the other side. For once we arrived just in time to catch the boat. What a miracle!

At 1.15 p. m., the little village of Veek, on the Dutch frontier, was passed. Fifteen minutes were required to get our deposit back, during which time I took a photograph of the town hall and custom house. Fifty yards farther on, we were held up by the German customs officials. Luckily for us, a most courteous official did all in his power to get us through the formalities as quickly as possible. Nevertheless it took three-quarters of an hour's hard work for three men to prepare the papers, and then a load of documents was deposited in my pocket-book. The official in charge told me confidentially that he had three hours' work before him for his entire staff before the entry of my car into Germany would be satisfactorily accomplished, as it was necessary for him to send notices of the entry of the car all over Germany.

At 2.50, we were off again. Two kilometers beyond the frontier, cobbled roads were left and the old macadam was once more under us. Great speed was made, and Cleve, Xanten and Mors were soon left behind. Düsseldorf was reached at 4.20, just as it was getting dark. The road is good the entire way, many tangents being encountered. The towns, as is usual in Germany, are clean and prosperous looking.

Düsseldorf is an up-to-date place, with large boulevards, fine buildings and splendid hotels, the Park and Palast Hotels being the best.

Afternoon's run, 134 kilometers, in 3 hours and 35 minutes.
Day's run, 229 kilometers, in 5 hours and 5 minutes.

LOG OF MY MOTOR

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1909

At Düsseldorf. As our usual luck had it, it rained all day.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1910

More rain. Left Düsseldorf at 9.15 for Frankfurt. The road to Cologne is uninteresting. This town was reached at 10.05, and it being New Year's day, we stopped in front of the cathedral to attend Mass and see the church. The cathedral is Gothic, and very fine.

At Cologne, crossed the Rhine on a magnificent old bridge. At 10.15, off again for Coblenz, where we arrived at 12.15. Stopped for lunch at the Hotel Belle-Vue. Poor and dirty. The town itself is situated on the Rhine, and has a rather interesting appearance. Morning's run, 120 kilometers in 2 hours and 50 minutes. From Bonn on, the road becomes interesting. Old castles are to be seen and many fine villages passed. The mountains which skirt the banks on either side of the Rhine are very grand and imposing.

Just before entering Coblenz, we crossed the Moselle River, a beautiful stream, to which I have already referred in my trips from Paris to Frankfurt.

At 2.05, after a poor meal, Coblenz was left behind. We took the road to Frankfurt by way of Ems, Schwalbach and Weisbaden, through an interesting country, which at this time of the year is far less attractive than it was on my last visit during the summer months. Snow was encountered on the tops of the hills, but gave us no inconvenience.

At Frankfurt, the Fürsten-Hof Palast Hotel, Frankfurter-Hof and Engländer-Hof are the best hotels.

Run during the afternoon, 117 kilometers. Total distance for day, 237 kilometers, covered in 5 hours and 20 minutes.

It is rather curious that during the entire run of 237

LOG OF MY MOTOR

kilometers only one carriage was passed on the road outside the town limits. I account for this by the fact that it was New Year's day.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 2, 1910

Cloudy weather. Owing to Mr. Payne being compelled to return to Paris for a couple of days, I decided to take the train that evening and let the mechanic proceed with the car from here to the factory at Unterturkheim, 10 kilometers outside of Stuttgart, where the engine was to be overhauled.

At 1.30 P. M., the car was on the road for Pforzheim, 152 kilometers distant. The latter town was reached at 5.30, or in four hours' running time. The road is flat and uninteresting, lying along the valley of the Rhine.

MONDAY, JANUARY 3, 1910

Fine. The mechanic left Pforzheim at 8.20 for Stuttgart, arriving without any mishap at 9.40 over a good road, traversing a rolling country. Day's run, 67 kilometers, covered in 1 hour and 20 minutes.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1910, AND WEDNESDAY,
JANUARY 5, 1910

Car at factory.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1910

Mr. Payne and I arrived from Paris on the Orient Express at 6.40 A. M. We had breakfast at the Marquardt Hotel, and by 8.30 were under way in the car for Nuremberg, by way of Gaildorf, Feuchtewangen and Ansbach. Distance, 183 kilometers, covered in 5 hours and 5 minutes

LOG OF MY MOTOR

over a wet road, the surface of which, although slippery, was good. Rain, as usual, was encountered.

We stopped at Feuchtewangen at the Hotel de la Poste, for lunch, at 12.05 P. M. Very poor. The town itself is rather attractive and quaint in appearance, and the architecture of the houses interesting.

Our morning's run of 115 kilometers took us through a superb country. Several small mountains were crossed and a number of small forests traversed. The route resembles a drive through a well-kept park more than an ordinary highway.

At 1.20, after lunch, we left for Nuremberg. The country resembles that traversed during the morning, although the villages, as Nuremberg is approached, become more picturesque and the architecture of the houses very interesting.

At 2.50 the gates of the town were reached. We had covered the last 68 kilometers in 1 hour and 30 minutes. There are several hotels, but the Grand is the best.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 7, 1910

No rain to-day, but our usual luck being with us we had instead such a thick fog that it was impossible to see the tops of the buildings. As the roofs are the most interesting objects in the town, we were much disappointed at not seeing them. Visited the museum, which contains the finest Gothic collection in the world; also the "Bierstube," the first saloon, an invention or discovery which, could it have been patented, would have made its inventors rich. We saw the picturesque hunting lodge of Baron Tucherhaus, and drove around the town to look at the city walls, which are finer than any I have ever seen.

The color scheme of the houses and their quaintness are most pleasing. The architecture in general dates back to



TYPICAL HUNGARIAN VILLAGE



TOWN SQUARE. FEUCHTEWANGEN

LOG OF MY MOTOR

the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, at which time most of the buildings were erected. Thanks to the care the Government has given to these edifices, spending endless sums of money for their preservation, their appearance at the present time is practically the same as when they were originally erected.

As one strolls through the streets, one sees beautiful carvings, old Gothic churches and innumerable little picturesque squares. Second-hand shops also, where all kinds of articles can be purchased for a mere trifle, make it easy for the visitor to spend a few days most delightfully in this little paradise.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1910

Another day spent sight-seeing. Visited the town hall, where a fine old banquet-room has been ruined by the removal of the decorations and the wooden chandeliers painted with flaring gold paint.

The dungeons under the town hall are very interesting, and we visited many of the cells. The underground passage to the castle situated well on top of the hill, within a mile of the town hall, is still open, and will repay a visit. In olden days, the prisoners had to walk through this passage to get their water.

Later we saw the castle, a well-fortified old edifice, crowning a hill, and dating back to the eleventh century. The interior has been renovated and brought up-to-date, electric light and simple furnishings making it most habitable. The old tower of the castle contains the various implements of torture used in the olden days; they are quite terrifying to look at. The instruments were still in use in 1803. The famous "Iron Maiden" is installed here, and a more cruel death would be hard to imagine.

We visited also several private houses containing fine courts

LOG OF MY MOTOR

of carved wood. Saw and drank in the first wine cellar ever built. It is now used as an underground restaurant.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 9, 1910

At 7.50 A. M., left for Rothenberg, 78 kilometers distant. Arrived at 9.20, a 1 hour and 30 minutes' run over a good road. Fog and occasional rains.

The villages are most interesting and picturesque. Rothenberg boasts that no house has been erected in it for the last four hundred years. The Hotel Hirsch is very quaint, good and clean. The town is interesting, and worth visiting. There is a fine view from the ramparts, but the town hall and church are disappointing.

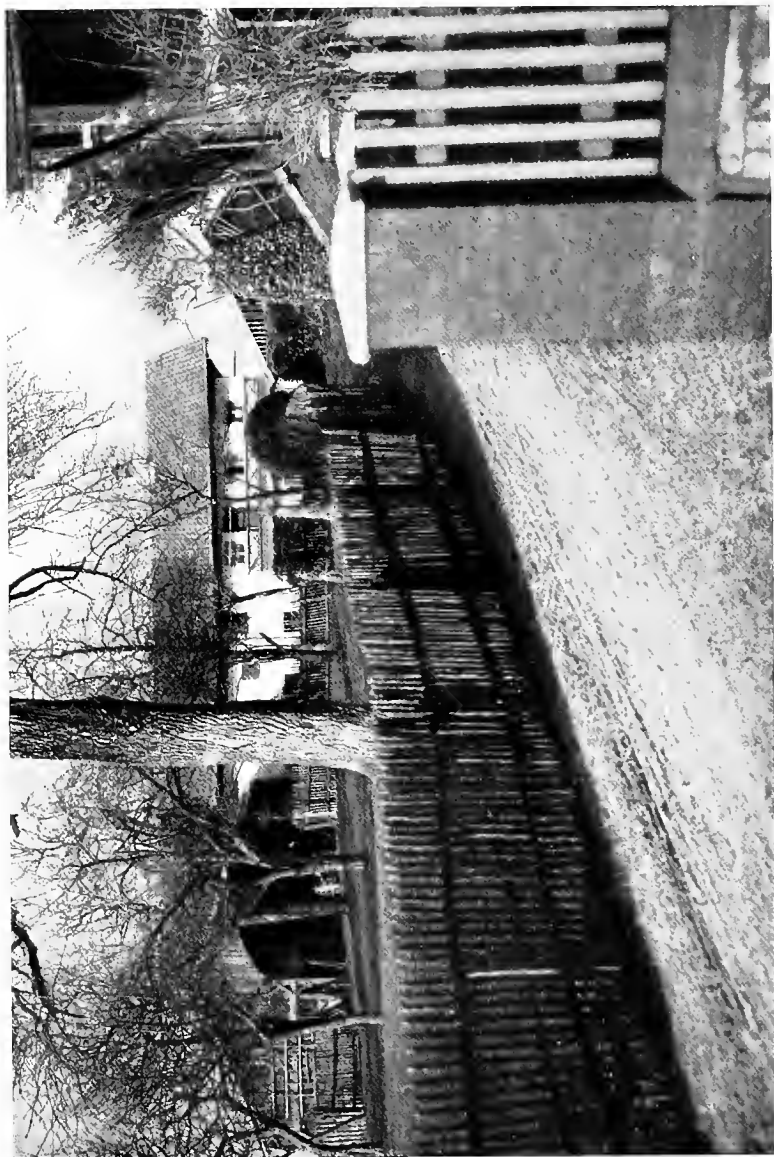
At 10.50 we left for Augsburg, by way of Feuchtwangen, 32 kilometers distant — our lunching place during the last day's run. Also passed through the town of Dinkelsbuhl, 13 kilometers farther, a well-fortified place, with a large church and many interesting houses.

The country from here on changes its aspect. The hills and small mountains are lost to view and a well-cultivated plain is entered. The road surface is good, but much repaired in spots.

It is interesting to note the change in the architecture of the houses. These now began to assume an entirely different aspect. The roofs are no longer red tiled, but made of slate. Three and four-story mansions are replaced by one-story structures, and the wooden beams on the exterior of the houses, which give those around Nuremberg the appearance of a Normandy village, are here replaced by plain whitewashed buildings. The well-cobbled streets, neat and clean on every side, are replaced by streets of dirt and filth. Still, the more important towns, such as Nordlingen and Donauworth, have a cleanly appearance.



STREET IN ROTHENBERG



SMALL FARM HOUSE NEAR MUNICH

LOG OF MY MOTOR

At Harburg-i-Schwaben there is a fine old fortified castle. Owing to lack of time we could not stop to examine it. At 2.00 P. M. sharp, we punctured the right hand back tire and found it necessary to change the inner and outer shoes. Forty-five minutes were consumed in making repairs. At 3.05 P. M., we were at the Palace Hotel, Augsburg, where we stopped for lunch. The town is clean and picturesque. It contains a fine old cathedral, and on some of the houses pictures had been painted over the entire front. One of these, belonging to Herr Fuka, is considered very fine.

Morning's run, 225 kilometers, in 5 hours' running time.

At 4.05 P. M., we got under way again. Sixty-nine kilometers separated us from Munich. We were lucky enough to find a good road, passing mostly through plains, a few small hills only being encountered after we had reached the town of Bruck.

At 6.15, we drew up at the hotel in Munich.

DAY'S RUN

	Kil.	Time
Left Nuremberg	0	7.50 A. M.
Arrived at Rothenberg	78	9.20 A. M.
Left Rothenberg	78	10.50 A. M.
Arrived at Feuchtewangen	110	11.40 A. M.
Arrived at Dinkelsbuhl	123	12.05 P. M.
Arrived at Nordlingen	154	1.00 P. M.
Arrived at Donauworth	183	1.35 P. M.
Arrived at Augsburg	226	3.05 P. M.
Left Augsburg	226	4.50 P. M.
Arrived at Munich	295	6.15 P. M.

Note: A delay of 45 minutes between Donauworth and Augsburg for punctured tire.

Day's run, 295 kilometers in 6 hours and 25 minutes.

LOG OF MY MOTOR

MONDAY, JANUARY 10, 1910

At Munich, sight-seeing.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1910

Beautiful day. Left at 12.50 P. M. for the town of Salzburg, situated at the foot of the Austrian Tyrol. Unfortunately, our baggage had by this time grown to such proportions, owing to our purchases at the different towns, that the parcels, bags and boxes hung from all parts of the motor, giving it more the appearance of an express wagon than a private touring car. We found snow on the road after leaving Ebersberg, which increased or decreased in depth as we ascended or descended the hills.

Wasserburg, a very picturesque old town, situated on the banks of the River Inn, was reached at 2.00 P. M. We stopped on a precipitous road leading from the top of the mountain to the town, and partook of lunch from the well-filled basket we had brought with us from Munich.

We were once more under way forty-five minutes later for Salzburg. The route had now become quite hilly, and to the south the Tyrolean Alps loomed up to a great height. The road was wet and slippery from the melting snow, and our progress was somewhat retarded; but being blessed, for the second time since leaving Paris, with a view of the sun, we complained but little of this discomfort.

Freilassing, on the German frontier, was reached at 4.35 P. M., and we were fortunate enough to find a courteous official who reimbursed us for our deposit in record time. One hundred yards farther on the Austrian frontier was reached. Bavaria was left behind, and we now entered Bohemia. A deposit of 2,190 kolns was made with the *douannièr*e, and 5.00 P. M. found us speeding down the



WASSERBURG
TAKEN FROM THE ROAD



ROAD BETWEEN VIENNA AND BUDAPEST

LOG OF MY MOTOR

road to Salzburg, 6 kilometers distant. At 5.08, we drew up in front of the hotel. There are two good hotels in the town, the Hotel Bristol and the Hotel de l'Europe. Salzburg at this time of the year is a deserted place. The town is clean and has several theaters, and one or two boulevards. It is beautifully situated at the foot of the Tyrolean Alps.

The day's run of 134 kilometers was covered in 3 hours and 8 minutes.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1910

At 9.25 A. M., our car was pointed north towards the town of Linz. During the night a severe frost had turned the highway into a veritable skating rink, and for a few minutes after leaving Salzburg we slid about in a most dangerous way. We finally managed to stop, and adjusted the chains to the tires on the back wheels. This improved the running somewhat, and added much to the safety of the car and its occupants. The view now of the fast disappearing mountains was grand. Owing to some strange oversight on the part of the clerk of the weather, we were blessed with another beautiful day.

We encountered considerable snow over the first few miles, and at one point of the road ran into a drift, from which it took us ten minutes to clear the car.

The route is rather interesting, being mountainous at first, with a gradual descent to a plain, which is entered just before reaching the town of Lambach. The villages are rather ordinary in appearance, possessing little of picturesque interest to the traveler.

Bocklaruck, Schwanenstach and Lambach were all entered and left by arched gateways. The general lay-out of the towns is as follows: one large main street, entered

LOG OF MY MOTOR

through an archway, broadening towards the center of the town, and tapering down again to the exit on the other side, at which point one leaves through another arch. At the widest point, in the middle, there is a fountain, usually rather interesting architecturally.

In all these towns the inhabitants seem to have been endeavoring to improve the houses, by adding to their tops a fake story in which windows and blinds are inserted.

Lambach, 60 kilometers from Salzburg, was reached at 11.45. Passed through without stopping, and much to our joy, found a fairly good road to Linz, free of snow, but muddy.

The next place of importance en route was the town of Wels, and then came Linz, situated on the banks of the River Danube. The latter town, which is 65 kilometers from Lambach, was reached at 1.00 P. M. We stopped for lunch at the Hotel Erzherzog Karl, the best in the town.

The town, clean and up-to-date, contains little by way of interest to the tourist. The museum, and second-hand curiosity shops, where numerous small articles can be purchased at extraordinary low prices, are perhaps the only places to visit.

The usual trying weather conditions prevailed in the afternoon, that is to say, the rain came down in such quantities that it was found necessary to delay our departure from Linz until the following morning.

Total day's run, 125 kilometers, in 3 hours and 35 minutes.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1910

At 9.25 A. M., the sky having cleared, and the prospects being good for an enjoyable day's run to Vienna, we departed for the town of St. Polten, where we stopped for lunch at

CASTLE AT HARBURG-I-SCHWABEN



LOG OF MY MOTOR

12.35. The morning's run of 126 kilometers was covered in 3 hours and 10 minutes.

The country traversed is a rich farming country, rolling in appearance, and now and then permitting the motorist to obtain fine views of the mountains to the north and south.

At the town of Melp, 2 kilometers before reaching St. Polten, a wide plain is entered, through which the road runs until within about 30 kilometers of Vienna.

The villages through this section of the country are uninteresting. I took a photograph of one, the reproduction of which gives a fairly good idea of the general architecture of the houses in this vicinity.

St. Polten, a queer little place, and rather attractive in appearance, was left behind at 1.50. We now began the last part of our day's run to Vienna, 63 kilometers distant.

When within 30 kilometers of the capital of Austria, we left behind the level plain we had been traversing since leaving the town of Melp, and began the highest climb of the day, which, I judge, must have been about 2,500 feet. Many fine views of the surrounding country are here to be obtained. At the summit, owing to ice and snow, we found it again necessary to put chains on the wheels. Then, without any further delay, we made the descent into the beautiful city of Vienna, reaching the hotel at 3.10 P.M. A week can easily be spent here. The picture galleries, theaters, restaurants, museums, boulevards and fine drives have not their equal in any other city in the world.

The day's run of 189 kilometers was covered in 4 hours and 30 minutes.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1910

Spent sight-seeing.

LOG OF MY MOTOR

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1910

As usual, rain and snow. As we had now become accustomed to this kind of weather, we left at 9.25 A. M. for Budapest. A nasty, wet road with the surface in poor condition. The party that left Vienna was not a very cheerful one.

We shaped our course for the town of Raab, and passed through an uninteresting country, reminding us of the western prairies of the United States. Little to be seen for miles in any direction, and villages are few and far apart, the country not being adapted to farming.

At 12.00 sharp, we arrived at the Hotel Royale, in the town of Raab, where, much to our surprise, we found good food and clean rooms awaiting us.

The morning's run, of 125 kilometers, was covered in 2 hours and 35 minutes. We were now in "beautiful Hungary," but as we had seen nothing so far in the way of beauty of scenery, our expectations were entirely disappointed. We had always heard of the natural wonders of this little Empire.

Raab was left behind at 2.00 P. M., and the run of 132 kilometers separating us from the town of Budapest begun. At 5.50, or 3 hours and 50 minutes later, we drew up in front of the hotel.

The route proved more interesting than the morning's run, but the road in places was very bad. In one place where the highway was being raised on a ten or eleven-foot fill, we had to take to the field for three or four kilometers, as no other road is available for the traveler, who is here left to pick his way over the surrounding country, to the best of his ability.

Sixty kilometers from Budapest, the mountains again appeared, and at 40 kilometers, we started to climb. We soon ran into snow, and as it was getting dark, we stopped



BUDAPEST
FROM THE HOTEL WINDOW



SMALL VILLAGE ON THE DANUBE, 60 KILOMETERS FROM BUDAPEST

LOG OF MY MOTOR

to light our lamps and put chains on the rear wheels. The last part of this journey was through a fine country, very wild in appearance.

Buda suddenly appeared in front of us; situated on the banks of the River Danube. It is one of the finest cities I have ever seen.

Stopped at the Hotel Hungaria. Excellent in every way.

Day's run, 257 kilometers, in 6 hours and 25 minutes.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 16, MONDAY, JANUARY 17, AND
TUESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1910

Spent the three days at Budapest, sight-seeing.

The roads between the two towns being in bad shape, and the passes over the mountains that had to be crossed blocked with snow, I shipped the car to Trieste by train, on the morning of the sixteenth. On the evening of the eighteenth, Mr. Payne and I left for Monfalcone, a town just north of Trieste, where we expected to find the car and the mechanic awaiting us. At 8.00 P. M., we were comfortably installed in a stateroom of the sleeping car of the Compagnie des Wagons-Lits. We had enjoyed a good dinner and everything went well until breakfast the following morning.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1910

The dining car having been removed, we left the train to take breakfast in the station restaurant at the junction where passengers for Trieste change cars, while those who go through to Venice keep on the train in which we had slept. Breakfast being over, I was again in my compartment, prepared to leave it in half an hour's time at Monfalcone. To my surprise, Mr. Payne was nowhere to be found. It then occurred to me that he must have gotten on the wrong

LOG OF MY MOTOR

train, and gone on to Trieste. As he was without either hat, coat or money, I was somewhat worried. Nevertheless, I packed up his luggage and on descending at Monfalcone placed it on the car that was there to meet me, and returned as quickly as possible to Trieste. Here, after an hour's delay, I discovered Mr. Payne wandering through the streets. He had procured sufficient funds from the American Consul with which to buy a hat, coat and a ticket to Venice.

Normal conditions once more restored, we departed from Trieste at 11.20, en route for Venice. The road is picturesque and resembles to a great extent the Upper Corniche. It skirts the Adriatic and rises, just after leaving Trieste, to a height of a couple of thousand feet.

Monfalcone, the place we had intended to leave about 9.00 A. M., is 36 kilometers from Trieste. We traversed it again at 12 o'clock.

At 12.30, the Austrian frontier was reached, and the regular formalities were gone through rapidly. There was no money to be paid us, the Government not having a sufficient deposit on hand at this place. On occasions of this kind, the tourist gives his name and address and a month or so later he receives a check covering the deposit.

The Italian frontier being some distance off, and over a tortuous road with many turns, the customs official consented to accompany us to that point. Here, while waiting for the necessary papers to be made out, we enjoyed the luncheon we had brought with us from Budapest, which, although it had been prepared the night before, we found exceedingly good.

The officials were courteous to a degree, and by 2.00 P. M., the papers having been properly executed, we started on our way.

The road is fairly good, the towns interesting, and the



A SCENE IN VENICE FROM THE GRAND CANAL



A SCENE IN VENICE FROM THE GRAND CANAL

LOG OF MY MOTOR

people, especially the women, are attractive in appearance. Their faces, unlike those to be seen in the countries we had just left behind, are not expressionless.

From Monfalcone on, we entered a plain on which we continued for the remaining part of the day. The country is rich in grape vines, old churches and attractive villages. The arcades that line the streets of these last are very interesting, although they are clumsy in appearance.

Treviso, a well-fortified town, was reached at 4.40, and, from here on the road over the remaining 19 kilometers to Mestre reminds one very much of Bellevue Avenue, Newport, Rhode Island. Villas line the road on both sides, and beautiful parks, fine gardens, magnificent trees and handsome entrance-gates are to be seen all along the way.

Mestre, 176 kilometers from Trieste, was reached at 5.00 P. M. As this is the nearest place of approach to Venice by automobile, we left the car in the garage and took the train, which runs every few minutes, to the city of the Doges.

The total day's run had been 212 kilometers, made in 4 hours and 10 minutes, adding the extra 36 kilometers for the return journey from Monfalcone to Trieste.

We spent the night at Venice, and Mr. Payne, wishing to see some friends of his living at Vicenza, bade me good-bye in the morning. I left by myself for the town of Genoa, which I hoped to reach that evening.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1910

At 9.45 A. M., I was under way for Mantova, where I intended to lunch. Passed through the towns of Padova and Legnago, which were interesting and picturesque. Apart from the villages, the country is uninteresting and flat. Mountains showed themselves during the early part of the

LOG OF MY MOTOR

ride, but the route skirts the foot of the hills and the grade of the road does not change.

At 1.00 P. M., I drew up in front of the Hotel Aquien Doro, where I stopped for lunch. The restaurant is clean, but the bedrooms are not very inviting.

Morning's run:

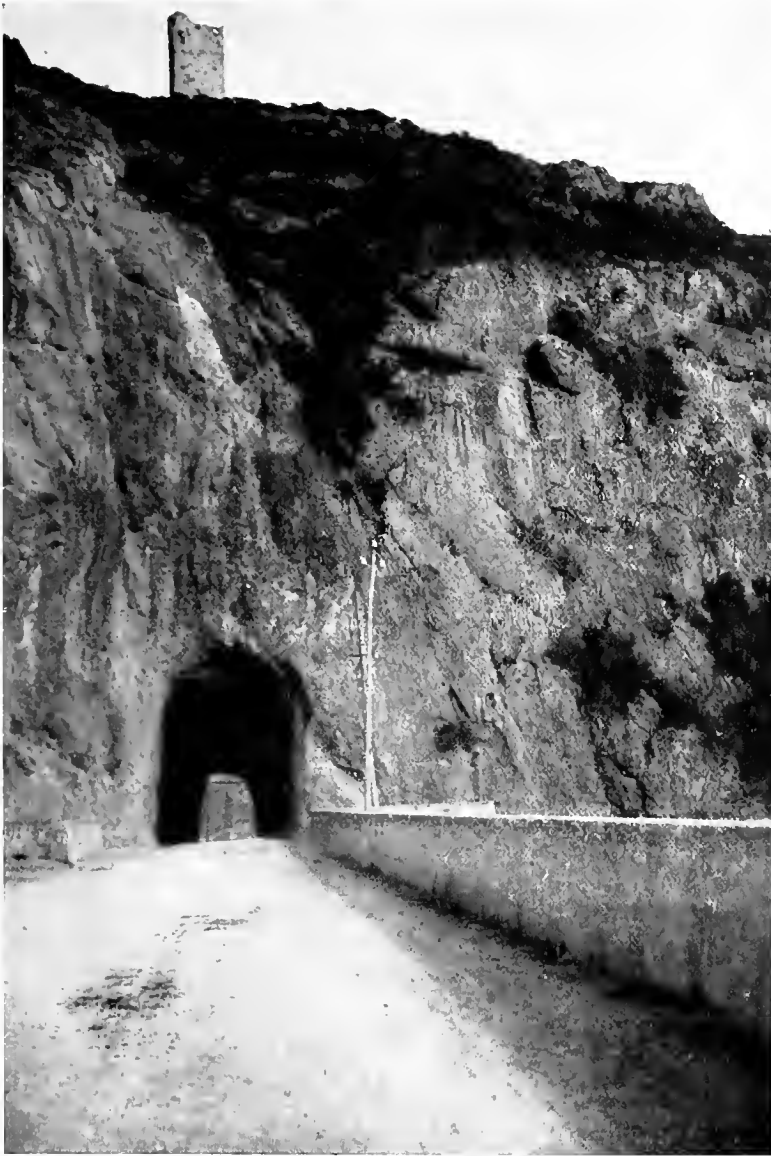
	Kil.
Mestre to Padova	44
Padova to Este	30
Este to Legnago	32
Legnago to Mantova	46
Total	152

At 2.15, I left Mantova behind and a fine stretch of flat, good road was before me to the town of Cremona, 68 kilometers distant. At this point the River Po is crossed, and half an hour later Piacenza appeared on the horizon. The country to Piacenza is very fertile, grape vines being abundant in all directions.

The Route National was now left, and my course shaped southwest towards Genoa over the Bobbio Pass. It was not long before the mountains appeared in the distance, a grand sight with their crests covered with heavy clouds. I congratulated myself on not being twenty-four hours later, as I felt assured that a storm was fast approaching.

At Rivergaro, some 20 kilometers south of Piacenza, I began to ascend. The scenery is fine. On arriving at Bobbio, darkness having set in, I lit the lamps. Being hungry, I stopped at a small inn, which would not accommodate the ordinary tourist, and had some chocolate and fresh eggs. Somewhat strengthened by this repast, my progress seemed somewhat easier over the tortuous pass.

The road is good, although full of curves. The scenery is magnificent. Genoa was reached at 9.45 P. M., and for
[146]



ROAD SKIRTING THE MEDITERRANEAN
BETWEEN GENOA AND MONTE CARLO



STREET SCENE IN VILLAGE ON ROAD
BETWEEN GENOA AND MONTE CARLO

LOG OF MY MOTOR

once the rain held off until my arrival at the hotel. Ten minutes later a frightful downpour occurred, and in the morning I was informed that the pass I had traversed the night before was buried in over three feet of snow along its route.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1910

A beautiful day. At 11.25 A. M., I left Genoa behind. The town boasts of many a good hotel, is full of life, clean, up-to-date, and is Italy's largest shipping port. Owing to the tremendous amount of traffic, my progress at first was very slow. Nevertheless, Savona, 90 kilometers distant, was reached at 12.55. I stopped at the Hotel Suisse for lunch. Exceedingly poor. The route between Genoa and Savona skirts the Mediterranean, and although in good shape, fast time was impossible owing to the numerous turnings and the constant crossing and re-crossing of railroad tracks at grades.

The villages through this section are dirty, with narrow, badly paved streets, and with open sewers running through the middle. The car practically occupies the entire space between the houses, and pedestrians are compelled to stand in the doorways when one attempts to pass them. Many of the houses are connected by archways overhead. Fishing seems to be the industry of these villages.

At 2.05 P. M., Savona was left behind. Albenga, Porto Maurizio, Saint Remo and Bordighera were all reached in good time, the Italian frontier at Ventimiglia being passed at 5.35 P. M. The last three towns have much the same appearance as Nice and Cannes. They are the Italian Riviera resorts, with good hotels, fine villas and first-class restaurants. The Italian *douane* at this point was up-to-date, and five minutes only were required to regain my deposit which had been made upon entering Italy. The

LOG OF MY MOTOR

French *douane* also holds the record for despatch, only five minutes being required at this custom house to prepare the papers for entering France.

Darkness had now set in, so I lit my headlights. Monte Carlo, Monaco, Beaulieu and Nice were reached in quick time, the latter town at 6.50 P. M., where I stopped for the night.

Day's run, 245 kilometers, in 6 hours and 5 minutes.

I experienced somewhat of a disappointment as I passed in front of the Casino at Monte Carlo without descending from the car. The old place looked the same, and very inviting. Nevertheless I had hopes of going through to St. Raphael that evening to stop with my sister, so that a stay over of a few hours was out of the question.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1910

At 9.25 A. M., I left for St. Raphael by way of Cannes and the Esterel Mountains. On leaving Cannes, I encountered snow, much to my surprise. As I ascended the Esterel, the snow increased in depth to twelve inches. Chains were put on the back wheels and slow progress made; but at 11.00 A. M. I reached Valescure, where my sister was stopping. After descending, the car was taken back to Nice and laid up in the garage until my next visit to Europe. Day's run, 73 kilometers, in 1 hour and 35 minutes.

LOG OF MY MOTOR

SUMMARY OF TRIP

	Kil.	Time
Paris to Reims	162	3.30
Reims to Brussels	258	4.35
Brussels to Bruges	95	2.30 1 punctured tire
Bruges to Antwerp	98	2.30
Antwerp to Rotterdam	91	3.15
Rotterdam to Amsterdam . . .	86	4.00
Amsterdam to Düsseldorf . . .	229	5.05
Düsseldorf to Frankfurt	237	5.20
Frankfurt to Pforzheim	152	4.00
Pforzheim to Stuttgart	67	1.20
Stuttgart to Nuremberg	183	5.05
Nuremberg to Munich	295	6.25 1 punctured tire
Munich to Salzburg	134	3.08
Salzburg to Linz	125	3.35
Linz to Vienna	189	4.30
Vienna to Budapest	257	6.25
Budapest to Monfalcone, by train		
Monfalcone to Mestre	212	4.10
Mestre to Genoa	393	10.25
Genoa to Nice	245	6.05
Nice to Valescure	73	1.35
Total	3,582	87.28 2 punctured tires

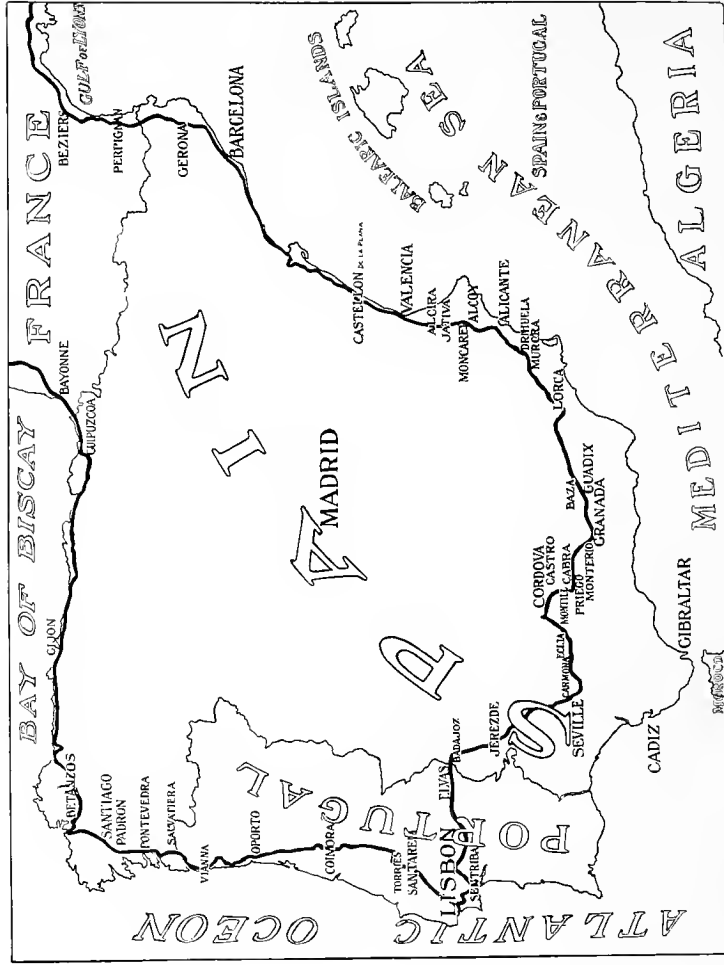


TRIP

THROUGH SPAIN AND PORTUGAL
FEBRUARY 11 TO MARCH 15

1911





MAP OF TOUR THROUGH SPAIN AND PORTUGAL

THROUGH SPAIN AND PORTUGAL

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1911



PAIN, which occupies the greater portion of the Iberian Peninsula, lies at the southwestern extremity of Europe. It is a land full of interest and rich in the beauty and even grandeur of its natural scenery as well as in the works of its people. For some unknown reason it remains a little-known land, rarely visited by the automobilist.

And yet here may be seen, half hidden in superb valleys, or scattered here and there over far-reaching plains, the rare architectural remains of past ages, the works of Phoenicians, Moors, Greeks and Romans, who each in turn conquered, and to a greater or less extent overran, this land.

My purpose, in this chapter, is to give my readers a record of a trip I lately made, in sufficient detail to supply the needed information to those who may be disposed to tour through a country, where the people are kindly disposed, where roads turn abruptly from good to bad, and where rivers have to be forded and streams bridged.

It was on the morning of Saturday, February 11, 1911, that Mr. Payne made ready my 60-H. P. Mercedes car and left Nice for the little winter resort of Valescure, where he was to pick me up at my sister's villa, preparatory to

LOG OF MY MOTOR

undertaking with me an extended trip through Spain and Portugal.

The car was equipped with a tonneau body and Michelin tires. A hood and trunk rack in the back, with Prestolite tank, several extra shoes and a complete set of tools, comprised our equipment.

Mr. Payne left Nice at 10.35 A.M., and at 12.10, having safely crossed the Esterel Mountains, he and the mechanic drew up at my sister's villa in Valescure, 73 kilometers distant.

Running time, 1 hour and 35 minutes.

Having lunched, Mr. Payne and I started for Marseilles at 2.30. The route chosen passed through Le Luc, St. Maximin and Trets. At Le Luc, 42 kilometers from Valescure, we stopped for ten minutes to procure some oil, which the mechanic had forgotten to bring along.

On approaching Brignoles, an old man driving a cart on the left-hand side of the road was rudely awakened by the sound of the horn. He was quick to respond to our warning and drove immediately over to the right. Unfortunately, however, owing to his age or his curiosity, he looked back just as we were about to pass, and at the same time pulled his horse across the road. The collision was inevitable. I turned the car sideways and applied the brakes. Both the wagon with its horse and the automobile slid down the road after the impact for some fifty-odd feet, when the right-hand axle of the two-wheeled cart snapped, dropping the old man out on the road. Fortunately, he missed the wheels of the car, and except for a general shaking up, suffered no other hurt. But now, as usual, people appeared to rise up from the ground, and where, prior to the accident, no one had been in sight, a dozen were now running in on us from all directions. The peasants had evidently witnessed the accident, and took it that we were not to blame, and so were kindly disposed. After ten minutes had elapsed, we were



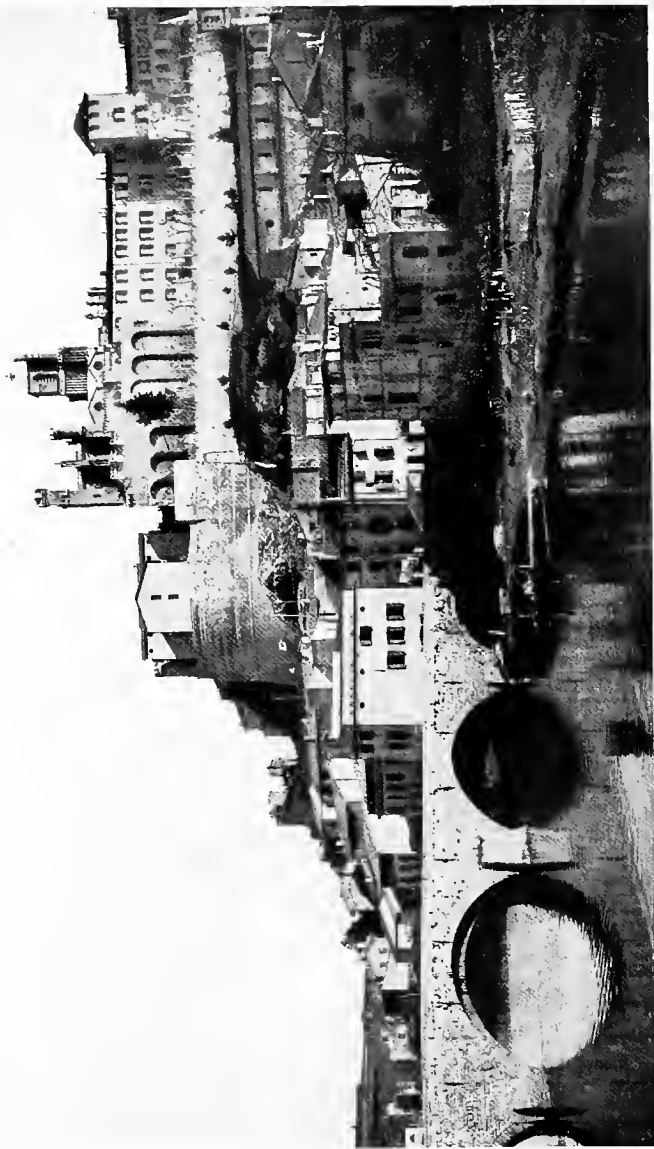
CANAL DU MIDI



CAR USED ON TRIP



PLANTER'S HOME AND VINEYARDS SURROUNDING IT



NARBONNE

LOG OF MY MOTOR

once more under way, no damage having occurred to the car, the only loss being three hundred francs from my pocket-book, to replace the old man's wagon and some of his harness.

From Trets on, the route is most picturesque. A canyon is followed for some of the distance, and although the road is tortuous for the last 40 kilometers, I believe it to be the most feasible route for approaching Marseilles from Nice. The surface is good, and the traffic not as dense as on the other main roads.

We drew up in front of the hotel at 5.45, having accomplished the afternoon's run in 3 hours and 5 minutes. Total for day, 4 hours and 40 minutes. Distance, 222 kilometers.

Marseilles. <i>Hotels</i>	{	Grand Hotel du Louvre et de la Paix
		Regina Hotel
		Hotel de Noailles et Metropole
		Hotel de Russie et d'Angleterre

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1911

A dismal day with much rain greeted us on rising. Nevertheless, we braved the weather, and at 9.45 set out for Arles, 88 kilometers distant, where it was our intention to lunch. We chose the route by Rognac and Salon and obtained several fine views of the Mediterranean, skirting, for several kilometers, the Étang de Berre, which is a large enclosed lake surrounded by olive trees and fairly good vineyards.

At Salon, the plain is entered, and for 39 kilometers a road with only one slight curve is traversed, so that the traveler is glad when Arles comes in sight, which it did in our case at 11.50, after a morning's run of 2 hours and 5 minutes.

We stopped at the Hotel de Forum, which had been much improved in the last few years, and enjoyed a fairly good

LOG OF MY MOTOR

lunch. After lunch, we hired a landau and although the rain was coming down in torrents, we visited the Roman amphitheater, the old graveyard, the museum and several churches.

We were once again under way by 2.50 P. M. The River Rhone was crossed on the outskirts of the town, and we made a course for St. Gilles, 18 kilometers distant from Arles. From here we hoped to reach Lunel and Montpellier, where we expected to stop for the night. At St. Gilles, however, owing to the rain and our haste, we took the wrong road, and found ourselves, after a run of some 20 kilometers, in the town of Nimes.

The route from Arles had been winding, but the surface is good, the country flat and full of vineyards. There was some mud on the surface, which made the going hard, but by 3.50 P. M. we were in front of the old Roman amphitheater at Nimes, which we would have been glad to visit had the rain kept off.

At 4.00 P. M., we headed for Montpellier over the Route National. We passed through Lunel at 4.30, 27 kilometers from Nimes, and promptly at 5.00 drew up at Montpellier, where we stayed the night.

Distance covered for the day, 171 kilometers, in 4 hours and 5 minutes.

Montpellier.	<i>Hotels</i>	{	Grand Hotel. Good
		{	Hotel de la Metropole. Good

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1911

Left the hotel at 10.15 A. M., and at 10.25 were on our way for Narbonne, where we intended to lunch. As far as Gigean the road is hilly, and many fine views of the surrounding country are to be obtained. I took a photograph showing a planter's home and the vineyards surrounding it.



IN THE PYRENEES, JUST BEFORE REACHING THE SPANISH
FRONTIER



IN THE PYRENEES, JUST BEFORE REACHING THE SPANISH
FRONTIER

LOG OF MY MOTOR

From Gigean to Neze, the Étang de Thau is skirted, another large, interior lake, separated from the Mediterranean by a narrow sand-bank only. The little town of Cette was plainly visible on the opposite shore of the lake, situated on the solitary bluff rising from this sand-bank. From Meze to Adge we once more obtained some good views of the Étang de Thau, and traveled through a country mostly flat and fairly fertile. From Adge to Beziers we skirted the Canal du Midi. We stopped here to take another picture.

Beziers was entered at 12.20. On the occasion of my previous passage through this village, I had taken a photograph of the ramparts from the bridge. These ramparts are rather fine. The town with its parks and several boulevards has the appearance of being a prosperous place.

Narbonne, 26 kilometers from Beziers, came next. A rather hilly country separates the two towns, and it was from the top of one of these hills that we obtained our first glimpse of the Pyrenees.

At 12.55 we were installed at the Grand Hotel for lunch. (Fair.) Morning's run, 2 hours and 30 minutes. Distance covered, 100 kilometers. At 2.50, after having taken a picture of the street in front of the hotel, we left for Perpignan. For the first twenty kilometers, the same hilly country was encountered, and another large, interior lake, called the Étang de Bages, was skirted. From Sigean, the road is flat, although on our right low hills are in close proximity.

Port de la Nouvelle, situated on the shores of the Mediterranean, came next. It has all the appearance of a bathing resort. At Les Cabanes, the Étang de Lucate, another large, interior lake, was skirted for some fifteen kilometers, and here the aspect of the country is wild and barren.

Fifteen kilometers from Perpignan, an abandoned fort,

LOG OF MY MOTOR

called Fort de Salses, was seen to our right. We turned off down one of the small by-ways and took several photographs of the old edifice, which is worth looking at.

From this point on, a large, well-cultivated plain stretches before the motorist, and vineyards are to be seen in all directions. Perpignan was reached at 4.25, after an afternoon's run of 1 hour and 35 minutes, during which time we covered 71 kilometers, making a total for the day's run of 171 kilometers, in 4 hours and 5 minutes.

Perpignan is a quaint town of narrow streets and full of bustle. There are several old buildings to be seen, and the Porte Notre Dame is a relic well worth looking at.

Perpignan.	<i>Hotels</i>	{	Grand Hotel. Good
		{	Hotel de la Loge

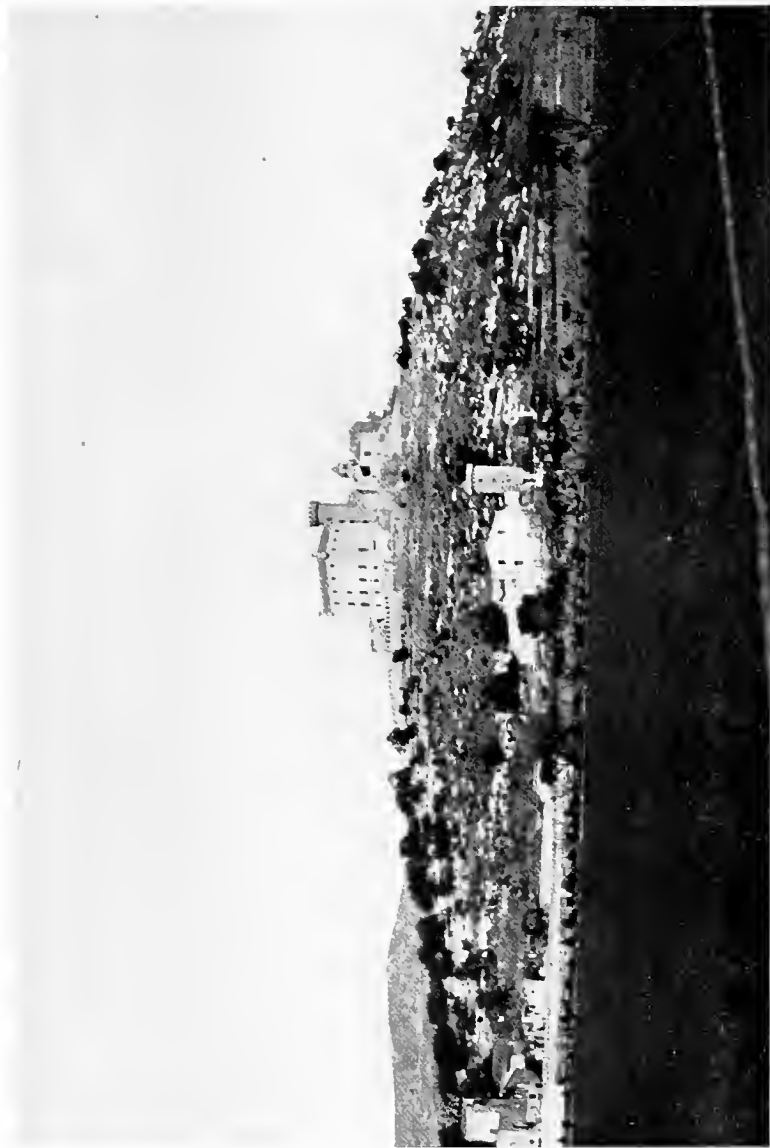
TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1911

At 9.00 sharp, we were raising the dust on the Route National, along which we quickly drove in the direction of the foot-hills of the snow-capped Pyrenees. Mt. Alveras, with its peak covered by deep snow, rose high directly in front, a splendid sight. Then, before we realized it, we were climbing the pass that separated us from Spain. To our surprise its altitude was low, only several thousand feet, I should say, leading through a winding gorge, wild, and bare of timber.

It was 9.50, and behold the French *douane*! Our *pass-avant* was soon prepared, and then half a kilometer farther, a very courteous official of the Spanish customs proceeded to extract from us 1,800 francs in gold, this being the necessary deposit required by law for the admittance of a motor car into Spain. At 10.50, we were free, and we quickly slid down the western side of the mountain.



FORT DE SALSES, 15 KILOMETERS FROM PERPIGNAN



OLD CASTLE, ABOUT 20 KILOMETERS FROM BARCELONA



ROAD NEAR FIGUERAS



GERONA. FROM THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER TER

LOG OF MY MOTOR

The road to Figueras proved good, except for a stretch of five kilometers which was being repaired. Several streams were forded, and at 11.30 we were overtaken by a shower. At Figueras we entered a fertile plain, and here, at 11.50, we stopped ten kilometers south of the town and proceeded to attack our lunch basket. This basket was destined to save us from much hardship before the end of our trip, and we soon came to look upon it as one of our most valuable assets.

By 12.40 we were once more under way, crunching the stones under our wheels. And what stones! Littering the road in every direction, their points sharp and ugly, it was only by great good fortune that we escaped puncturing many tires. Suddenly the Fluvia River appeared. We gazed at it in anxiety, for there was no bridge spanning it. What kind of bottom, soft or hard, and how deep the water, we were at a loss to tell; but it was ford or turn back, so with a speed of 30 kilometers an hour we entered the eastern side. A bow wave rose high over the radiator, giving us somewhat of a shower bath, but luck was with us, and except for a ducking we experienced no mishap. The water reached a depth of about four feet, and in some places mud was encountered. I have since been told that after a hard rain it is impossible to ford any of these streams in southern Spain with cars, their rise being very rapid, frequently causing a depth of from six to eight feet.

We were now rising rapidly, and the valley was soon left far below us.

At Gerona we crossed the River Ter. After taking a photograph showing the general aspect of the houses along the banks of the stream, we entered on what might be termed our final dash for the sea, which we skirted from Malgrat on to Barcelona. Up, up, into the hills we went, with grand views of the Sierra de Moseny Mountains on

LOG OF MY MOTOR

our right, and on several occasions glimpses of the Mediterranean. In our course we forded many streams; I should say twenty small ones and at least five of substantial size. "Thank-you-ma'ams," planned to a nicety by the engineers and suddenly appearing in the most impossible places, were constantly giving us cold chills; but luck was with us, and Malgrat was safely reached.

A clean whitewashed town is Malgrat. In fact, all the towns between here and Barcelona seem prosperous and cleanly; far more so than those of the interior. The people also are quite imposing to look upon. Apparently they obtain a livelihood from the catch of the sea.

Cactus now appeared for the first time, and an agreeable change in the weather was vouchsafed. We were hoping now to enjoy the remainder of the day's run in idly skirting the shores of the Mediterranean. Unfortunately, this was not to be. We were rudely awakened from our dreams by a road the surface of which, for the remainder of the distance, plainly spoke of years of neglect.

At 4.45 P. M., we drew up in front of the Grand Hotel, a first-class hostelry, to be recommended to the traveler.

The day's run was as follows:

Morning	1 hr.	50 min.
Afternoon	4 "	5 "
Total	5 hr.	55 min.

Distance, 193 kilometers. Car working well, and no mishaps.

Barcelona, the commercial city of Spain, and with a population of 605,000 inhabitants, is the capital of the province of the same name. It has many fine boulevards which radiate in every direction. Its streets are alive with people, its theaters and cafés interesting. The shows in some are



CROSSING THE FLUVIA RIVER



VIEW OF COUNTRY 20 KILOMETERS FROM BARCELONA



ROAD AND SCENERY 30 KILOMETERS FROM BARCELONA



VILLAGE OF ITAFULLA, NEAR TARRAGONA



MORELLA MOUNTAINS, 29 KILOMETERS FROM BARCELONA



VIEW OF VILLAGE OF VILLANUEVA, BETWEEN BARCELONA AND
TARRAGONA

LOG OF MY MOTOR

quite original, reminding one more of eastern cities. From an architectural point of view, except for the cathedral, there is little of note to be seen. The history of the place dates back to the time of the Carthaginians, since it was founded about 237 B. C. It prospered later under Roman rule, but in A. D. 713 it fell a prey to the Moors, who in turn were ousted in 801 by Charlemagne. During the reign of Ferdinand of Aragon, it became a part of the Kingdom of Spain. During the twelfth century the city was a rival to Genoa and Venice, and its growth and prosperity have increased ever since, until to-day it is the largest and most prosperous city of Spain; its harbor is alive with commerce, and the city itself abounds in industrial concerns. Cotton, silk and wool appear to be the chief products.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1911

Another fine day. Spent in sight-seeing.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1911

A cloudless sky greeted us as we sallied forth at 9.20, full of hope and cheer. But had any of our friends seen us half an hour later, they would have laughed at us. We were bumping along an indescribably bad road, stretching over a fertile valley, covered with truck gardens, orange groves and grape vineyards. For eleven long kilometers we ran over this rut-worn, dilapidated route, extending almost in a straight line. Then, unexpectedly, a change occurred, and we found ourselves rolling along a good surface, on a road much resembling France's best highways. We heaved a sigh of relief. It took us just one whole hour in which to cover these eleven kilometers.

The Lobregat River was now crossed, and nine kilometers

LOG OF MY MOTOR

farther we skirted an old feudal castle, perched on a hill. Before us lay the Morella Mountains, rising out of the sea to a height of 1,800 feet, and it was not long before we were ascending their easterly slope on a well-graded road.

At 11 o'clock, we stopped for lunch. The spot chosen was ideal, on the edge of a cliff skirting the sea, where the sun poured down on us, and 500 feet below us a long swell was beating itself to pieces on rocks that showed it no mercy.

What a difference between our situation and that of our friends in New York who were just then probably in the act of digging themselves out of some blizzard!

At 12 o'clock, the old car was again set in motion. Villanueva-y-Celtra, located some distance back from the sea, on a plain whose border was flanked by high mountains, was the next village passed. The road was under repair in many places, and those awful stones, the sharp edges of which cut large gashes in our tires, were constantly under us. The country is abundant in olive trees, but otherwise is not very rich. Suddenly a fine old Roman arch rose before us. Solemn and grand it stood, the sole remaining relic of some Roman emperor's rule.

Ten kilometers from Tarragona, another old Roman monument was passed, also alone and seemingly abandoned in the field, the one thing in sight that time had not destroyed.

At 2.25 P. M., we drew up in front of the hotel, in the town of Tarragona.

Day's run, 95 kilometers, in 3 hours and 50 minutes.

Tarragona.	<i>Hotels</i>	{	Hotel Continental. Good
		{	Hotel del Centro. Fair

Tarragona, situated on a high hill, towering above the sea, is well worth a visit. Its streets, although deserted and badly paved, are full of interest. The harbor, now no



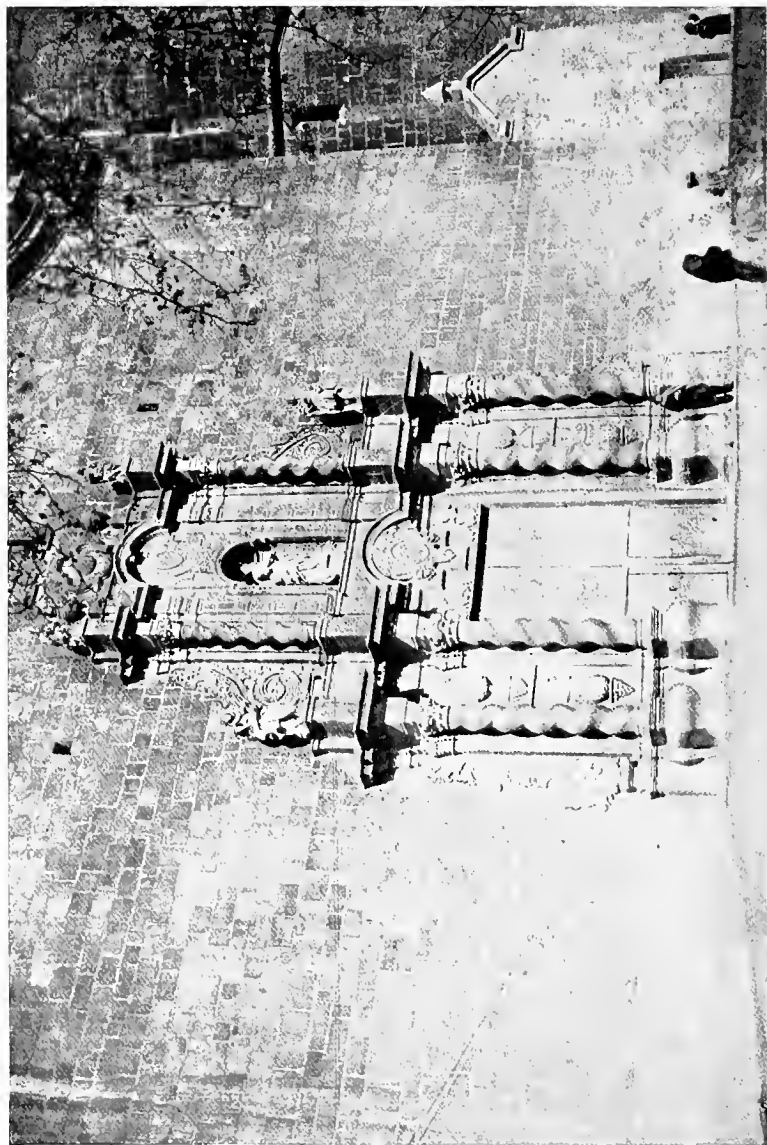
ROMAN ARCH ON ROAD BETWEEN BARCELONA AND TARRAGONA



OLD ROMAN RELIC ON ROAD TO TARRAGONA



STREET IN TARRAGONA



CHURCH AT BENICARLO

LOG OF MY MOTOR

longer of importance, was once, in the time of the Carthaginians, a menace to the world. The town flourished under the Romans, and many are the remains of their civilization to be found here. Then it was later captured by the Goths, who ransacked and destroyed the city. It finally fell into the hands of the Christians, who rebuilt and re-established her old, lost grandeur.

Tarragona possesses many buildings of great interest. The cathedral comes first. Begun in the twelfth century, its exterior is Gothic. It was never finished as originally planned. The façade and door are handsome. The interior, Early Pointed, is severe but very fine. The cloisters adjoining the church date back to the thirteenth century. Spain possesses no finer. The museum should also be visited because of the many Roman relics that are to be seen there.

The three underground prisons, which, at the time of our visit, contained 12,000 prisoners, make one shudder to think of the horrors these poor wretches are undergoing. The cells are damp and without light, and some are even partially submerged in water. Any one who survives his imprisonment emerges with a diseased and shattered constitution.

In the monastery here are to be found the Monks of Tarragona, manufacturing the well-known yellow and green Chartreuse. A few years ago these monks were expelled from France, where, in the famous Chartreuse monastery, near Grenoble, they were making the same unequalled liqueur.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1911

We left Tarragona at 7.30 A. M., and for the first 100 kilometers traversed a wild and picturesque country with cactus and sage-brush abounding on all sides. The road's surface is good, and the "thank-you-ma'ams" plainly

LOG OF MY MOTOR

visible. The Mediterranean, which we skirted, glistened in the bright sun, while to our right the mountains of the Sierra del Cardo raised their peaks some 3,000 feet.

By 9.30, Cape de Tortosa, located at the extreme end of a tremendous sand-bank, hove in sight. From the mountain we were descending, we obtained a good view of these flats.

The bank extends fifteen-odd miles out to sea, its width being about the same. It is a barren and uninhabited plain, divided into two parts by the River Ebro. Its appearance is quite remarkable in the peculiarity of its contour, and on stopping to examine it more carefully, we were much impressed by its dreary waste.

We entered Tortosa at 10 o'clock. The town is a busy place, built on the banks of the River Ebro, which is crossed by an old bridge, for the up-keep of which a toll is charged. The streets here are so narrow that our car could not negotiate the turns necessary for reaching the approaches to the bridge. We made four or five attempts through various side streets, before an available way was found that would allow us a comfortable access. Owing to the backing and filling which necessarily accompanied our maneuvers, and the unusual appearance of an auto in this part of the world, a large crowd had collected, with the result that when we finally emerged from the town, the gathering that followed in the dust behind could not have been more numerous if the King of Spain himself were visiting the place.

We were inland now, and separated from the sea by the Montsia Mountains. Steep grades were continually encountered, but the road was good. Forty kilometers from Tortosa, a fertile plain is entered, which is, indeed, a garden spot such as one rarely sees. At Vinaroz we met a funeral procession. The mourners were a jolly lot, much enlivened by the strains of a brass band that brought up the rear of the procession.



OLD LADY. TAKEN NEAR CASTELLON



NEAR CASTELLON. VIEW FROM TOP OF MOUNTAIN



ROAD-KEEPER'S HOUSE NEAR CASTELLON



TWO MEN AND A BOY. TAKEN NEAR THE
SUMMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN AT CASTELLON



PICKING ORANGES, NEAR VALENCIA



STREET SCENE. VILLAREAL

LOG OF MY MOTOR

Next came the little town of Benicarlo. Here we took a photograph of the church, and then proceeded to climb the Atalayas de Alcala Mountains. At Alcala, a goat fastened to a tree near a house took fright at our sudden appearance and tried to climb the wall of the building, taking his first leap from a chair. Unfortunately, he was not equipped with an aeroplane, and fell heavily, smashing the chair to splinters. This was to prove a sad day for goats. A few kilometers farther on, we met another of these animals, whose lariat had been carefully tied to the tail of a mule. The mule took fright at our car, and the goat had a most uncomfortable ride across a field at a forty-mile an hour clip, striking on its way, as they say in the "auto world," only the high spots.

At 11.55, we stopped for lunch, 39 kilometers north of Castellon, and 174 kilometers distant from Tarragona. During the meal we enjoyed the rays from the torrid sun, and were loath to move from our picnic-ground when the set time for our departure (12.45) came.

At 1.20, the carburetor, by several back fires, let us know that it required attention. We, therefore, stopped at the top of Mt. Mayar to adjust it, and also took advantage of the delay to photograph a road-keeper's house, called, in Spanish, *Peones Cammerdos*. These buildings are erected at intervals of five kilometers throughout Spain and all resemble each other in color and architectural appearance.

To the southwest another plain was visible, the descent to which was made along a winding road, whose surface was fairly good, but, as usual, full of large broken stones. After a delay of ten minutes, the carburetor having been adjusted, we proceeded once more, and at 2.00 P. M. entered Castellon de la Plana, 213 kilometers from Tarragona. Castellon de la Plana is a typical Spanish town of these regions, but with this difference, that its main street is paved.

LOG OF MY MOTOR

It is picturesquely situated, with the Desierto-de-las-Palmas Mountains as a background.

We now entered the plain we had seen from the top of the mountain, and for the remainder of the day's run to Valencia, passed through the orange-producing country which largely supplies the European markets with that fruit. It was a fine sight, and for miles in all directions, groves of these trees, heavily loaded with fruit, enchanted the eye.

At Villareal we crossed the Myares River, and took a photograph of the church and also of a street scene. At Sangunto we crossed the Palancia River. Here are to be seen the ruins of an old Roman amphitheater. Owing to the lateness of the hour, however, we did not stop, although we "kodaked" the old fortifications surrounding the town and also took photographs of some of the inhabitants who were driving by in a donkey cart.

Fifteen kilometers from Valencia we passed a monastery where superb trees are to be seen topping the high wall that surrounds the building. As we were about to end a most tiresome day's run, the road became almost impassable. Carts, wagons and even donkeys were mired. With our usual luck, we managed to pass through this inferno. When we finally arrived at the gates of Valencia, which we did at 4.15 P. M., we were utterly tired and worn out.

Day's run, 278 kilometers, in 7 hours and 30 minutes, divided up as follows:

Morning	4 hr. 25 min.
Afternoon	3 " 5 "
Total	7 hr. 30 min.

Valencia. *Hotel*, Grand Hotel. Good



OLD FORTIFICATIONS SURROUNDING THE TOWN OF SAGUNTO



MONASTERY JUST OUTSIDE OF VALENCIA



CHURCH AT VILLAREAL



WHERE THE ROAD AND RAILROAD RUN
CLOSE TO EACH OTHER



HOTEL IN TARRAGONA



ROAD TRAVERSED AFTER LEAVING GUADIX

LOG OF MY MOTOR

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1911

The day was spent visiting the town. Whatever Valencia may have been in the past, it is at present a somewhat uninteresting city. It is situated three miles back from the sea, on a small stream known as the Rio Taria. The old walls and the aqueducts have survived the centuries and are in practically the same condition in which they were left by the Romans and the Moors.

Of its churches, the cathedral, called La Seo, is probably the most interesting. The modern building, erected in the year 1262, rests on the site of an old mosque. The architecture of the exterior is Early Gothic, but the interior is of various periods.

The Church of San Juan contains some fine paintings on the ceiling, and a beautiful altar.

The market place, circular in shape, is well worth visiting, especially during the morning hours when it is a very lively place and offers much amusement to the stranger. Valencia possesses a museum, but the pictures are poor. There are, however, two small rooms containing a Gothic collection, which is very fine.

The street life is most animated. Peasants and business men mingle and parade together during the afternoon hours along the boulevards. And among the human beings which jostle each other up and down the crowded streets, goats scurry about and charge the crowd, knocking off their feet those who are not agile enough to jump out of their way.

Several pretty walks and parks beautify the town, and five kilometers to the south of Valencia there is an underground village inhabited by the poor workingmen of the city.

I was compelled to essay the native language during the day and was greatly pleased at the progress I was making as a Spanish linguist, being made aware of my proficiency

LOG OF MY MOTOR

in a book store where I was endeavoring to purchase some road maps. After infinite gesticulation and sign making, the gentleman who was waiting on me explained by these means that he thoroughly understood what I wanted, and departed to dig out of the shelves, as I thought, the map that I required. After a delay of fifteen minutes, he returned with an automatic multiplication table. My dignity was not a little disturbed.

HISTORY

Valencia is situated in the middle of a large, flat plain, covered with orange and lemon groves, palm trees, mulberry bushes and carob trees. The town dates back many years before the Christian era. It was destroyed by Pompey, only to be rebuilt by Sertorius. The name "Valencia" means strength.

In the year A. D. 413, the Goths took possession of it, and in 1020, Abel Azis made it into an independent kingdom. From this period on, it passed several times from the hands of the Moors to the Christians, until in 1238 it was taken by Jayme el Conquistador, who added it to the Kingdom of Aragon. During the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, it became part of the Spanish Kingdom. From 1609 to 1843 the city was in a state of constant turmoil, and fighting in it occurred at frequent intervals for most of that period. In the latter year, Navaez was raised to Grandeza, with the title of Duke of Valencia, and from this time on quiet has reigned.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1911

Somewhat cloudy during the morning, but by 12 o'clock the sun once more shone down upon us. We left Valencia behind at 8.15, and for the first 62 kilometers encountered



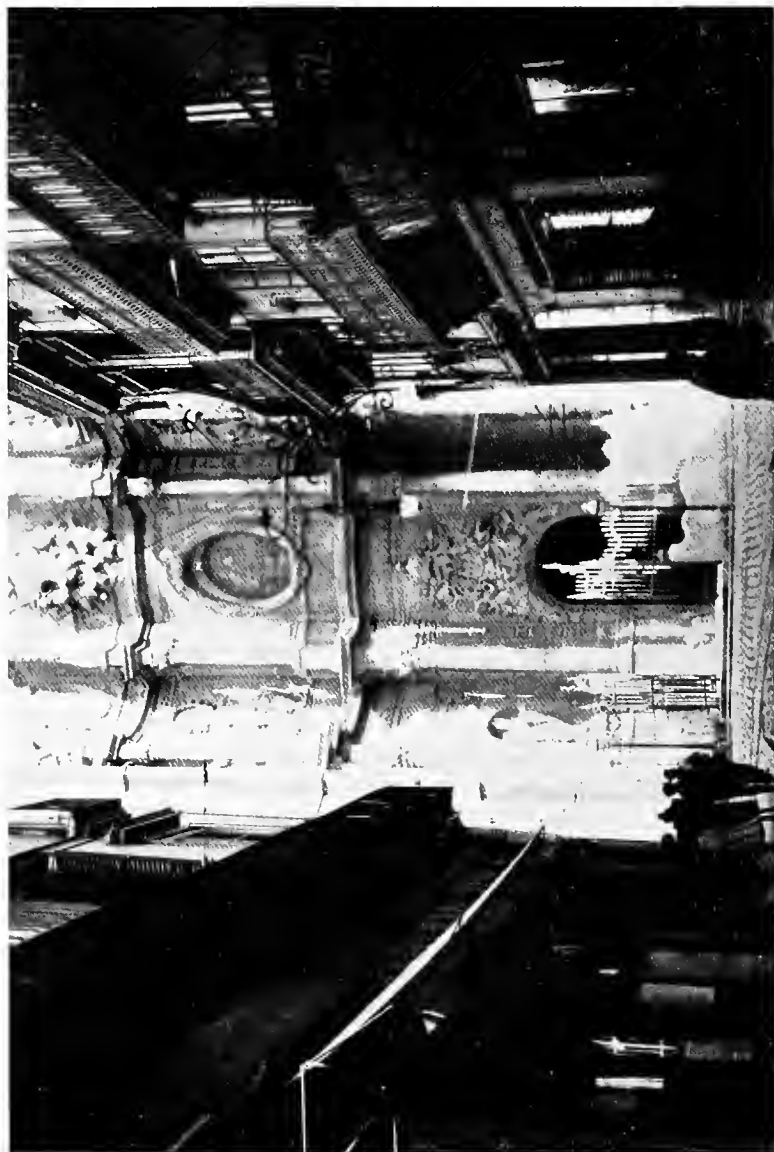
CONDITION OF ROAD ENTERING VALENCIA



ORANGE GROVES NEAR VALENCIA



SOME FINE ORANGE TREES



VIEW IN VALENCIA

LOG OF MY MOTOR

a road almost impossible to negotiate. Ruts from two to three feet deep, bumps that jarred us terribly, and mud that covered us continually, met us at every revolution of the machine's wheels.

At the 60 kilometers mile-stone, we turned abruptly to our left, taking the road to Alcoy, 64 kilometers distant. We now began to ascend higher ground, and, as usual, found the surface of the road much improved. The plain we had just traversed is exceedingly beautiful, and rich to a degree in all kinds of fruit-bearing trees. But our condition, after an uncomfortable ride of three hours, made us wish we had never seen it.

With accelerated speed the car now approached the mountains, and a few minutes only elapsed before we were climbing the easterly slope, over a winding road, whose surface was in good condition. During the ascent we stopped and took a photograph of both road and plain.

At 11.45, Ontenente, a beautiful town, was skirted, but we noticed here, as in the other villages in this section of the country, that the streets were in abominably wretched condition, making driving through them almost impossible. In addition to the bad state of the streets, thousands of children swarmed around the car like flies, and impeded progress. The nuisance of the dogs is worse here than it is even in Constantinople. I could not believe, had I not had this experience, that there were so many of these animals on the surface of the earth. Their constant barking while running after the car makes it impossible to ask for information as to the direction to take. Indeed, the noise is so deafening that we could scarce hear what we tried to say to each other.

The Sierra Enguera Mountains we were now traversing are barren and rocky. Nevertheless they have a charm of their own. At 12.05, just after crossing the summit of the second pass encountered during the morning's run, we

LOG OF MY MOTOR

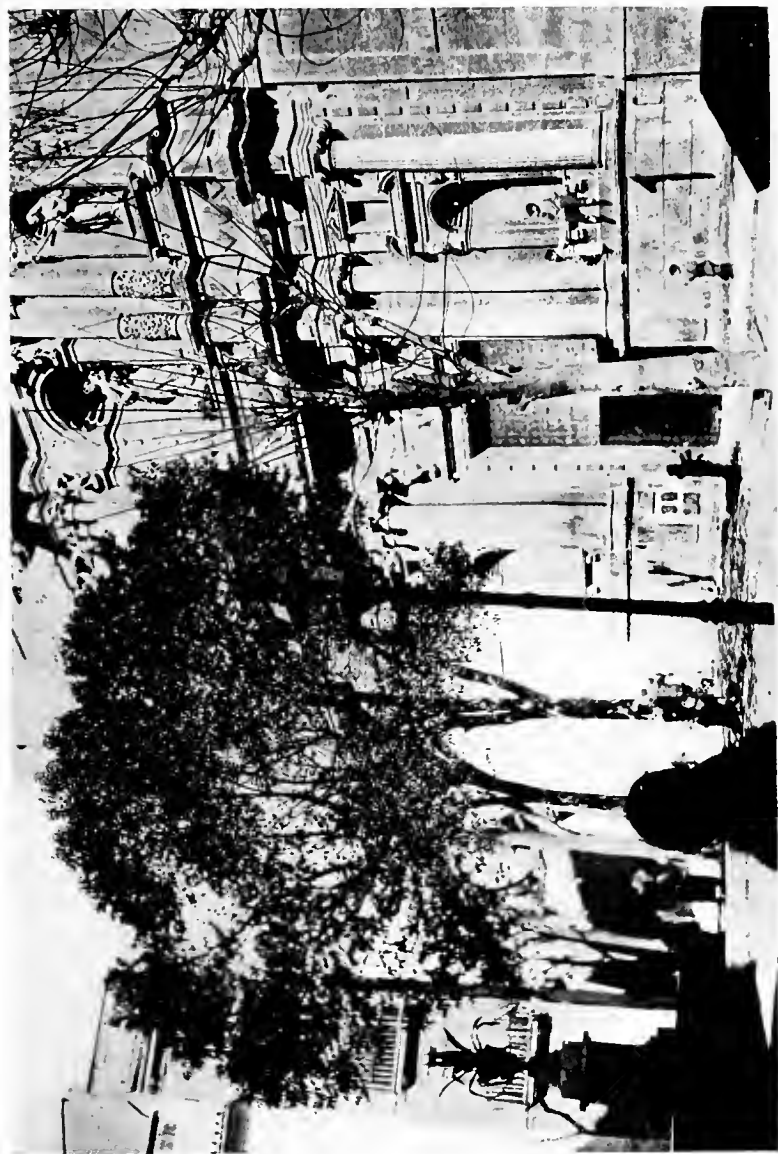
stopped for lunch. Here we took a photograph of the car, and a view of the descent we were about to undertake at the termination of our meal. A third photograph was also "snapped" of the distant plain we were to cross during part of the afternoon's run. The pictures show fairly well the condition of the country. It can readily be seen how hard it must be for a farmer to make a living on these hills, since there is practically no top soil to be found.

The morning's run of 117 kilometers had been covered in 3 hours and 50 minutes. This was pretty slow time, but considering the terrible condition of the first 60 kilometers of road encountered, we reckoned we had made very good progress.

At 12.50, we were once more running southwest. It was not long before we entered the plain above referred to; but we enjoyed only ten kilometers of level road before we were back into the mountains again.

Alcoy now met our view, though separated from us by a big canyon, which was crossed by a bridge at the north-westerly extremity of the town, to reach which a big detour was necessary. We secured a good photograph of this place, which is clean and presents rather an interesting appearance. I believe it would not be a bad place in which to stop for the night, especially as the run to Murcie, where we did put up, is a much too long journey for one day, in this part of the world. Alicante, where we had hoped to stay for the night, possesses a hotel that I would advise no one to stop at.

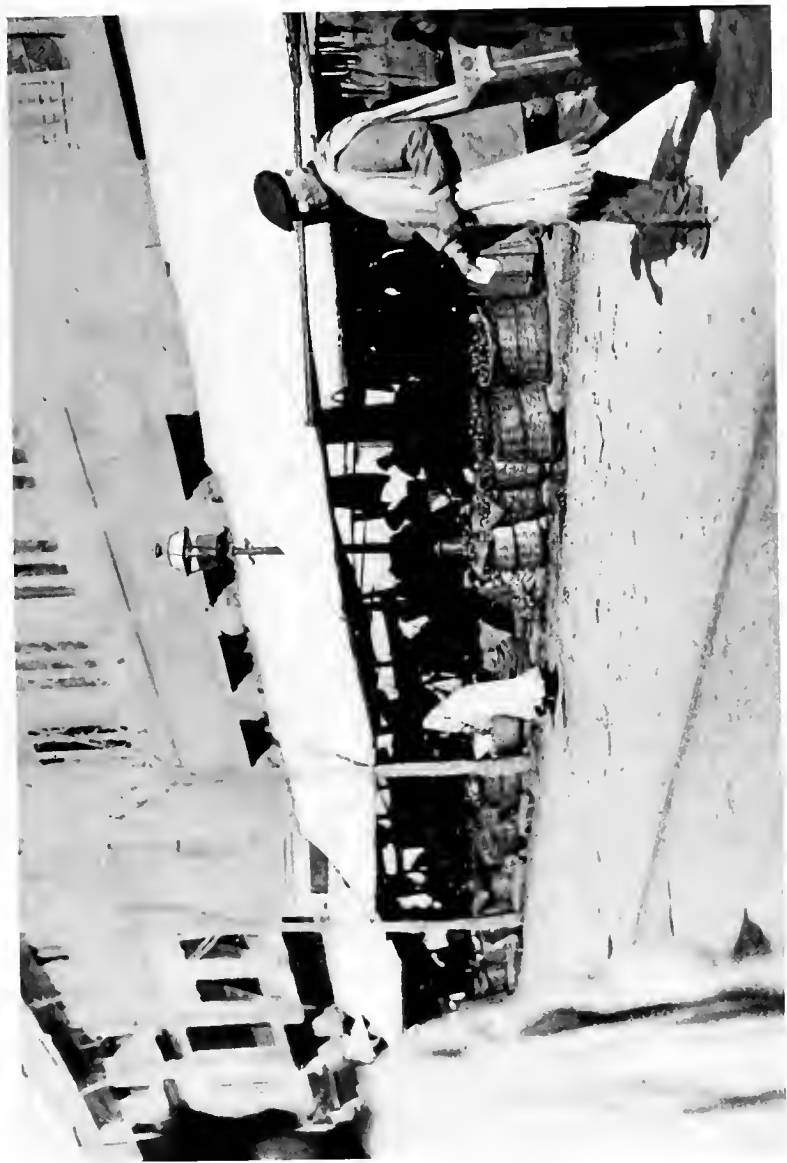
Immediately on leaving Alcoy, we ascended a mountain, from the top of which we obtained a view of country as fine as any we had yet seen. The engineers, in crossing these St. Carraquera Mountains, had little choice as to route, their summit being unbroken; so that it mattered little which way the crest was reached. The descent on the west



VIEW IN VALENCIA



MARKET AT VALENCIA



MARKET AT VALENCIA



ONE OF THE FINEST CHURCHES IN VALENCIA

LOG OF MY MOTOR

side is very fine. The road, from an engineer's point of view, is a marvel, and the view alone is well worth the trip.

At 2.50 P. M., while endeavoring to make up for lost time over a fairly good road, we punctured our first rear tire. Owing to the bad tear in the outer shoe, we found it necessary to change both shoe and tube. After laboring at the repairs like beavers, we were ready to start again at 3.10; but the motor now refused to work. Something had evidently gone wrong with its mechanism. After a further delay of 40 minutes, in which everything was taken apart and put back again, the car finally made up its mind to start. We had found, to our surprise, that nothing was out of order, and could not account for the motor's first failure.

Alicante, bordering on the Mediterranean, was entered at 4.00 P. M. The large promenade which borders the sea was blocked owing to a bicycle race, and we were hustled into a side street for the time being. This, with our delay of an hour for the repair to the motor, added to our anxiety, as we wished to get to Murcie that evening. And Murcie was still 82 kilometers distant. We finally found a small back street which led around the crowded boulevard, and after questioning a *gendarme* as to the route to be taken, we carefully departed on the wrong road. Luckily the occupants of a diligence, advancing in our direction, told us of our error, and we returned to Alicante, which we left once more at 4.30, this time by the main highway.

From Alicante, of which we carried away a very poor impression, the road is practically flat and uninteresting. It skirts several mountains, but does not attempt to climb them. Its surface is fair, and it was owing to this that we were able to make time. But our troubles were by no means over. In fact, they had only just begun.

Our carburetor began to give us trouble. Twice it was

LOG OF MY MOTOR

taken apart. Once we found water, another time it was clogged with dirt; and then, to add to our troubles, darkness fell on us when we were still 39 kilometers from Murcie. In any other country this would have been a matter for amusement, but not in Spain, especially southern Spain, a country almost untraveled by the tourist. But we hoped for the best, and lit our lamps just before entering the town of Orihuela. The street of the village was dark and narrow, and on reaching the church situated in a small central square, we were again waved aside and our progress stopped by a procession, the like of which I had never before seen.

Exactly five hundred women, in a double line, holding lighted candles, were marching solemnly in the dusk. They seemed to be walking as slowly as possible to the accompaniment of a band of music. In the midst of the procession an image of their patron saint was carried on the shoulders of half a dozen men. Numerous banners and several crosses were also to be seen. We were held up here for half an hour before we found it possible to proceed once more. When we did make a start we found to our horror that the Presto-lite tank, for the first time in its history, refused to keep the lights burning. Somehow or other gasoline was leaking from the pet cock where the gas should have come, and every time we lit the lamps a flame from five to six feet high rose, instead of the bright and steady light. There was nothing else for it but to rush through the darkness with our two small side lights, which we did, arriving finally, at 7.20 P. M., at the Hotel Universal at Murcie. Here the rooms were decent, but the food wretched. Nevertheless, we managed to choke down a dinner cooked in oil and garlic, and ten minutes after eating it we were both fast asleep, so tired out that we did not even remove our clothes.

The day's run was 245 kilometers, which was covered in 8 hours and 50 minutes.



ON THE ROAD TO VALENCIA



CLIMBING THE PASS ON THE ROAD TO ALCOY



VIEW OF PLAIN, ON THE ROAD TO ALCOY



DESCENT DURING AFTERNOON'S RUN

LOG OF MY MOTOR

Distances between towns as follows:

	Kil.
Valencia to Alcoy	117
Alcoy to Alicante	46
Alicante to Murcie	82
Total	<u>245</u>

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1911

We experienced some difficulty in procuring gasoline. It took us an hour's search, ere any of this precious fluid was located. The tanks being filled and a goodly supply of oil taken on, we found ourselves underway again at 8.10 A. M.

Took the following route from Murcie to Puerto:

	Kil.
Alhama	43
Totana	8
Lorca	12
Puerto	18
Total	<u>81</u>

A plain, fairly well cultivated and irrigated by the Sangonera River, is traversed over the whole distance. To the north are to be seen the Sierra de Espuna, and to the south the Sierra de Almenara Mountains. At Puerto, we turned abruptly to our right just before crossing the River Vixnaya, and began to ascend the Sierra de las Estancias range. The scenery is fine, unusually wild and barren. Mountains rise on both sides to a considerable height. Rice is cultivated here, but hardly a tree is to be seen in a landscape of red-colored soil. The road surface is good.

Donkeys and mules are the animals most in use in this section of the country for getting from place to place; and

LOG OF MY MOTOR

as these beasts are not accustomed to meet with automobiles, many amusing incidents occurred on our journey. On one occasion a donkey stood perfectly still to look at us, while the man on his back, out of sheer fright, fell off into the gutter.

At Velez Rubio, our course once more changed to the west and we passed over a large plateau which was bordered on the north by the Sierra de Maria and on the south by the Sierra de las Estancias, the range of hills we had just crossed. It was a desert-like country, with scarce any vegetation, trees or inhabitants. Nothing could be seen but the long road stretching before us mile after mile, on which no traffic was met.

Finally, the Cullar de Baza, 75 kilometers from Puerto, was seen below us. My expression, "below us," will be better understood by examining the photographs. In this section of the country, the gypsies live underground, and in many cases the highways run over the roofs of their houses, which are on the side of an embankment; so that the villages in that neighborhood are described by means of the smoking chimneys that are passed on the right and left. We had been driving along at an elevation of about 3,000 feet for the last 75 kilometers, and the air being clear, the eye could range over immense distances. We stopped for a moment at the Cullar de Baza to take a photograph.

Twenty-two kilometers beyond Cullar de Baza, the town of Baza itself is passed. Here we proceeded to climb, over a bad road, the foot-hills of the Sierra de Baza Mountains, while to the south the Sierra Nevada range, with its snow-capped peaks, shone brightly in the sun.

We stopped for lunch at 12.45, — 186 kilometers from Murcie. The meal was partaken of hurriedly, on a desert, in which not a tree could be seen. We departed again at 1.15.



PLAIN CROSSED DURING AFTERNOON'S RUN



CULLAR DE BAZA



CULLAR DE BAZA



CULLAR DE BAZA

LOG OF MY MOTOR

At 2.00 P. M., the town of Guadix, 48 kilometers from Baza, hove in sight. A short cut-off allowed us to avoid the town. The road now became very bad. "Thank-you-ma'ams" of an extraordinary depth were encountered, and rivers were forded. Finally we arrived on the banks of the Guadiana River. On looking across to the other side, however, we could see no tracks emerging. We accosted a chance traveling native to know if we were on the right road. He instructed us to proceed up the middle of the river-bed for about half a mile, where we would find wagon tracks leading off to the right. As we were by now fairly accustomed to this kind of travel, we did not hesitate, but rushed the river, which, owing to the lack of rain, was not over two feet in depth. It was an exciting run, and for a time the motor looked more like a boat than an automobile. A slight bend, and we saw the tracks referred to, before us. We emerged safely on to the other side.

Now began the ascent of the Sierra Harana, and for seven kilometers we put on first speed, climbing a grade that was surely never intended for automobile use.

What magnificent scenery met our view! And what an opportunity for the geologist! Undoubtedly he must have felt himself in the seventh heaven of delight, could he have been there to revel in the abundance of curious strata and rich mineral deposits.

We took photographs which show the wild aspect of the road. The pictures bear witness to the possibility of the place for a brigand's lair. Were any in the neighborhood, the traveler would stand no chance at all against attack. After "snapping" another picture of the motor crossing a river-bed which at this time was dry, we proceeded on our way again.

Forty-odd kilometers still separated us from Granada. Words cannot describe the beauty of the surrounding

LOG OF MY MOTOR

country. We stopped on the summit of the Sierra Harana Mountains and photographed the road we had just ascended. It was named by us "The Top of the World." The view was extraordinarily grand and no photograph can give an idea of the magnificent distance and perspective from this point. I should say that the eye can range for a hundred miles in any direction. At the point where we stopped was a house, and quite a number of the peasantry gathered around us. All were amiably disposed.

The road varied, being continuously up and down terrific grades. Its condition also differed at every kilometer, now good and now bad. We forded many streams, so many, indeed, that we took this method of crossing rivers for granted and were much surprised if we found a bridge. In some cases we passed alongside some tumbled-down old bridge erected in the time of the Romans, but now, owing to lack of maintenance, abandoned and ruined. One small stream we passed through was rather deeper than the average, and the bow wave we threw up would have aroused the envy of any torpedo boat.

The inhabitants are well set-up and fine-looking men and women. All were agreeable, and received us with smiles, much to our surprise, after the stories we had heard at Murcie. The dogs were numerous, and not being accustomed to motor cars, were constantly getting in our way. We killed five, but made no attempt to stop to apologize to their owners, deeming flight to be our wisest course.

Train service between Murcie and Granada is not of the best. The unfortunate traveler, on leaving Murcie at say 9 o'clock of a Monday morning, arrives at Baza at 5 in the evening. He spends the night in a far from comfortable hotel, and on the next morning, Tuesday, he is off again at 7 to arrive in Granada at 3 in the afternoon.

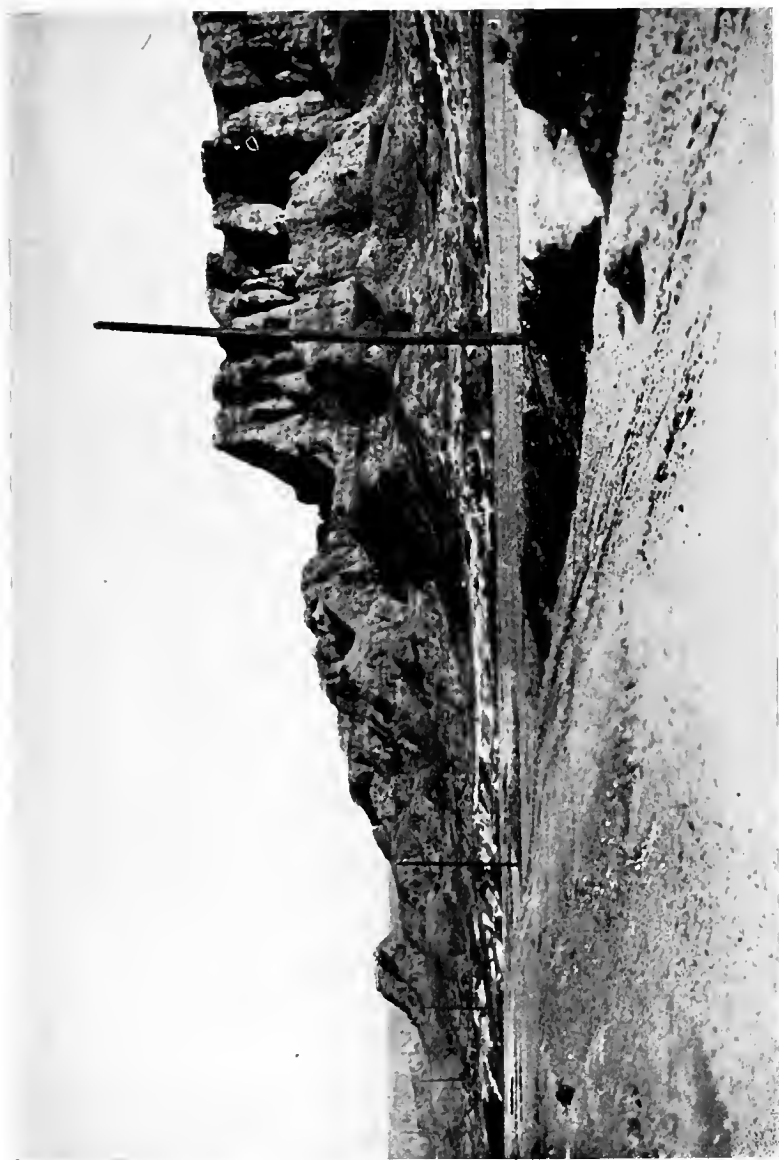
Traveling is done mostly by horses, and the tourist can



“TOP OF THE WORLD”—SUMMIT OF PASS BETWEEN GUADIX
AND GRANADA



THE CAR AT THE SPOT WHERE WE LUNCHEED



CROSSING A DRY RIVER-BED AFTER LEAVING GUADIX



STREET SCENE IN A TYPICAL VILLAGE OF SOUTHERN SPAIN

LOG OF MY MOTOR

hire a horse at one hotel, or *fonda*, and proceed to the next village, or stage, to which the horse is permitted to go. Here he changes his mount and continues on his way. The horse remains where the last rider has left it until some other traveler happens along going in the other direction, when it is returned to its proper owner.

When within 20 kilometers of Granada, we encountered some terrific grades, worse even than the one out of Guadix, and on two occasions our motor was stalled. It is a constant series of rises and falls, from mountain tops to valleys, with sharp turns and "thank-you-ma'ams." Yet all the way beautiful views and superb country alleviate the weariness of the traveler.

At 4.30 P. M., after a run of 7 hours and 50 minutes without mishaps, except for carburetor trouble from accumulated water and dirt, we found ourselves at Granada.

Distance covered, 280 kilometers.

This completed our eighth day's running from Nice, from which we were now 1,655 kilometers, a distance made in 46 hours and 45 minutes' running time, with only one mishap — a punctured tire on the seventh day.

Granada.	Hotels	{	Washington Irving. Good
			Hotel Siete Suelos
			Hotel de la Alameda

GRANADA

Granada the beautiful, situated at an altitude of 2,445 feet, with a population of 66,000 souls, is one of the loveliest spots in Spain. Good hotels, superb drives, and many splendid buildings of interest, both ancient and modern, are to be found here. These with the fine even climate afford the tourist many hours of pleasure. It is a place in

LOG OF MY MOTOR

which to obtain a truer knowledge of old Spanish customs than any other town in the peninsula.

The town is situated on a steep slope or side of a hill, the crest of which is surmounted by the Alhambra. A plain, fertile and extensive, extends in a northerly direction, and to the south the Sierra Nevada, with their snow-capped summits, glisten in the sunlight. Mt. Mulhacen, 11,703 feet high, the most lofty peak in Spain, may easily be seen.

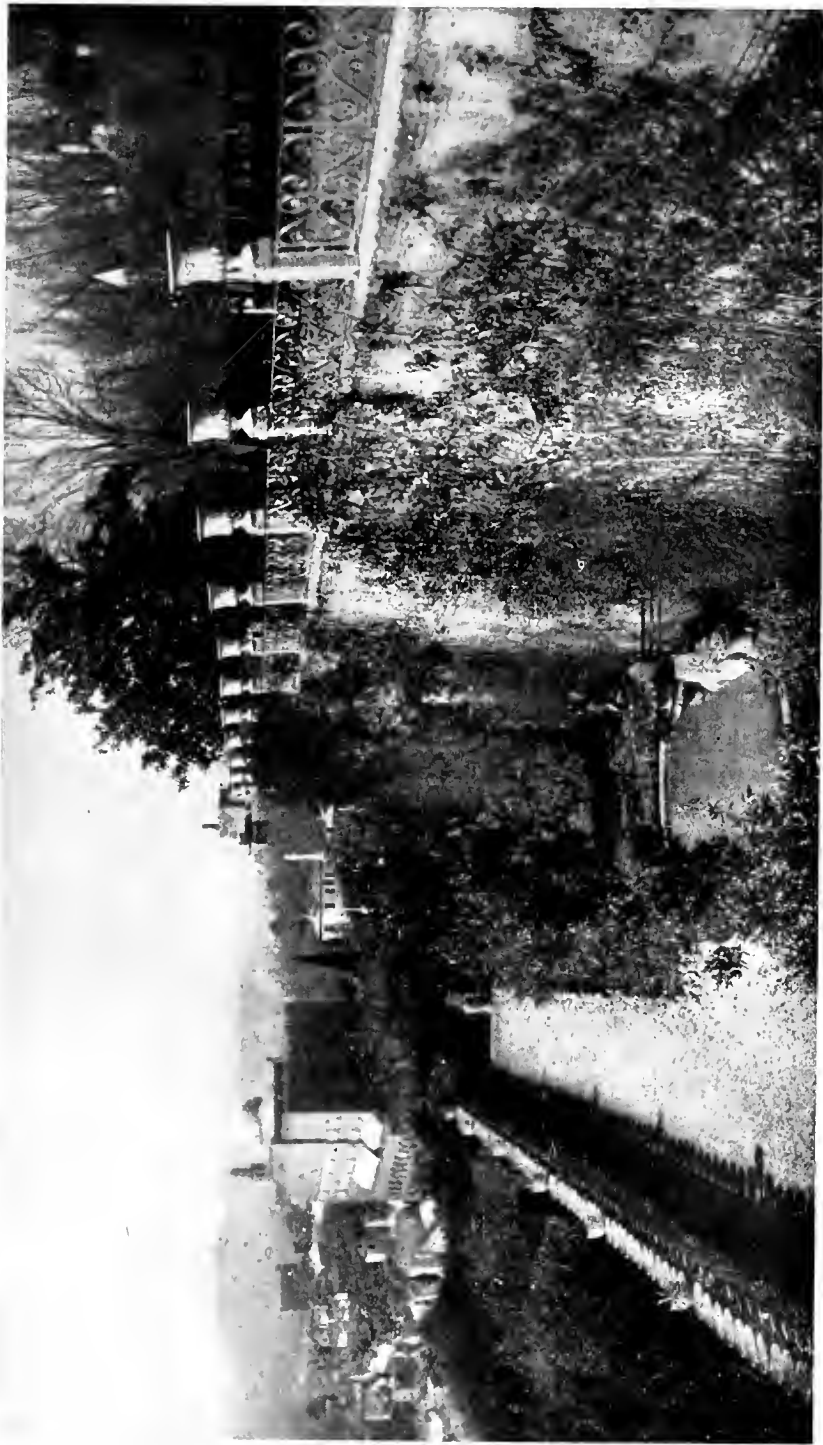
In the town, the cathedral should be visited. Erected in 1529, it is built on the site of an ancient mosque. Its proportions are good, its columns massive and imposing. To the rear of the church is the Chapel Royal, and here lie the remains of Ferdinand and Isabella, King and Queen of Spain, who reigned from 1474 to 1504.

Among the relics are some fine old Gothic paintings and a jewel case belonging to the Queen herself, from which she sold sufficient gems to allow Columbus to fit out his three ships that took him to the discovery of the western continent. Some fine old embroideries, worked by the hands of Isabella herself, are also on view here.

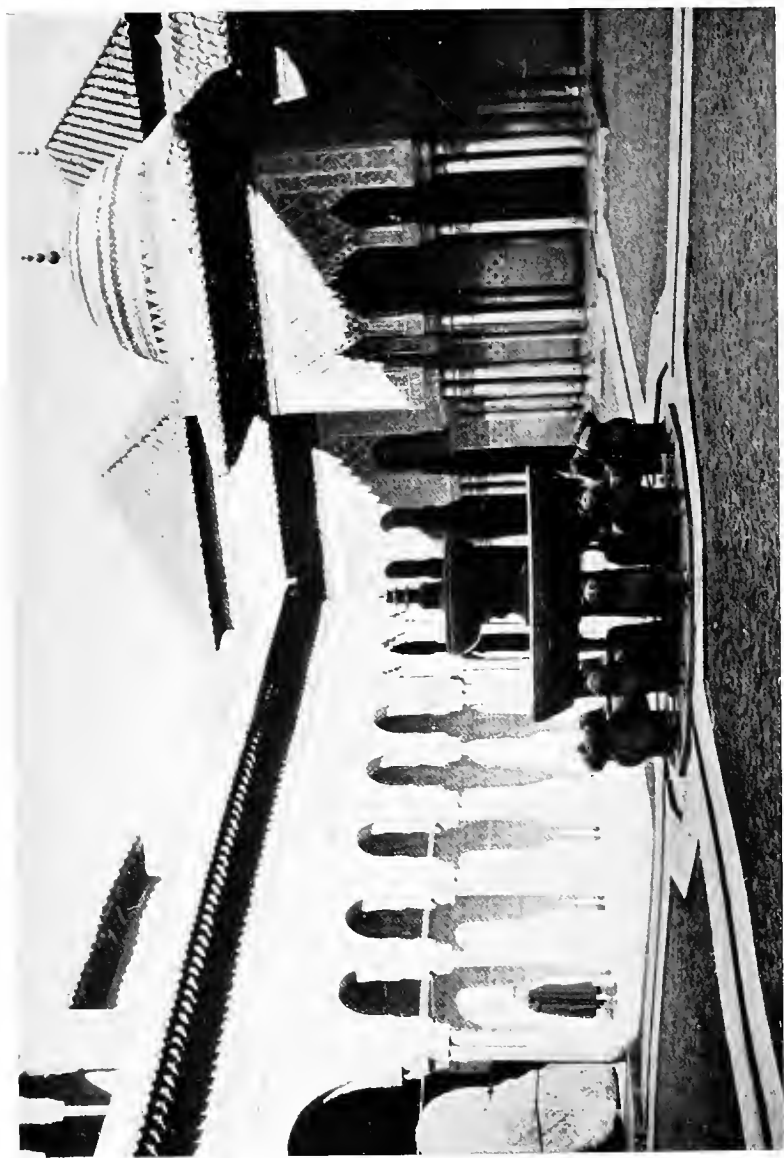
The streets are, most of them, uninteresting, with the exception of the old Moorish street, still intact, and adjacent to one of Granada's chief business thoroughfares.

On the outskirts of the town, the suppressed convent of La Granada should also be visited. A cross finely painted on a wall in one of the rooms looks exactly as if it were made of wood. The story as told is that birds, of which many fly around the room, often try to perch upon it, only to drop to the floor. A dozen or more repelling paintings, depicting the persecution of the Monks by the English are to be seen in the cloister. The Chapel of Sts. Peter and Paul is also open for the inspection of the tourist.

Returning to town, we visited a private museum, con-



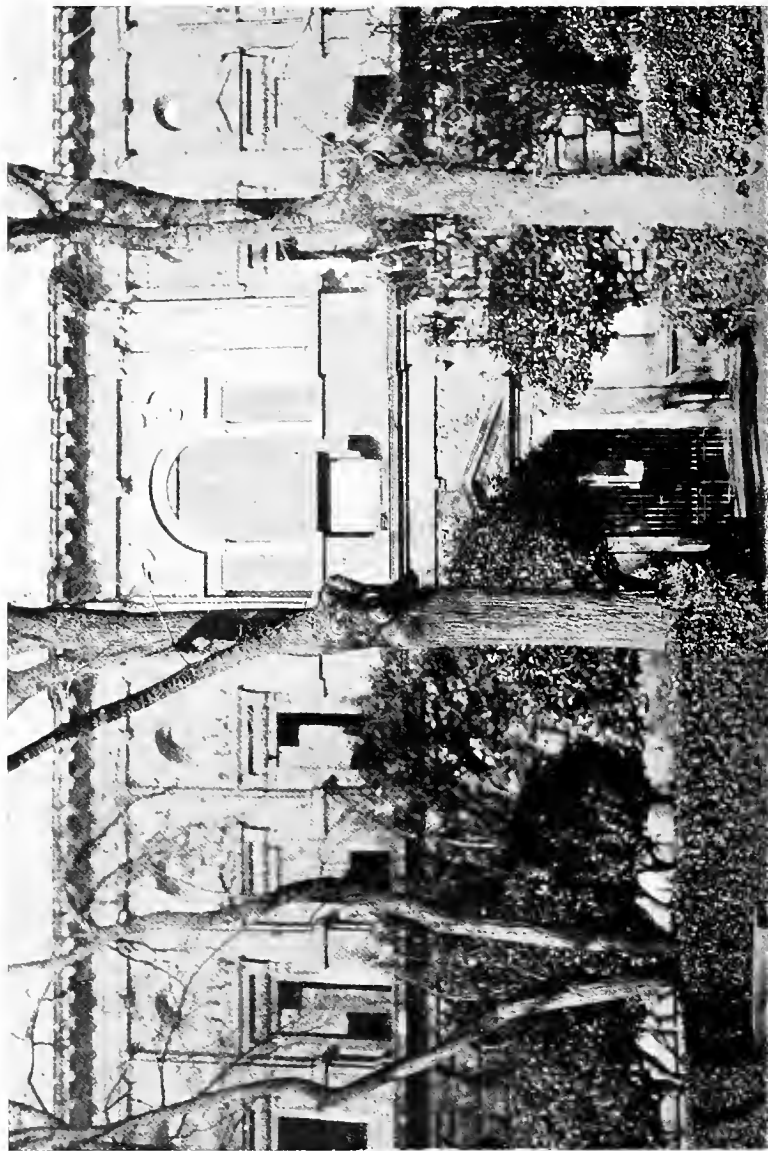
VIEW AT GRANADA



THE ALHAMBRA AT GRANADA



WALLS OF THE ALHAMBRA, GRANADA



PALACE OF CHARLES V AT GRANADA, SHOWING EASTERLY FAÇADE



PART OF UNCOMPLETED PALACE OF
CHARLES V. GRANADA



UNDERGROUND HUTS. NEAR GRANADA



AQUEDUCT BRINGING WATER SUPPLY TO
GRANADA



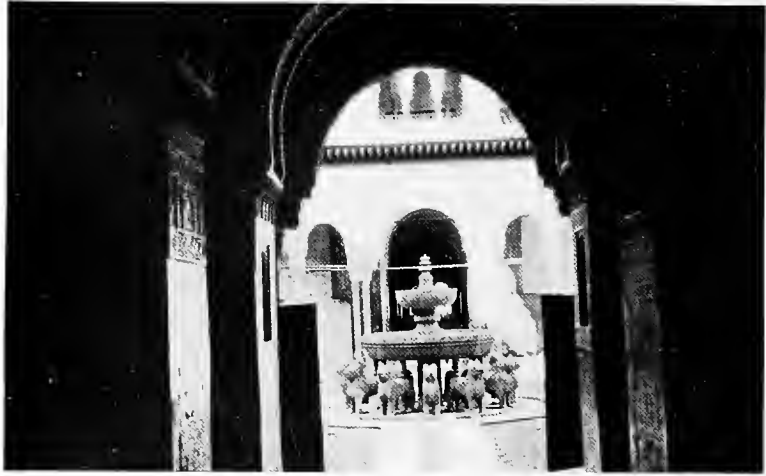
OLD ROMAN GATE. ENTRANCE TO CORDOBA



VIEW AT GRANADA



GARDENS IN GRANADA



COURT OF FOUNTAIN OF THE LIONS IN THE
ALHAMBRA. GRANADA



THE FOUNTAINS IN THE ALHAMBRA.
GRANADA

LOG OF MY MOTOR

taining the Gothic collection belonging to a Spaniard who had made his money in the African diamond fields. His house and gardens were also visited and can be seen during the absence of the owner.

Then comes the Alhambra, and its gardens, which we had traveled so many miles to see and which Washington Irving and other writers have described far better than I can. The photographs I took and here reproduce must speak for me. This wonderfully beautiful place once seen can never be forgotten.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1911

Spent sight-seeing.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1911

A beautiful day. Luck seemed evidently to be with us for our run from Granada to Cordoba.

The route to be taken is as follows:

	Kil.	
Alcala	50	
Priego	25	
Cabra	18	Condition of road
Castro	36	good
Espejo	6	
Cordoba	42	
Total	177	

We were off at 7.15 A. M. Thirty kilometers from Granada the plain is left and the ascent of the Sierra Parapanda Mountains begun. Passing through the town of Puerto Lopez near the summit, and descending into a valley, we

LOG OF MY MOTOR

crossed a small stream, and then rode up again over the Sierra de Priego Mountains to the town of Alcala la Real. This place had, at one time, been the stronghold of the Moors, but was taken from them in 1340 by Alphonso XI.

Priego came next, and here we "kodaked" a street which shows the life and typical houses of the smaller towns in this section of the country. The town of Cabra next hove in sight. Medicinal plants, marbles and alabaster are found here. Good wine is also produced.

The country continued rough, and fine views were continually meeting us at every turn. Ten kilometers north of Cabra we stopped for lunch in a shady nook on the side of a mountain. The heat, however, was terrific. A morning's run of 3 hours and 35 minutes enabled us to cover 103 kilometers.

The road was in splendid condition. There were no "thank-you-ma'ams," and all the streams are bridged. The grades being very stiff, the wagons used for crossing the mountains have spans of from six to eight mules attached to them. The country is thickly planted with olive trees and the fields are good for pasturing. Herds of sheep are to be seen quite frequently.

At 11.50, having lunched, we were again under way. From Castro, we descended to a plain, a good photograph of which is here produced. The soil is rich and the farmers appeared to be prosperous. The cornfields here are unequaled by any in the world both in the quality and quantity of their yield.

At 1.30, Cordoba, situated on the banks of the Guadalquivir River, loomed up in the distance. Twenty minutes later we had crossed the stream by means of a fine old Roman bridge built by Octavius Caesar. We stopped to take a photograph of the remains of a Roman arch at the entrance to the town.



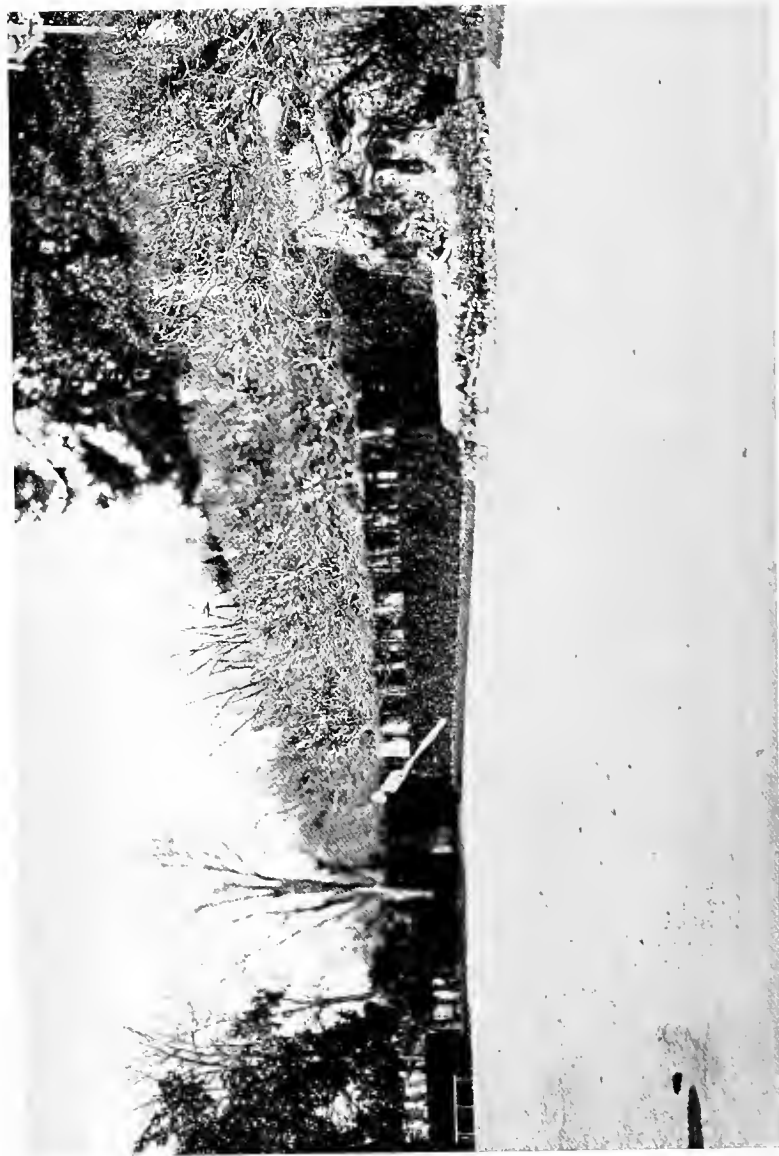
CORDOBA AND THE GUADALQUIVIR RIVER



TOWN OF ALCOY



COUNTRY 30 KILOMETERS SOUTH OF CORDOBA



APPROACH TO A PRIVATE VILLA AT GRANADA



PRIVATE GARDEN AT GRANADA



VILLAGE JUST OUTSIDE OF GRANADA

LOG OF MY MOTOR

The afternoon's run had taken us 2 hours, during which time we had traversed 74 kilometers. The total distance for the day was 177 kilometers, covered in 5 hours and 35 minutes.

Cordoba, as I saw it, resembles more a Portuguese village than a town in Spain. The houses, whitewashed as usual, are neat and two stories in height. Flower boxes project from many of the upper windows. The paving of the streets, though rough, is free from filth.

The day's run had taken us through a country the towns of which possess little of historical interest, but the country itself is rich in material for the mineralogist and botanist.

Cordoba. <i>Hotels</i>	{	Hotel Suisse. Good
		Hotel Fonda de Oriente. Fair
		Hotel Fonda Española. Fair

CORDOBA

Under the Moors, Cordoba was the center of European civilization; since that time it has gradually but surely retrograded, until to-day its only boast is a few old ruins. In olden days, the Andalusian nobility made this town their headquarters. The houses are like those in Seville, each built around a garden in which grow palm trees and varied-colored flowers. The fountain, a photograph of which is given, was built by Abd-er-Rahman III, and is very fine indeed.

The mosque, the finest in Europe, is the only building of abiding interest in the city. It was built on the site of the Temple of Janus, and is a remarkably curious structure. At the time of the Moorish conquest of the city, the Christians were allowed to worship in this cathedral, which had been dedicated to St. Vicente, on the assurance that

LOG OF MY MOTOR

all the other churches in the town would be destroyed. Later, the Moors appropriated half of the cathedral and transformed it into a mosque, and in 784 the other half was added, the Christians receiving, as compensation, a sum of money and the privilege of rebuilding their old churches.

The Moorish ruler intended to establish the city as the Mecca of the West.

The interior of the mosque is quite unusual architecturally. The Moorish style of architecture predominates. The ceiling is low, and massive columns extend in long rows in all directions. The center was destroyed about 1521, and in its place now stand, in Morisco-Gothic style, under a large dome, the choir and organ. Charles V, who had ordered that this work should be done, was much annoyed, at the time of his visit to Cordoba, to find that the main portion of the building had been destroyed. The exterior is peculiar. There are over a dozen entrances, and from the roof rise forty-eight towers. The stonework is very plain and gives the appearance of a wall rather than a church.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1911

Another perfect day. By 9.15, we were under way, and Cordoba was soon left behind in a cloud of dust. Mountains, barren in appearance, but good for grazing, surrounded us. The villages on the way are picturesque; the houses of which, though low, are whitewashed and clean. Now and then a thatched roof is seen, in the midst of red-tiled roofs.

At Carlota we entered a rolling country, a high tableland with rich soil, abounding in olive trees and truck gardens. These continue as far as Luisiana, where the Madre Vieja River is crossed, but from here the landscape is a desert, with swamps at intervals. Cactus and sage-brush are to



MONASTERY AT GRANADA



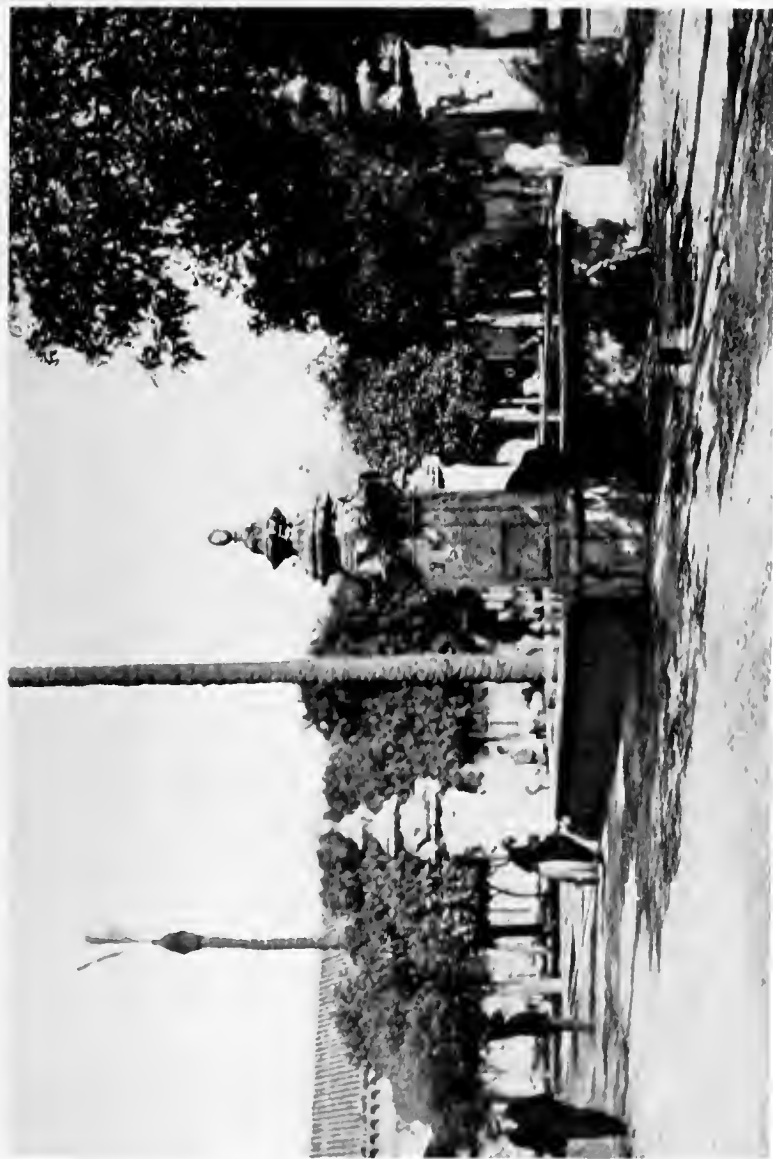
THAT PART OF GRANADA SITUATED ON THE HILL



PRIEGO



STREET LIFE AND TYPICAL HOUSES, PRIEGO



FOUNTAIN AT CORDOBA



CATHEDRAL AT CORDOBA



OLD MAN. PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE ROAD TO CORDOBA,
NEAR CABRA



VIEW OF COUNTRY. STORK ON FARTHER SIDE OF POND

LOG OF MY MOTOR

be seen growing everywhere. Partridges, storks, cranes and other wild fowl are in abundance. We stopped, at one point, to "kodak" a stork, and the result is seen in the picture on the opposite page.

Ecija was passed at 10.15. This town is the home of the original seven robbers who, up to twenty-five years ago, were absolute masters of the city. Under their rule it was dangerous for a traveler to pass through this country. To-day it is a very quiet spot, clean in appearance, and boasting of ten fine churches. At Colle de Moncloa, a crane, a fine specimen of a bird, with red beak, black and white head and huge white body, misjudging his distance while flying across the road, was almost hit by our automobile.

The road for the first 114 kilometers is good. We covered the distance in 115 minutes; but when within three kilometers of Carmona, which town was passed through at 11.15, we suddenly encountered a bad road for the remainder of the distance to Seville, 52 kilometers beyond.

At Carmona, there are some old Roman ruins to be seen, but owing to the heat we did not stop to examine them. At El Viso del Alcor, about 30 kilometers from Seville, there had evidently been some kind of village disturbance, for the houses, which had only just received their semi-annual coating of whitewash, were bespattered with red paint throughout the entire length of the main street. At Alcala de Guadaira, 16 kilometers from Seville, there are some old Roman walls, rather imposing to look upon. Several watch towers are also to be seen, rising from the crest of a low hill.

Twelve-twenty P. M. found us at Seville. We had covered the entire distance of 157 kilometers in 3 hours and 5 minutes. The latter part of the route is practically flat, and for 15 kilometers before reaching Seville, we skirted the old Roman aqueduct, which is most interesting architecturally.

LOG OF MY MOTOR

We were interested to note that we had now traversed 1,989 kilometers since leaving Nice. The entire distance had been covered in 55 hours and 25 minutes, with only one punctured tire to mar our journey.

SEVILLE

Seville is a most agreeable city in which to spend the spring and autumn, but the winter and summer, owing to the rain storms in the former season and the heat in the latter, make it practically uninhabitable to the tourist.

Seville. <i>Hotels</i>	{	Hotel de Paris.	Good
		Hotel de l'Europa	"
		Hotel Inglaterra	"

The town is situated in the middle of a very fertile plain, on the banks of the Guadalquivir River, and derives its name "Seville" from the Phoenician word, meaning "fertile." It is one of the oldest cities of Spain, and enjoys a fairly good climate, except at the season when the hot Levante winds blow, which, coming from the desert, produce an irritating effect on everyone who experiences them.

Julius Caesar took the town in 45 B. C. It was at that time strongly fortified and practically rebuilt by the Romans. Many museums remain to show the grandeur in which the inhabitants lived in ancient times.

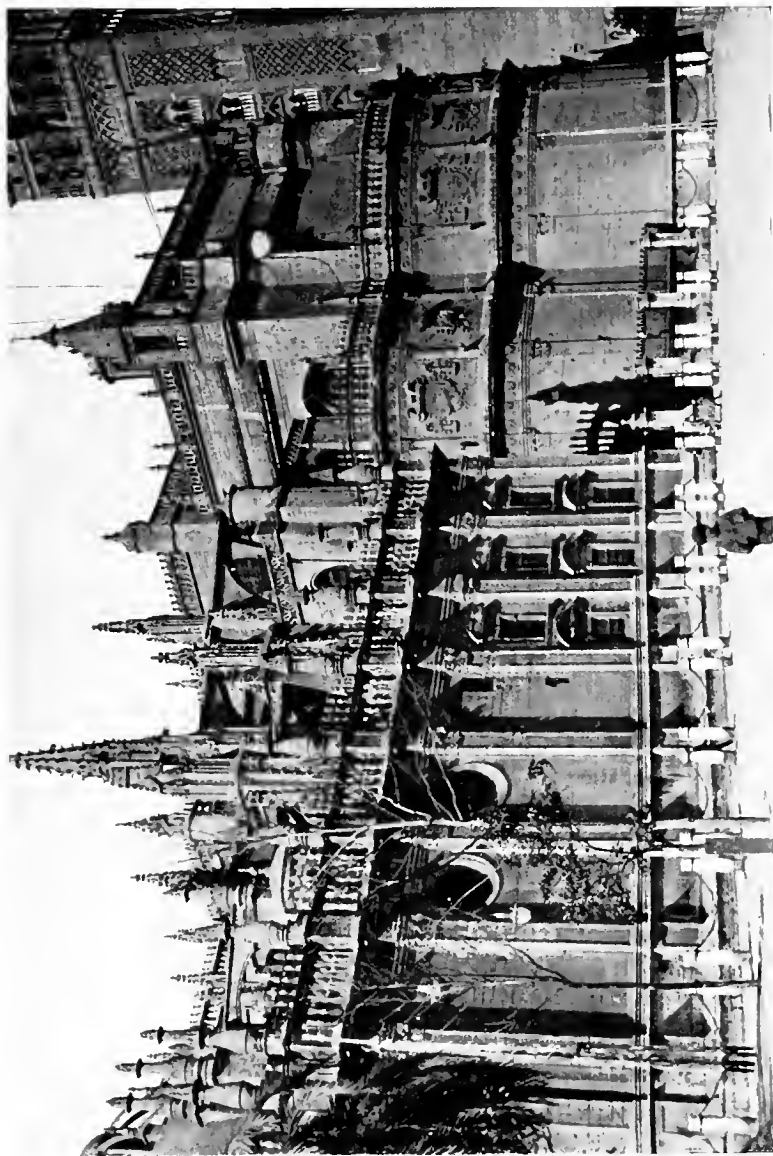
The Silingi Vandals made Seville their headquarters during the fifth century. The Goths also made it their capital. During the seventh and part of the eighth century the Moors, under Abdul-Azis, captured the town. In the middle of the eighth century it was overcome and taken possession of by the Ummeyah family, and from that time on it increased in prosperity. For many years, silk has been manufactured there in great quantities. In 1248,



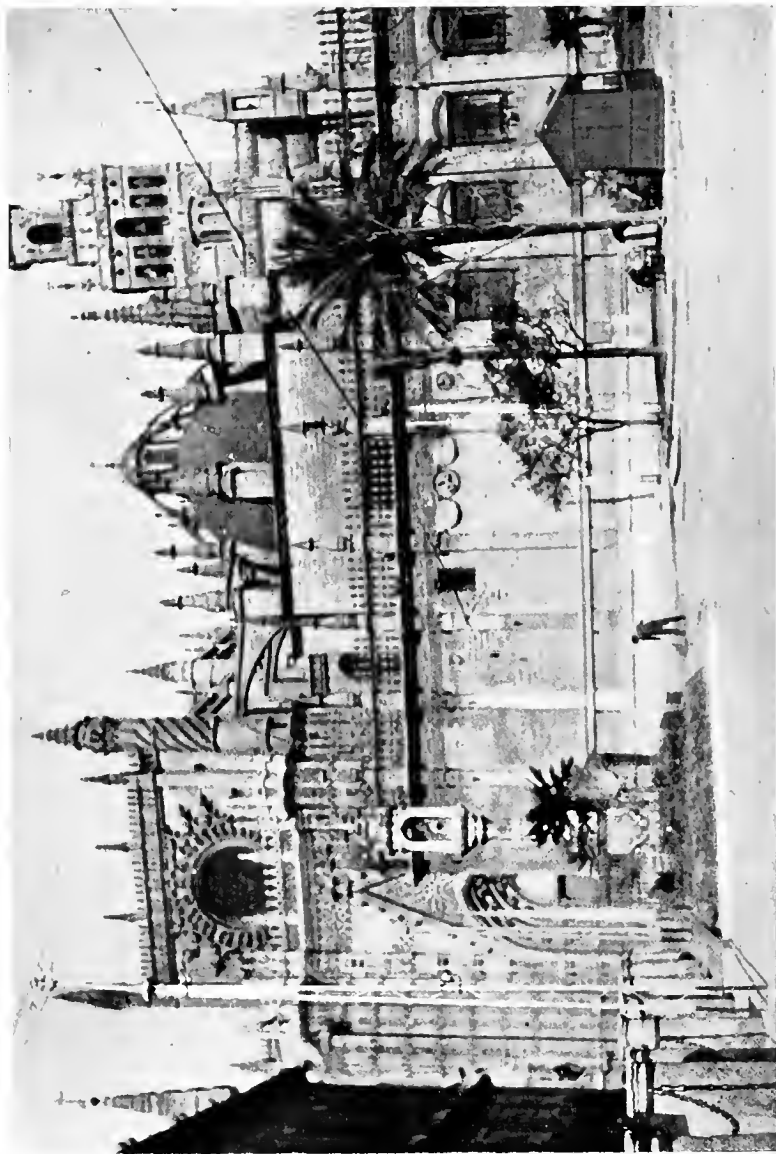
LA CARLOTA



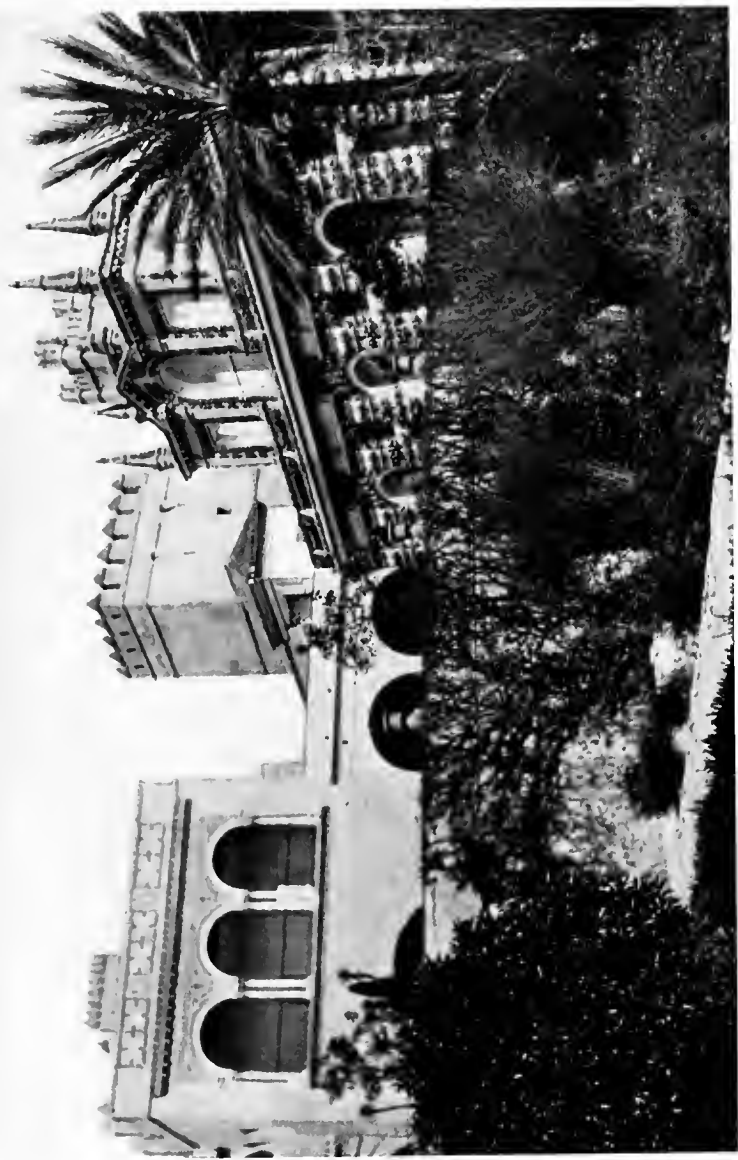
A STREET IN CORDOBA



THE CATHEDRAL AT SEVILLE



THE CATHEDRAL AT SEVILLE



THE ALCAZAR GARDENS, SEVILLE



W. K. V., JR., IN THE ALCAZAR AT SEVILLE

LOG OF MY MOTOR

the Christians took possession of it, and the Mussulman rule came to an end after 536 years of beneficent government.

In 1808, it became the prey of the French, who destroyed much of its beauty. In 1813, the town was conquered by the English, only in their turn to be soon after ousted. Finally, the city became what it is to-day, part of the Spanish Kingdom.

The town possesses many beautiful places of interest. Squares, attractive shops and houses with enclosed gardens and varied coloring, give it a peculiar charm that is rarely seen in any other part of Spain.

Among the places of interest, the cathedral comes first. Built on the site of an old temple erected to Venus Salambo, it became a mosque at the time of the Moorish conquest. Architecturally, it resembles the cathedral in Cordoba to be seen at the present time. The mosque was destroyed by the Normans, re-erected in 1184 by Emir Jusuf, only to be transformed under St. Ferdinand into a cathedral. In the early part of the fifteenth century the entire building was destroyed, and plans for a new one were at once drawn. It is probably the finest example of Gothic architecture to be seen in Spain. The columns are massive in size and the interior most impressive. Some old Moorish relics are on exhibition there. Here lie the remains of Christopher Columbus, brought over from the church at Santo Domingo, in the West Indies, in the year 1902, on a Spanish man-of-war.

The Alcazar, the old Moorish palace, another building of great interest, dates back to 1181. Under Charles V several stories were added, but in a different style of architecture, which somewhat detracts from the beauty of the present building. The history of this edifice is absorbingly interesting, and well worth studying.

LOG OF MY MOTOR

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1911

This day we spent sight-seeing, and during the afternoon we took a run out of Seville to see the Roman amphitheater, 2,000 years old, located some 15 kilometers from the town. Partially destroyed by an earthquake, it is still extremely interesting. The Government has appropriated 15,000 pesos for excavation work, and many old relics are expected to be recovered. The building commemorates the birth of three Roman emperors.

Many rich copper mines are located just north of Seville; the ore trains carrying the supply down from the mountains over their own right-of-way, descend on a fairly well-constructed railway. These mines are controlled by English capital, and a handsome return is shown. We passed, on this run, quite a number of large factories of pottery, also controlled by English capitalists. The day, as usual of late, was a beautiful one.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1911

It was "all aboard" at 9.15 for Badajoz, and the fine weather which still continued encouraged us to look forward with pleasure to the day's run. The route for the first 23 kilometers, which two years previously we found in such frightful condition, had been extensively repaired. Work was still in progress, and by the end of the season I believe it will be in fairly good shape for motoring.

The Sierra de Aracena Mountains were first encountered, but good roads were found as we rose from the plain. The houses in the villages are, as usual, whitewashed. In this section of the country, from three to four coats are given each year. The streets are wide, the houses are low and stand well back from the road. At Saint Olalla, we left the route



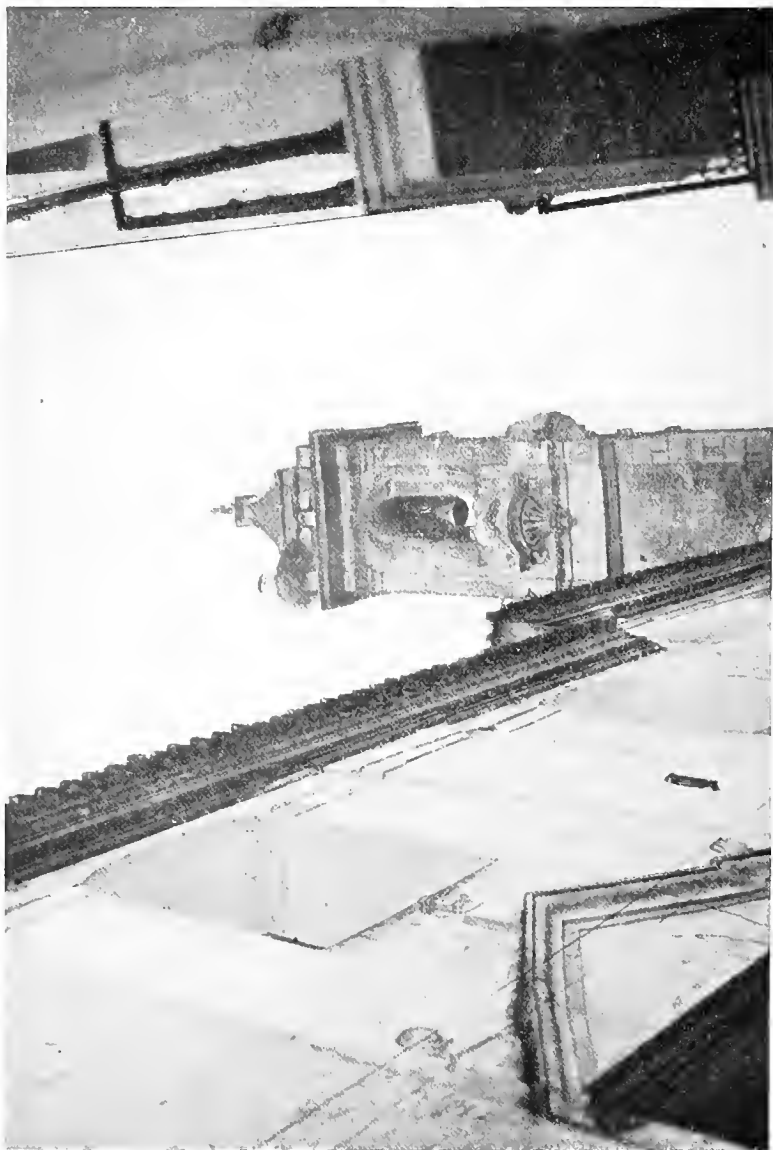
A HOUSE IN SEVILLE



ROMAN RUINS NEAR SEVILLE



ROMAN RUINS NEAR SEVILLE



STORK'S NEST ON DOME OF CATHEDRAL AT FREJENAL

LOG OF MY MOTOR

taken on our first trip, and turned to the left, taking the more mountainous and, as we found, the more interesting road, by way of Jerez. Twelve kilometers from the junction point, we stopped at a shady spot on the mountain side for lunch. The clock pointed to 11.45 as we halted the car. The morning's run of 2 hours and 30 minutes had been a most agreeable one, and during that time we had traversed a distance of 85 kilometers.

The first 23 kilometers, through the fertile plain in which Seville is located, is uninteresting; but the remainder of the road, alternately through mountains and rolling country, is fine.

At 12.35, having partaken of our lunch, we got under way again. At Seguera, we passed an old castle, in a good state of preservation. At Bodonal-de-la-Serra, a church, the steeple of which is surmounted by a stork's nest, frowned down on us. At Frejenal another stork's nest showed itself on the dome of the cathedral. I photographed it, and the bird can be plainly seen in the picture on the opposite page. While taking this snapshot, our car was surrounded by an enormous crowd of natives. I tried to photograph them, but the youngsters, who were mischievous boys, would not stand still. The result was that the plate was ruined. It being unbearably warm, we did not stop often to take photographs, preferring to move along the road at a fairly comfortable pace.

Three kilometers north of Frejenal we took a photograph of a modern cemetery. The picture shows very clearly how the natives are laid to rest in this part of the world. We passed an old man in one of the villages, and I would have given much to secure a picture of him; but each time I tried, he hid himself in a house. He was covered with tin cans and decorated with several ladies' hats. He wore a boot on one foot and a slipper on the other, and he was

LOG OF MY MOTOR

wearing two or three coats. The beard on his face was trimmed so that it was all uneven. Indeed, he was the most comical object I think I have ever looked upon.

At Frejenal we encountered bad roads for 22 kilometers, so that we made but poor progress. Still the country is fine, and we were continually climbing and descending mountain sides. Rivers were crossed on several occasions, and all of them by means of bridges.

Jerez-de-las-Caballeros and Barcarrota were the next villages we passed through, and very attractive they were, but we did not linger in their tempting streets. The towns in this section are far cleaner than those in southeastern Spain, and their streets in many instances are fairly well paved.

Mountains still continued, and magnificent views, extending for almost a hundred miles, opened up before us frequently.

Forty kilometers from Badajoz we once more entered the plain. When 17 kilometers from the latter town, we frightened two horses attached to a cart, and the driver, who was sitting on top of a pile of hay reading a newspaper, lost control of the team, with the result that the animals ran into a ditch, and the last we saw of the wagon, it was in the act of turning over. We decided it would not be wise to stop. A party of peasants with a brass band was only a few feet in front of this cart, and all of them were rather hilarious from the effects of liquor.

At 4.45 p. m., we entered the town of Badajoz, thus terminating the afternoon's run of 134 kilometers. The Hotel Central here is poor; indeed, the worst we so far had encountered. The total distance for the day of 219 kilometers was covered in 6 hours and 40 minutes. No mishaps of any kind had happened; but as the shoe on the right-hand back wheel had worn down, we thought it wise to change it.



CEMETERY NEAR FREJENAL



A VILLAGE NEAR ESTREMOZ



ON THE ROAD TO BADAJOZ, NEAR SEVILLE



CATHEDRAL AT BADAJOZ

LOG OF MY MOTOR

The distances for the day were as follows:

	Kil.
Castilleja	6
Camas	7
Santiponce	11
Venta de la Pajanosa	28
Venta del Alto	37
Ronquillo	49
Santa Olalla	73
Frejenal	122
Jerez	144
Albuera	194
Badajoz	219

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1911

After a hard night, on filthy beds, we emerged at 8.10 A. M., and, partaking of a cup of chocolate which we made ourselves, we started under a cloudless sky for the Portuguese frontier, a few kilometers distant.

Our destination was Lisbon, and the distance to be covered was 260 kilometers, by way of Elvas.

The route was as follows:

	Kil.
Elvas	15
Borha	46
Estremoz	59
Arrayolos	101
Montemor	124
Banha	188
Setubal	227
Lisbon	260

LOG OF MY MOTOR

The walls of Badajoz, which for us contained only disagreeable recollections, were gladly left behind. We crossed the River Guadiana on a fine old bridge, and entered a treeless plain. Fifteen-odd kilometers in the distance, Elvas, built on the side of a mountain, could be seen, shining in the bright morning sun. Six kilometers from Badajoz, we reached the Spanish customs. After a delay of five minutes for the examination of our papers, we were off.

The Portuguese frontier was reached a kilometer farther, and here, to our surprise, we were informed that it was unnecessary to have papers of any kind, or even to make the deposit that every other country in Europe requires from automobilists prior to entering.

Fearing that the official might not have quite understood his business, I made him write on the Spanish documents in my possession, to the effect that I had offered to make a deposit, but that he had stated it was unnecessary. This precaution saved me later, on our leaving Portugal, considerable annoyance, for I then found that the usual deposit should have been made. We also found that it was not necessary to have our luggage examined, so that the delay in entering Portugal was but trifling. Such was the reception we received from this country, in which we now set foot for the first time.

Elvas proved to be a clean town, with a wonderful set of fortifications; two sets of moats, several fine gates, drawbridges and barbed wire fencing were passed. We now sped along a good road lined with eucalyptus trees. The picture here reproduced gives a good idea of the scenery encountered. Just after leaving the town we passed an old Roman aqueduct in a good state of preservation.

There are no signposts in Portugal, but there are many roads, and all look alike. The inhabitants, however, were quite willing to show us the route that should be taken, and



SCENERY NEAR ELVAS



ROMAN RELICS AT ELVAS



TYPE OF VILLAGE NEAR ELVAS



SOME PEASANTS

LOG OF MY MOTOR

we managed, with no knowledge of a word of the language, to pass through the entire country without once getting off the right road.

The houses are strange, low and without windows, and in most cases whitewashed. In some instances, red and brown paint is used to trim around the windows and near the ground. A red tile of fine color is used, and the chimneys, long and narrow, are different from those seen in any other part of the world.

Near Estremoz, in the Sierra de Ossa Mountains, a heavy fog bank was sighted, and the dry atmosphere prevailing throughout Spain was left behind. Fogs and vapor-laden air must be frequent in Portugal, at any rate in this part of it, since moss hung in great quantities from all the trees.

Estremoz was also fortified. It is a pretty little town, situated on the side of a hill. Ninety kilometers from the frontier, or at 11.10 A. M., we stopped under a lone tree in the middle of a large plain, for lunch. It was exceedingly hot, and as the trees afforded little shade, we were far from comfortable during the forty-five minutes spent over our repast.

It is interesting to note the construction of culverts and the retaining walls and bridges along the route. They are built of brick and cement, and above the roadway have the shape of a long bench, affording the traveler a comfortable seat, should he be in need of rest.

We passed, during the morning's run, some very fine examples of wall architecture. A photograph of one of these is here reproduced. A picture is also given of a traveler on his mule, and of several of the native peasants and shepherds.

The costume of the men throughout Portugal is rather interesting, especially their trousers. The material around the legs is so tightly fitting that it must be like solving a

LOG OF MY MOTOR

subway puzzle to get into them. A gay red sash, and a shirt of variegated colors, surmounted by a broad brimmed black hat, completes the costume. Under such a hat and in such a costume is to be found, in nine cases out of ten, a black-whiskered Portuguese.

The women, owing to the brilliant coloring of their dresses, look more like parrots than anything else I can think of. It was all so different from what we had seen, and one and all were very pleasant to look upon.

Having eaten, we started once more on our final stage. The Divor River was soon crossed, and the next town, Arraiolos, was passed through a few minutes later. The country now traversed is covered with long-leaved pine, cork trees and sand-dunes. We ran along slowly on a good road, taking photos now and then, and on several occasions stopped in the shade of some trees to rest and smoke. It was certainly hot; but the mists and vapors of the earlier part of the day had been left behind.

The road seemed to run along without any definite purpose. First it went east, then north, and then south. Evidently the engineers who built it thought to take in all the villages and houses in this section of the country.

The country continued flat and uninteresting for about 70 kilometers, until we reached Setubal, at 2.30. Here we obtained our first view of the Atlantic Ocean.

It is necessary to cross the peninsula from the Sado Bay to the Tejo River, in order to reach Lisbon, which is situated on the opposite side. This peninsula is rather hilly and fertile. Its southerly extremity is surmounted by the Sierra de Arrabida Mountains.

Setubal is somewhat of a summer resort, and boasts of many fine buildings. Here our troubles began, for it took us two hours and a half to reach Almada, only 27 kilometers distant.



FINE EXAMPLE OF WALL ARCHITECTURE



TRAVELER ON HIS MULE

LOG OF MY MOTOR

First we got on the wrong road, and a poor one at that, and landed in the town of Barreiro, where, as it proved to be market day and carnival time combined, a roaring, seething mob surrounded us, firing confetti at us, and laughing and jeering at our dejected appearance.

Finally, after sitting in the car at the end of a pier for half an hour, unable to stand it any longer, with Lisbon only a couple of miles across the bay, we decided to move on to some other village, and try our luck there to catch a ferry, which evidently did not exist in this locality. A start was therefore made for Almada, where we fortunately found a large pier with a railroad and several boats in readiness to take passengers across the Tejo.

We were in luck, and just in time to catch the 4.30 P. M. boat. But the motor could not be taken on it, and it was necessary for the mechanic to drive the car some few kilometers farther to the town of Trafaria, where a ferry finally landed him in Lisbon at 7.30.

I do not envy any motorist on his ride from Setubal to Lisbon. The villages and their inhabitants are a hostile lot — dirty, disagreeable and disorderly.

Our trip across to Lisbon on the ferry lasted but a few minutes, but it afforded us the opportunity of seeing a magnificent harbor, bordered by a very attractive city.

The day's run, of 260 kilometers, was covered in 7 hours and 35 minutes. The roads varied from good to poor, but generally speaking they are better than those in Spain.

Arriving at Lisbon, we proceeded to charter a hack, and advanced as quickly as the hack could go to the hotel.

NOTES

It was necessary to change the left-hand front and rear tires, as they were worn down to the canvas. They had

LOG OF MY MOTOR

done wonderful work, however, as they had brought us through from Nice. We still had on, and in fairly good condition, our original front right-hand tire.

LISBON

The capital of Portugal contains a population of 310,000.

<i>Hotels</i>	{	Avenida Palace	{	Run by the Compagnie des
			Wagons-Lits.	Excellent
		Hotel Braganca.	Good	
		Hotel Central		
		Durand's Hotel		

The town is laid out in fine big boulevards, and has some palatial squares, three or four gardens, a menagerie, and several large public buildings.

The water front is picturesque, the docks and arsenal imposing. Some of the streets in the older part of the town are winding, and most of them are dirty and badly paved, containing, in many cases, evidence of Moorish régime.

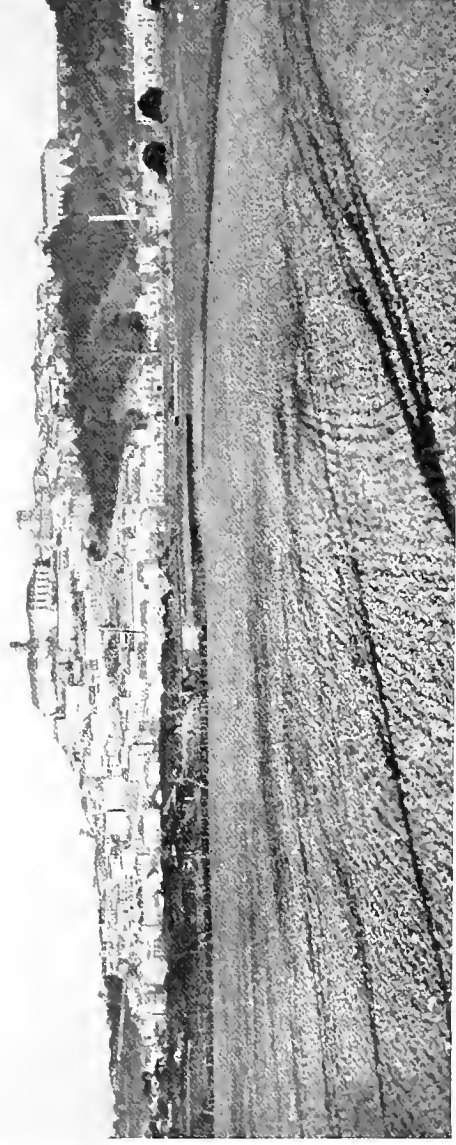
Ulysses is claimed to have been the founder of the city; but under the Romans, who captured the place under Julius Caesar, it was of little importance. Porto, in the northern part of Portugal, was, at that time, the chief city.

Prior to 1147, when again in the hands of the Moors, Alphonso Henriques captured it, and in 1394 it became the seat of an Archbishopric. In 1775, the city was visited by a terrific earthquake, causing the deaths of over eighty thousand inhabitants, and the loss of several hundred millions in damage to property. Since that time practically nothing of importance has occurred within its walls.

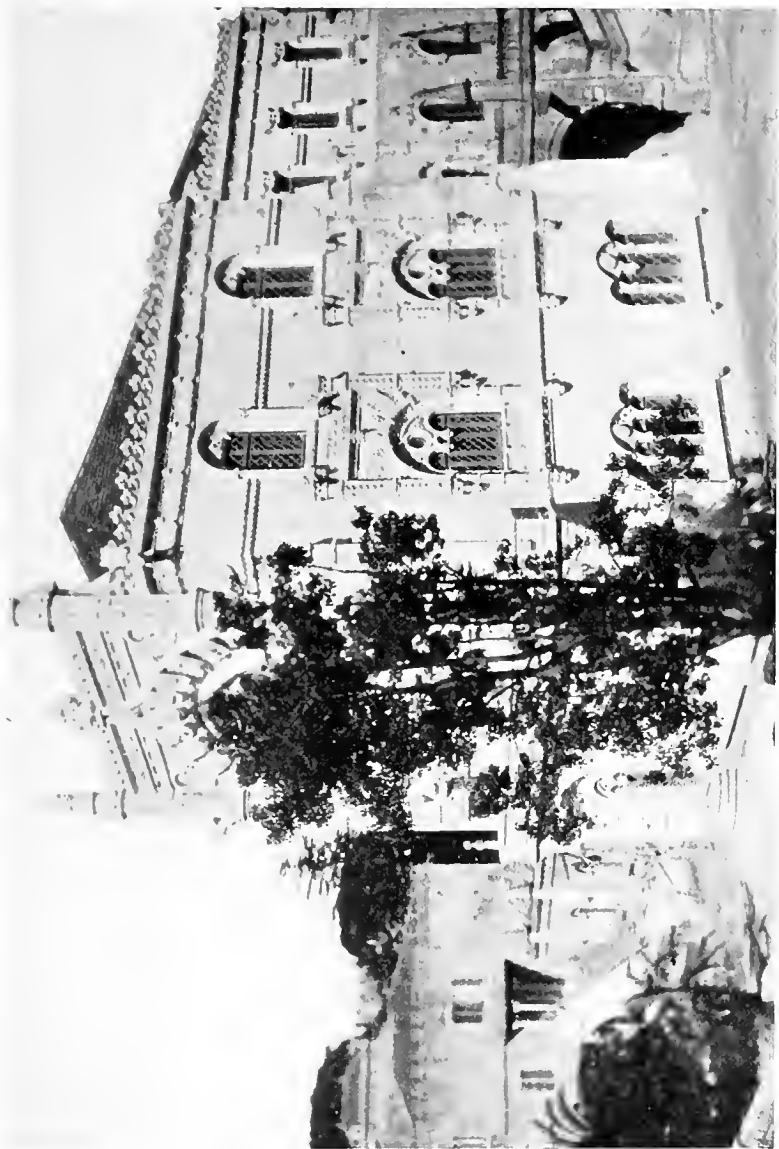
From an architectural point of view, Lisbon is not very interesting, and the tourist, after a stay of twenty-four hours, is not loth to depart.



ON THE WAY TO COIMBRA



COIMBRA



HOTEL BUSSACO



HOTEL BUSSACO FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN JUST
BEHIND THE HOTEL

LOG OF MY MOTOR

The cathedral, called La Se, is probably the finest of all the buildings, but it is not of much importance.

Cintra, situated a few miles from Lisbon, is worth a visit. It is the Newport of Portugal.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1911, AND TUESDAY,
FEBRUARY 28, 1911

We stopped over at Lisbon to visit the town and recuperate from our long journey. The weather was fine on both days.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1911

A beautiful day with a clear sky. At 8.40 A. M., we left for Bussaco, by the following route:

	Kil.
Santarem	78
Torres-Novas	40
Thomar	24
Coimbra	71
Bussaco	25
Total	<hr/> 238

The roads for the first 50 kilometers from Lisbon, skirting the Tejo River, are poor; indeed, I may say they are bad. Numerous villages are passed, and one and all are dirty and uninteresting. The houses are poorly kept. The scenery along the route is "flat, stale and unprofitable." On our left, was a low-lying hill, and the mud flats of the Bay of Lisbon extended themselves to the right for several miles. At Santarem, an uninteresting place, the scenery begins to change; the hills appear and the route grows more picturesque as we advance.

At 12.30, we stopped for lunch in a large forest. Cork trees were in abundance in all directions. The country we

LOG OF MY MOTOR

had been passing through for the last three days provides Europe with most of this product.

Our morning's run, of 132 kilometers, had been traversed in 3 hours and 50 minutes, with little of interest to record.

While lunching, a band of gypsies, over twenty in number, came around a bend in the road, and caused us some discomfort, by their curiosity and seeming lack of cordiality. Nevertheless none of them made any remarks, and they passed onward with no unpleasant occurrence having taken place.

At 1.10, we were again off, and this time over a hilly road. Ten kilometers and the town of Thomar loomed up, an interesting old place, with a fine monastery surmounting a hill on its outskirts. Fifty kilometers south of Coimbra, we encountered the mountains. The route now became tortuous, winding in and out among the hills and mountain tops. The scenery, however, was superb. Finally, after crossing the Mondego River, a clear flowing stream, we entered the town of Coimbra at 4.00 P. M.

Twenty thousand people inhabit this settlement, the foundation of which dates back to the time of the Moors. In 1064, it was captured by Don Fernando the Great. At one time it was the capital of the Kingdom. It was near here that the Duke of Wellington, at the head of forty thousand men, fought the celebrated battle of Bussaco. The university is one of the finest in southern Europe. The streets are narrow and not well paved. The main one, however, is in fairly good shape, and clean. The houses are interesting, and although we only passed through, to make Bussaco for the night, we should have been glad to stay over here had we not been pressed for time.

Hotels { Hotel Continental. On the river front. Passable
Hotel Braganca



VIEW FROM HOTEL BUSSACO



BUSSACO. PART OF THE MONASTERY



ON THE ROAD TO PORTO



VILLAGE SCENE ON THE ROAD TO PORTO

LOG OF MY MOTOR

By 4.10, we had left the town behind, and soon pine woods intermingled with cork trees surrounded us in all directions. Driving the 25 kilometers from Coimbra, we reached the Bussaco Hotel, which occupies the middle of an old monastery, surrounded by a wall over seven miles long. A beautiful situation, on the side of a mountain, overlooking the plains to the west, with a faint glimpse of the Atlantic Ocean in the distance.

We arrived at the door of the hotel at 5.00 P. M., thus terminating the day's run of 238 kilometers in 7 hours and 40 minutes.

The interior of the hotel is impressive. At one time the place was used as a palace for the kings, who went there the hot summer months. Of late years, however, it has been abandoned by royalty and is now transformed into a hotel. It possesses fine carvings, a magnificent hall and some paintings. Beautiful walks intersect the grounds, and small chapels dot the landscape here and there. Here also may be found those quiet English tourists who go to secluded spots to spend the winter months.

THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1911

Once more the sun above us. We walked to the top of the mountains and photographed the hotel, seen far below. A splendid view of the Atlantic Ocean, 40 kilometers off, rewarded us for our ascent. To the westward, fringed with snow, the Sierra de Estrella Mountains could be clearly seen.

The splendid view could scarcely be surpassed for its impressive beauty. The trees have been specially cared for for centuries and are fine specimens. We spent the whole morning walking over the grounds and enjoying the air. At 1.40, after a good lunch, we left for Porto.

A tiresome day's run of five hours was ahead of us. The

LOG OF MY MOTOR

surface of the road varied much, but the last 30 kilometers were exceedingly poor, being full of holes, and almost impassable.

We were somewhat compensated for our discomfort, however, by some fine views as we ascended and descended the mountains that continually rose up before us. The villages are uninteresting and dirty. A photograph taken and here reproduced shows fairly well their general conditions.

The women are of a peculiar type. Two girls and a young woman posed for us on one occasion: the queer little caps, or headgear, worn by them, are to be plainly seen in this accompanying illustration.

Some of the larger houses through this section of Portugal are finished with tile on the outside, strongly resembling the interior of a bath-room. The attractive chimneys to be seen in southern Portugal hardly exist here; but the oxen and carts met in this section of the country are unique. The yokes are carved and painted, and of curious appearance. The steers themselves are fine specimens, the finest I have ever seen in any part of the world, while those in the town of Porto itself have no equal. Their horns are of great length and widely extended.

The earlier part of the run took us through woods and by low-lying hills. The latter part, as already described, was mountainous. During the 91 kilometers traversed, there were three repair gangs encountered, doing road work. Women as well as men were engaged in this work, and, judging from the rate at which they were picking, I should say it would be impossible to keep these roads in anything like good condition. It was, however, interesting to watch them. The women, who made up about half the gang, broke and carried stones. The men placed the rocks and led a span of oxen, hitched to a large stone roller, across



WOMAN AND TWO YOUNG GIRLS. PHOTOGRAPHED ON
THE ROAD TO PORTO



TWO FINE HEADS



BRIDGE CROSSED JUST BEFORE ENTERING THE TOWN OF PORTO



FISHERMEN'S QUARTERS. VIGO

LOG OF MY MOTOR

the surface. Others filled in the crevices with dirt which they carried in little baskets. There seems to be no such system in keeping up the roads in Portugal as we found in Spain, where the keeper, as already stated, had a fine house for himself and his family to live in. It is a pity that this matter of road-repairing is not better attended to in Portugal, for the roads could be put into first-class shape for a very small outlay. Foundations, bridges and grades are all in excellent condition. All that is lacking is system and a steam roller. Indeed, I believe there is not a steam roller in the whole of Portugal.

At 4.45, we obtained our first view of the town of Porto. A queer place, built on the side of a hill, sloping down to the River Douro, which we crossed on a bridge of peculiar construction. The upper part is for trams and wagons, the lower part for wagons only. The lower part, in the event of the approach of a steamer, is raised and gives sufficient clearance for the tallest mast to pass under. After crossing this bridge, we entered the town, where a seething mob greeted us at every turn. The street we now had to ascend is really dangerous for either pedestrian or driver. At first speed, accelerated, we barely managed to get to the top of it. If a pedestrian's foot should slip, he could not prevent himself from rolling down to the bottom. The town is dirty and the hotels are poor. The streets are badly kept, and the cathedral, the only building of importance, is uninteresting.

At 5.10, we drew up in front of the hotel, and although we had made but a short run of 91 kilometers, we were very glad to alight from the car, after the fatigue of the bad roads of the latter part of our route.

The Grand Hotel de Porto is grand in name only; the accommodation is poor and the dining-room dingy.

The route for the day's run is as follows:

LOG OF MY MOTOR

	Kil.
Mealhada	6
Anadia	7
Albergaria	23
Oliveira	16
Porto	39
Total	91

The entire run was made in 3 hours and 20 minutes. We had now driven 2,797 kilometers since leaving Nice, which distance we had covered in 80 hours and 40 minutes.

Porto has a population of 140,000. It is a very ancient city, associated with the many protracted peninsula wars and other disturbances from the outer world.

FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1911

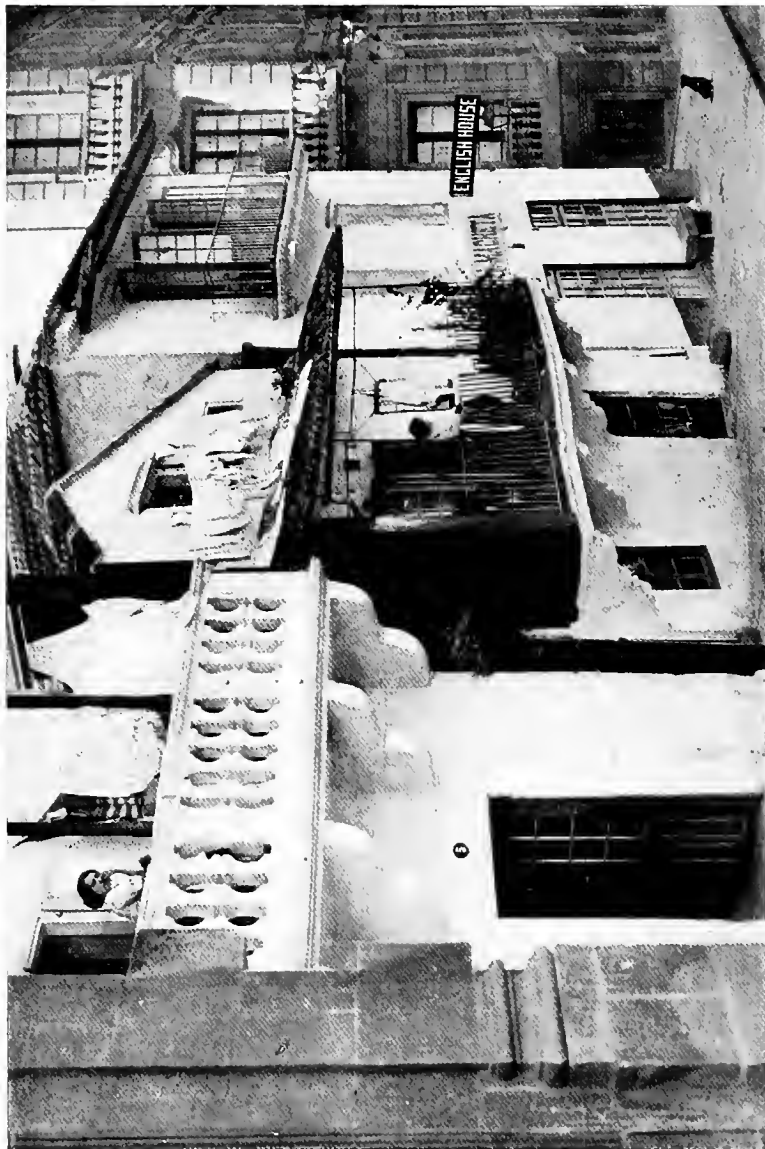
We spent the morning hours walking through the streets, visiting the cathedral, and endeavoring unsuccessfully to locate some old port wine. It was exceedingly hot, and we experienced great discomfort in negotiating the steep grades.

At 2.00 P. M., after partaking of a poor lunch, we were en route for Vigo, expecting to reach Spanish soil before sunset. Owing to the winding condition of the streets, and to our fear of taking the wrong road, we procured the services of a guide to escort us to the suburbs. The town is well fortified from the north, and a heavy infantry guard was located on the ramparts.

The first 30 kilometers of road are excellent, but uninteresting. At Azurara, 30 kilometers from Porto, the Atlantic coast is reached, and from here on for the next 50 kilometers the surface of the road is poor. The route is practically flat. The villages take on an air of greater importance; they are



WATERFRONT AT VIGO, SHOWING CUSTOM HOUSE AND HARBOR
FACILITIES



TYPE OF HOUSES AT VIGO



STREET SCENE. VIGO



ONE OF THE SQUARES. VIGO

LOG OF MY MOTOR

clean, and their population supports itself chiefly from the catch of the sea.

Vianna is the next large town. A bridge of considerable length spans the River Limia, on which the town is built. Here we saw thousands of oxen which had been gathered from all sections of the country to be sold at market. The beasts were very large, and as perfect specimens as could be found in any part of the world.

A few kilometers north of Vianna, the road becomes good again and the St. Luzia Mountains are skirted on the right. To the left, the sea is in plain view.

Twenty kilometers north of Vianna the bank of the River Minho is reached. It is an extremely picturesque stream, separating Spain from Portugal. At 4.55, we drew up at Valenca, an attractive town surmounted by an impregnable fortress.

Before crossing the river, it was necessary to have our papers examined, which, owing to the stupidity or inefficiency of the official at Badajoz, we were unable to produce. Luckily, as I mentioned before, I had had inserted on my Spanish papers a statement to the effect that we had offered to make the required deposit, which had been refused. This caused considerable excitement, and it was only after half a dozen officials had examined and passed on the papers that we were finally allowed to depart. During our discussion with the Portuguese officials we were fortunate enough to become acquainted with a man who spoke broken French, and anticipating further trouble with the Spanish customs, owing to the late hour, we thought that his presence might be of value to us when we arrived on the other side of the river. We therefore begged his services for the purpose of helping us through our present predicament. He consented willingly. As we expected, the Spanish *douane* was closed. Nevertheless, a courteous official escorted us some two kilo-

LOG OF MY MOTOR

meters to the town of Tuy, where the chief official himself was found in his rooms. A few words only were necessary to explain to him our unfortunate situation, and with a grace which is to be met with in enlightened countries only, the customs were opened and we were allowed to proceed.

Tuy, which is situated on the northern bank of the river, surmounts the crest of a small hill. It boasts a population of 12,000 souls. A wide avenue with some fine trees, where the peasantry promenade in the evenings, is the chief point of interest here. The town dates back to 700 A. D. It was, at one time, the residence of a Gothic king.

We were off again at 6.00 P. M. The road which now stretched before us was good; and we soon reached Porrino, where we turned off into the mountains for Vigo. The steep ascent which followed was quickly surmounted, but darkness having set in, we found it necessary to light the lamps, and slow progress was made in descending the mountain, because of the numerous and dangerous curves encountered.

Nevertheless, at 6.40 P. M., we were installed at Vigo. A comfortable hotel is the Continental, where we stopped, and the view to be obtained there of the harbor is fine.

Looking back over the day's run, we agreed that the section between Ancora and Valenca was by far the most interesting we had traveled through Portugal. It resembles much the Riviera in southern France. The distance of 29 kilometers from Valenca to Vigo was covered in 45 minutes, making a total of 153 kilometers traversed in 3 hours and 40 minutes.

The following route should be taken:

	Kil.
Villa de Conde	25
Povoa de Varzim	29
Esposende	48
Vianna de Castello	70



BRIDGE NEAR TUY



SOME OF THE INHABITANTS OF VIGO



STREET SCENE IN VIGO



PORT OF VIGO

LOG OF MY MOTOR

	Kil.
Ancora	85
Caminha	95
Villa Nova de Cerveira	107
Valenca de Mino	122
Tuy	124
Porrino	137
Vigo	153

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1911

Spent in sight-seeing and resting.

Vigo is a town of 23,000 inhabitants. It is picturesquely situated on the bay of the same name. During certain periods of the year, it is the headquarters of the Spanish fleet. It was here that the Duke of Ormond, in 1702, destroyed the French and Spanish ships. In 1809 it was taken by the French, but a few months later was re-taken by the inhabitants themselves.

The town is fairly interesting, with boulevards that are clean and with shops that are attractive. The climate is healthful. The quarters set aside for the fishermen, skirting the old harbor, are attractive. We took several good photographs of them. The fish market is worth visiting. It supplies fish to the city of Madrid.

Vigo. *Hotels* { Hotel Continental. Excellent
 { Hotel Central. Good

SUNDAY, MARCH 5, 1911

Cloudy. At 9.10, we were under way for La Coruna, situated on the Bay of Biscay, a point which is the north-western extremity of the Iberian Peninsula. The coast line from Vigo to the north is much broken, being a con-

LOG OF MY MOTOR

tinuous series of beautiful bays and harbors. The mountains bordering these indentations are high, and rather barren of vegetation.

For the first twenty-odd kilometers, we skirted the Bay of Vigo and obtained many a fine glimpse of the interior country. The road is good. The villages scattered on the mountain sides are uninteresting, and the population poor in aspect. The horses, oxen and other animals appear to be ill fed and badly taken care of. A note of interest is the corn cribs in this section of the country. They are made of stone and surmounted by a cross. Many chapels, called *calvaires*, are scattered along the route, attesting to the deeply religious nature of the inhabitants.

Pontevedra, containing 21,000 inhabitants, is a clean town, situated in a valley. It boasts of the ruins of the Church of Santo Domingo. From here on, with the exception of the last 15 kilometers, we ran through a superb country, over good roads to Santiago, which town we reached at 11.45. Here we stopped for lunch at the dilapidated little Hotel de l'Europe. A poor place in which to spend the night but passable for lunch.

Santiago is a dull city, situated on the summit of a small hill, and surrounded by fairly high mountains. In olden days it used to be a great resort for pilgrims. The streets are narrow and dirty, and if it were not for the cathedral, the hospital and some fine old houses which tell of by-gone pomp and glory, the place would hardly be worth visiting.

The cathedral, erected in the year 1082, is very fine. Owing to numerous repairs, it is not easy to distinguish the various styles of architecture. The interior is Byzantine and impresses the observer greatly. The choir stalls are handsome, the cloisters superb and the largest in Spain.

The hospital, known as the Hospito de los Reyes, was erected by King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella for the pil-



COUNTRY NEAR SANTIAGO



LOG OF MY MOTOR

grims, in the year 1504. A number of fine tapestries are to be seen here. The Convent of San Martin, a large, fine edifice, is also worthy of attention.

At 1.30, having seen all that was to be visited, we headed our car to the north for the afternoon's journey. We found a splendid road during the entire run. The first section, as far as the Tambre River, is mountainous. Here the aspect of the country changes, and the rolling, barren section of the Province of Coruna is entered. We saw but little top soil that a farmer could till. The houses are poor in appearance and built of field-stone, held together by cement. In many instances the outsides had not even been finished and it was rarely that a whitewashed building was to be seen. Some of the houses have balconies ranging along the entire front on the second floor. These are built of wood and, to a certain extent, resemble those of our own southern states.

The inhabitants, nevertheless, are agreeable, though not over-burdened with brains. They seem to attain a ripe old age, for half the population seemed, in appearance at any rate, to be centenarians.

An automobile diligence runs between Coruna and Santiago, making the trip in a fairly short time. With the good roads, it affords the tourist a splendid opportunity to get an idea of the general lay of the land.

We had been running along at a great altitude without realizing it, for when within 25 kilometers of La Coruna we encountered a long steep grade for 10 kilometers at the foot of which is the Bay of Biscay.

By 3.00 P. M., we were within the limits of the town, completing the day's run of 166 kilometers in 3 hours and 55 minutes. The morning's run of 103 kilometers had been covered in 2 hours and 25 minutes; the afternoon's run of 63 kilometers in 1 hour and 30 minutes.

LOG OF MY MOTOR

The following was the route taken:

	Kil.
Vigo to Pontevedra	33
Pontevedra to Caldas	24
Caldas to Santiago	46
Santiago to La Coruna	63
Total	<hr/> 166

The distance from Nice, 3,116 kilometers, had been covered in 88 hours and 15 minutes, with only one mishap, a punctured tire.

During the day many severe showers passed near us, but our usual luck seemed to be with us on this journey, and we managed to escape them all.

The town of La Coruna, which contains 42,000 inhabitants, possesses some good hotels. The best are the Francia and the Hotel Europa. It is an amusing place. The houses from the first floor upwards are enclosed in glass piazzas, and during the afternoon promenade the population turns out in force, the males strolling along the streets, the females lining the verandas. Several theaters and cafés are worth visiting. The port is open to shipping during all weathers.

The history of the town dates back to the time of the Phoenicians. In 693 it was occupied by the Romans. Here, in 1588, the Armada was refitted. In 1809 the Battle of La Coruna was fought in this neighborhood. The town has no place of interest from an architectural point of view. It differs in few respects from any other modern seaport.

MONDAY, MARCH 6, 1911

Rain accompanied our start. This was extremely unfortunate, as we had 325 kilometers to cover ere the day's journey was to terminate at Gijon. We were under way

LOG OF MY MOTOR

by 8.20. It was necessary, owing to the poor condition of the road by the sea route, to take the inland route over the St. de la Loba range, descending and joining the coast again at Ribadeo. The route to Villalba, by Otero-de-Rey, is good, but very mountainous. Fine views were continually being spread before our eyes. When within ten kilometers of Ribadeo, the sea is skirted and the flat lands are reached. An interesting country to pass through. The towns are small and might be termed "dead ones." The villages are dirty and bear no resemblance to each other. The houses are modern, and built in any kind of style and fashion.

A stage line, composed of gasoline motors, runs along this road. No rails are laid through this section of the country, and the only other means of communication is either by sail along the coast or on horseback through the mountains.

The climb up the Sierra de la Loba Mountains is fine, as is also the descent. The town of Villalba is rather clean in appearance. Here we rose again over the Sierra de Lonenzana range only to descend abruptly on the other side, arriving at 12 o'clock at the town of Ribadeo, situated on the Bay of Biscay. At the hotel, which is very poor, food was refused us unless we stayed over until the time for serving the regular meal. With the long run before us, we decided, however, to move on. We therefore took on, instead, 30 liters of gasoline with which to replenish our tanks. We had, as usual, our lunch basket well provisioned, so that 1.10 P. M. found us in a sheltered spot on the side of a hill partaking of a hasty meal. A howling wind with continuous gusts of rain blew and beat around us.

From Ribadeo the route runs to the southward around the bay of the same name for some fifteen kilometers. Then to the northward again to the opposite bank, only about a quarter of a mile distant from the town. During the afternoon the weather cleared somewhat, and every now and

LOG OF MY MOTOR

then the sun would peep out from behind the clouds. Fifty minutes for lunch, and at 2.00 P. M. we were again off.

Our route now skirted the ocean. The contour of the land is peculiar, very rough and much broken by valleys of considerable depth. We were rising and falling continually, and had it not been for the good surface of the road, the constant labor of putting on the brakes and changing speed would have tired us out.

The Cordillera Cantabria Mountains, the backbone of northern Spain, raised their snow-capped peaks to a tremendous height to the south. The Sierra de Ranadoiro Mountains were also traversed when near Cape de Busto.

Many fine bridges have been built in this section, and the upkeep of roads, bridges, viaducts, etc., is not better attended to even in France.

At 90 kilometers from Ovieda, just after passing over a steel bridge, we turned sharply to the left. This is the short and most direct way to the town of Gijon. Several fine streams were crossed, the larger being the Navia, Canero and Malon.

Thirty kilometers from Gijon, the road became suddenly very bad. Large holes made the riding almost impossible, so that when we reached our destination at 6.00 P. M., we were almost in an exhausted condition. The Hotel Malet, located in the port and in full view of the docks, is a clean and well-kept place. Good food is obtainable here.

The street on which we entered Gijon was almost impassable, and owing to the rain and high winds which we had encountered all day, we were covered from head to foot with mud and dirt. It was blowing so hard that the harbor was a mass of broken water, and people could hardly stand on their legs against the terrific force of the gale. Nevertheless, we had had an enjoyable ride, and had made the run without a mishap. The country passed through

LOG OF MY MOTOR

is covered with small white pine. During the earlier part of the run, we found the country to possess a fair top soil good for farming purposes, of which the peasant has taken advantage and tilled almost every inch of ground. In many cases the woods had been cleared and fields cultivated to the summits of the low-lying mountains.

In the latter part of the day's run, conditions were different. A shelf or plateau extends from the foot of the mountains for a mile or so to the sea, then it drops off abruptly to the water's edge, over a sheer cliff some three to four hundred feet in depth. On this plateau or tableland are the only villages that are to be found in this section of the country. Back in the mountains it is wild to a degree.

The houses here are of an architecture of their own. They are raised from the ground some six to eight feet on stone pillars, the framework of the building being placed on top of these columns so that none of the buildings has either foundation or cellar.

It is interesting to note how feed bags for the oxen are carried. These are jammed in between the steers' horns and covered with a large sheep skin which in most cases slips down so low over their heads that the poor animals can hardly see.

Our day's run of 325 kilometers was covered in 8 hours and 50 minutes.

The route to be taken is as follows:

	Kil.
La Coruna to Villalba	104
Villalba to Ribadeo	69
Ribadeo to Luear	71
Luear to Cudillero	30
Cudillero to Aviles	25
Aviles to Gijon	26
Total	325

LOG OF MY MOTOR

TUESDAY, MARCH 7, 1911

Rain and high winds. Stopped over and visited the town. Nothing of interest to be seen except the shipping in the small harbor.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1911

Rain during the morning; clear in the afternoon. We left Gijon at 8.10. For the first 10 kilometers we found a poor road, but after that it was good during the entire run to within 10 kilometers of Bilbao. Owing to the rain we were somewhat disheartened with the day's prospects, as 292 kilometers of unknown country lay before us.

Rain accompanied us as far as Llanes, 95 kilometers from Gijon. The route much resembled the latter part of the previous day's run. Tortuous ruts were encountered every few minutes, prohibiting any kind of speed, especially as the surface of the road was wet and slippery. Several small mountains were crossed from which good views of the surrounding country are to be obtained. The old Cordillera Cantabria range still extended itself to the south of us, and its summits loomed up to dizzy heights.

At Llanes good food can be procured at the station restaurant. From here on to Torrelavega, 169 kilometers from Gijon, the route is even more mountainous. Of course we had a splendid opportunity of seeing the surrounding country, but as we had been in the hills all this time, we prayed that some flat land might appear.

The country is rich to a degree and the people prosperous. The houses are roofed with a peculiar red tile, blending well with the color of the surrounding country. The dress of the people calls for little comment. The wooden shoes they wear have supports under them, raising the wearer some



LAREDO, BETWEEN SANTUNDER AND BILBAO

LOG OF MY MOTOR

three or four inches from the ground. It is amusing to see the people walking with this clumsy foot-gear, the object of which is to keep the soles of the feet free from damp.

At Torrelavega, to avoid running into the town of Santander, the following road, on which a good surface is to be found, was taken. From the town of Torrelavega, which is a small summer resort, the main road leading to Santander is in the middle of the town where you turn to the left as shown on a sign board. Do not take this. Continue straight on and at the end of the street at the foot of a hill you cross tracks and take the first turning to the left. Follow this route over a small mountain, and down to a valley on a long straight stretch, crossing the Besaya River on a small temporary wooden bridge. Two kilometers farther, after passing a railroad station, you will join the Route National, leading from Madrid to Burgos and Santander, at the kilometer stone marked "14 kilometers to Santander." Here turn to the left. Arrived here, we had covered 12 kilometers between this place and the point from which began the detour at Torrelavega.

We continued on the national highway to within 6 kilometers of Santander, where, at the junction of this road with a trolley running on the Bilbao route, we turned to the right and followed the route to Laredo. For a few kilometers the surface of the road is poor, but when the trolley is left behind conditions at once improve.

The town of Santona is now seen on the left. Situated at the foot of the mountain, it rises majestically out of the Bay of Ria de Marron, somewhat resembling the Rock of Gibraltar. Laredo, the next town of importance, has a fine old square with very ancient buildings.

As we were pressed for time, we passed quickly on, and immediately after leaving the town began to ascend a mountain. The climb affords a good view of the town of Laredo,

LOG OF MY MOTOR

and the country we were now entering was grand and wild to a degree. We ascended a fifteen per cent grade and were much surprised at the dangerous condition of the road. There is no parapet wall, and sheer drops of from one to two thousand feet were constantly yawning up before us. Occasional glimpses of the sea are obtained, as well as superb views of the mountains, covered with many feet of snow. Indeed, these views alone make a trip through this section of country well worth taking. At Ponta de Sonabia, we rejoined the sea and skirted it for the rest of the run. Many mines are being worked here, the hills producing a good quality of ore.

Finally, when within 23 kilometers of Bilbao, at the mouth of the Bilbao River, we entered a built-up section alive with children, making it almost impossible to advance, owing to their pranks. Happily, I was able to get even with them on several occasions. In many places the road contained large puddles of water, so that when a youngster would rush out and make a face, throw his cap in the air, or fire stones, sticks or any other thing he found handy, a quick move with the front wheel into one of these puddles would be sufficient to cover him from head to foot with dirty water. We took great pleasure in thus serving out the little rascals, and their surprise and astonishment at receiving the contents of the puddles added to our amusement. As we continued to advance, matters became even worse. People literally swarmed over the streets, and refused to get out of our way.

Life along this river front must be far from uninteresting. Factories cover the ground the entire distance, giving the district an appearance like that of Pittsburgh. After our experience of Spain, to come upon this little commercial wonder, it was not difficult for us to realize the fact that the town of Bilbao is second to Barcelona in commercial importance.

LOG OF MY MOTOR

The Viznaya Hotel, where we stopped for the night, is good and clean. We drew up in front of it, none the worse for our tough ride, at 5.40 P. M.

The day's run was as follows:

Left Gijon	8.10 A. M.	
Arrived Villalba	11.40 A. M.	Lunch
Left Villalba	12.40 P. M.	
Arrived Bilbao	5.40 P. M.	

Morning's run, 3 hours and 30 minutes. Afternoon's, 5 hours.

The following is the route taken:

	Kil.		Kil.
Villaviciosa	28	Vallines	140
Venta del Puerto	36	Treceno	144
Colunga	46	Cabezón de la Sal	150
Caravia	53	Hontoria	151
Ribadesella	67	Periedo	155
Nueva	78	Carranceja	156
Bricia	85	Barcenaciones	157
Posada	86	Quijas	159
Llanes	95	Valles	161
Bao	115	Helguera	162
Unquera	118	Torres	165
Pesues	121	Torrelavega	169
Preleso	126	Guarnaza	192
San Vincente de la		Baruna de Cicero	223
Barquera	130	Laredo } 69	292
Lamadrid	137	Bilbao }	

Total distance so far since leaving Nice, 3,733 kilometers, covered in 105 hours and 35 minutes.

LOG OF MY MOTOR

THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1911

Rain. Stopped at Bilbao. The town is modern and up-to-date in every respect. It has nothing of interest in the way of architecture, resembling, as it does, some well-to-do English manufacturing city. It is picturesquely situated on the river of the same name, surrounded by high mountains, which gives it a moist and not very healthful climate.

It has many fine hotels, theaters, boulevards and shops.

FRIDAY, MARCH 10, 1911

A beautiful morning greeted us for our last day's run through the Iberian Peninsula. We left Bilbao at 9.50, and took the short route to Deva over the inland drive. Durango, 57 kilometers distant, is the first town of importance on the way. The road is described in guide books as being in poor condition. As a matter of fact, it was the best we had encountered in Spain; smooth as a billiard table the entire way, with work gangs, two steam rollers and other paraphernalia constantly repairing the worn parts.

Our way now wound itself through a mountainous country. Some of the peaks are crested with snow, and trees are few and far apart. The houses resemble Swiss chalets. The towns are clean and the inhabitants well-to-do. At 10.50, just after passing through Eermua, a pass of considerable altitude lay before us. The scenery here is very fine. At 11.10, we passed through Elgdibar, and then dropped for the next few kilometers into a valley where a swift-flowing stream is skirted to the town of Deva, located on the Bay of Biscay.

At Deva the scenery changes, the high, wild mountains of the interior being no longer a characteristic. The town itself has one or two second-class hotels and several small



ELGDIBAR, NEAR DEVA, ON THE WAY TO SAN SEBASTIAN

LOG OF MY MOTOR

villas. It is evidently a summer resort for those seeking quiet and rest.

The drive now skirts the sea for a few kilometers and is extremely fine. Then back again into the mountains, only to return to the sea again at Zumaya, and from here on as far as Zarranz, the road is constructed only a few feet above the level of the water. As we advanced, the sea constantly dashed spray in our faces.

Twenty-four kilometers from San Sebastian, the sea is once more left for the mountains. At the top of one of the summits of the low-lying range that is now climbed, we saw the Pyrenees. It is noteworthy that the turns along this entire section are banked so that automobilists can take them at a fairly good speed.

At 12.40, San Sebastian was reached, and here we stopped for lunch. The morning's run was 129 kilometers. Lunch over, we drove to the post office for our mail, and at 2.20 we were on the way for the frontier at Hendaye. At 2.50, we sighted the *douane*.

The road for the last 20 kilometers to Irum is in splendid shape, and great speed can be made over its well-tarred surface. The Pyrenees form a fine background on the right, while the Bay of Biscay glistened in the sun on our left.

The customs officials at both the Spanish and French *douanes* were most courteous, and our deposit made on entering southern Spain was returned. It took but fifteen minutes to examine our luggage at the French *douane*, and at 3.05 we were off once more — this time on French soil.

We ran to Biarritz, 33 kilometers distant. We paraded through the streets, passing in front of the casino. We then left this charming watering resort, the Monte Carlo of the west coast of France, without having made a stop in it.

Six kilometers farther, at the town of Bayonne, we termi-

LOG OF MY MOTOR

nated the day's run at 4.00 P. M. The Hotel de Commerce is the best in the town; it is good and clean.

The total day's run of 177 kilometers was covered in 4 hours and 15 minutes, without a mishap, over fine roads for the entire distance.

We had now covered 3,910 kilometers since leaving Nice, the actual elapsed time for the distance being 109 hours and 50 minutes.

Bayonne is an interesting old town and, like most French places, clean and well laid out. The places of interest are the old Château Vieux, massive in construction and interesting from the historical events which have occurred within its walls. The Black Prince at one time made it his headquarters. Another place to visit is Napoleon's house, where he had his headquarters in 1804. The cathedral is interesting, although much restored. It is unfortunate that it is so hemmed in on all sides by houses, as this prevents the sightseer obtaining a true impression of its fine architecture.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1911

Cloudy. At 10.25, we left Bayonne for Bordeaux by way of Dax and Mont de Marsan. This is a different route from the one usually taken and proved to be the better. The road is interesting, being practically a series of long tangents, one after the other, extending over a flat country covered with pines. The *pavé*, where we encountered it, is good.

We stopped at 11.55 at the Hotel Richelieu, in the town of Mont de Marsan, where we obtained a delicious repast in a clean inn. The hundred kilometers that now separated us from Bayonne had been traversed in 1 hour and 30 minutes.

At 2.00 P. M., we started for Bordeaux, 130 kilometers distant. The road taken passes through Roquefort, Cap-



BAYONNE



CATHEDRAL IN BAYONNE

LOG OF MY MOTOR

tieux, Bazas and Langon to Bordeaux. The route is cobbled for two-thirds of the way, but the stones are smoothly laid and great speed can be made on them. The surrounding country was similar to that passed through in the morning; old pines lining the route, each one tapped for the resin it contained.

At Langon the aspect of the country changed, and on reaching the Garonne River, the vineyards producing the well-known Bordeaux wines appeared in sight. The villages are clean, and fairly up to date, and the people well-to-do.

At 4.00 P. M., we drove to the hotel in Bordeaux. The total distance for the day of 230 kilometers had been covered in 3 hours and 30 minutes.

The hotels here are all good. Among the best are the Hotel Terminus, run by the Compagnie des Wagons-Lits; the Chapon-Fins, which boasts of a restaurant that has no equal; the Hotel Princess et de la Paix, and the Hotel de France.

SUNDAY, MARCH 12, 1911

Rain. We left at 10.00 A. M. in the expectation of reaching Tours. Twenty-three kilometers from town, however, we struck a very bad railroad crossing, at high speed. Both front springs collapsed, and we were compelled to return to Bordeaux for repairs.

MONDAY, MARCH 13, 1911

Rain. At Bordeaux.

TUESDAY, MARCH 14, 1911

All repairs completed. At 9.05, we crossed the Garonne River on our way to Chatellerault. We decided to take another route to Angoulême rather than the one I had usually

LOG OF MY MOTOR

run over, and, therefore, set our course for Montlieu. About 18 kilometers from Bordeaux, crossed the Dordogne River by a fine bridge, the approaches to which are very imposing. The country traversed is a mass of vineyards. At Montlien the aspect changes. Here forests and a fairly rolling country are met with.

At 11.05, we were in Angoulême, 123 kilometers from Bordeaux. Ruffec, 44 kilometers north of Angoulême, came next, and here we stopped at 11.50 at the Hotel de France to partake of our midday meal. The inn is small; we were therefore much surprised to find good food. The bedrooms also are clean and inviting.

At the rear of the hotel is manufactured the *paté de fois gras*, the gourmet's delicacy sold all over the world. We visited the factory. During the lunch hour, as we were backing into the garage, our front right-hand tire was punctured by a large nail, and this, with the shoe which had served us so well on our run through Spain and Portugal, had to be removed. It was with regret that we saw it taken off, as we had hoped to make the whole run without changing the tire. However, we had little reason to complain, having done so well. At 2.30 P. M., the little town was left behind. Sixty-three kilometers now separated us from Poitiers. We passed through several snow storms on our way, but made no stop at Poitiers. We continued our route to Chatellerault, 31 kilometers north, where we arrived at 4.15, stopping for the night at the Hotel Nouvelle, a clean and up-to-date hostelry.

This terminated the day's run of 261 kilometers, covered in 4 hours and 30 minutes. While the road is perfect, the country is uninteresting. It was, perhaps, more so to us who during the past few weeks in a country we had for the first time passed through had enjoyed so many beautiful landscapes.



THE SQUARE OF A FRENCH VILLAGE ON THE ROAD TO BORDEAUX



TWENTY KILOMETERS FROM BORDEAUX. THE RIVER DORDOGNE
IN THE DISTANCE

LOG OF MY MOTOR

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1911

We left Chatellerault at 8.15 A. M. The sky was clear as far as Tours, but here a severe snow storm overtook us. We had made good time, in spite of the fact that the road was clogged with peasants driving to market; the 72 kilometers separating the towns having been traversed in just one hour.

At Tours we once more diverged from the regular route to Paris, and followed the River Loire through Blois to Orleans. Snow kept us company most of the way, and it was hard work, at times, to make out one's route. We passed through Blois at 10.40, having skirted the *châteaux* of Amboise and Chaumont on our way. The combination of bad weather and lack of time made us rush on without stopping for the usual visit.

At 11.35, the streets of Orleans were entered, and a few minutes later we were partaking of lunch at the Hotel Terminus, a clean and decent-looking place.

The morning's run of 182 kilometers had been traversed in 3 hours and 20 minutes. One hundred and twenty kilometers still separated us from Paris, the last stage of our long journey.

At 12.50, we were on the Route National. Artenay, Étampes and Longjumeau were all passed in rapid succession, and 2.40 found us at the gates of the old city.

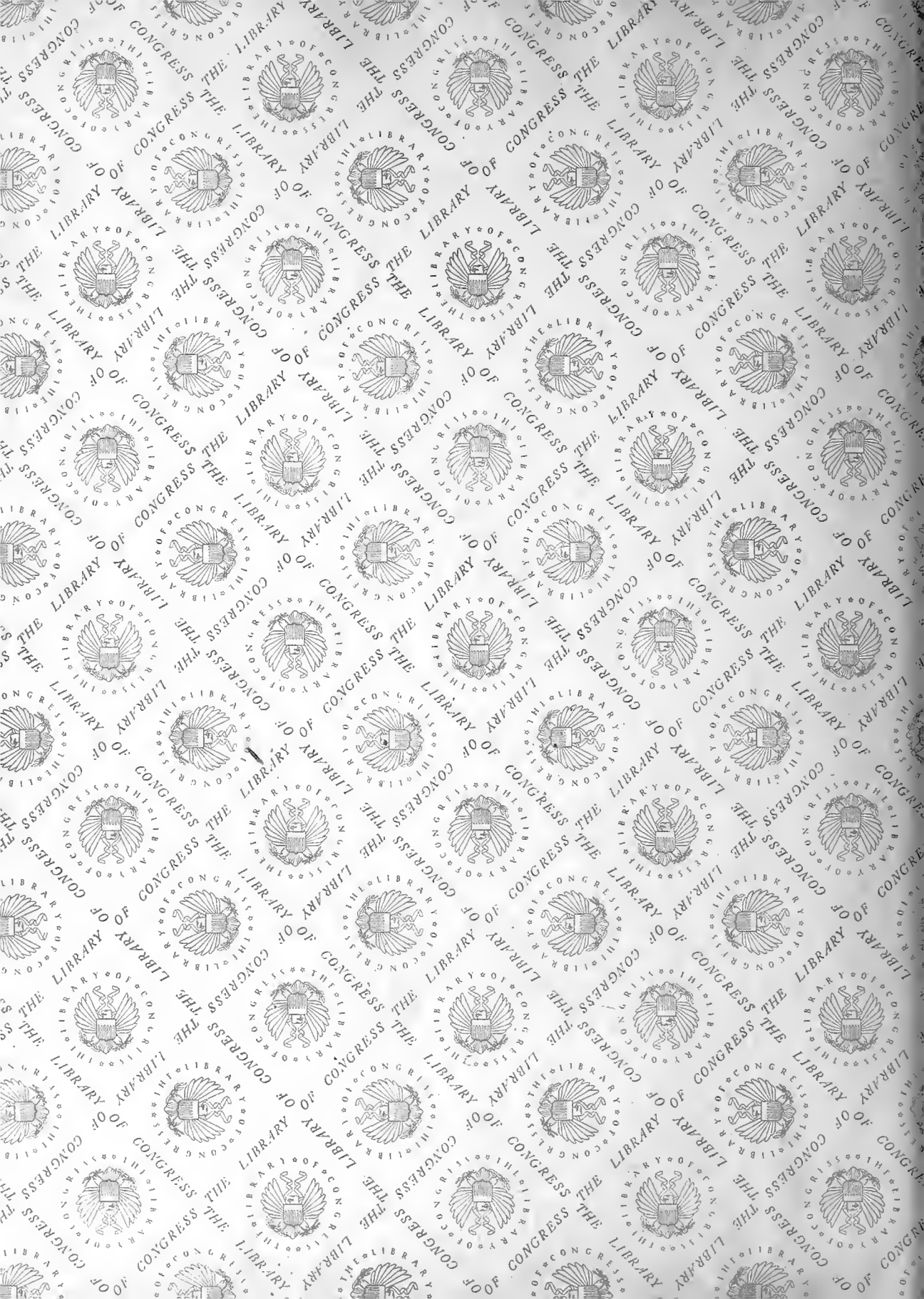
The road is fine the entire way. Cobbles, which in the past I have always avoided, I found here smooth and well laid.

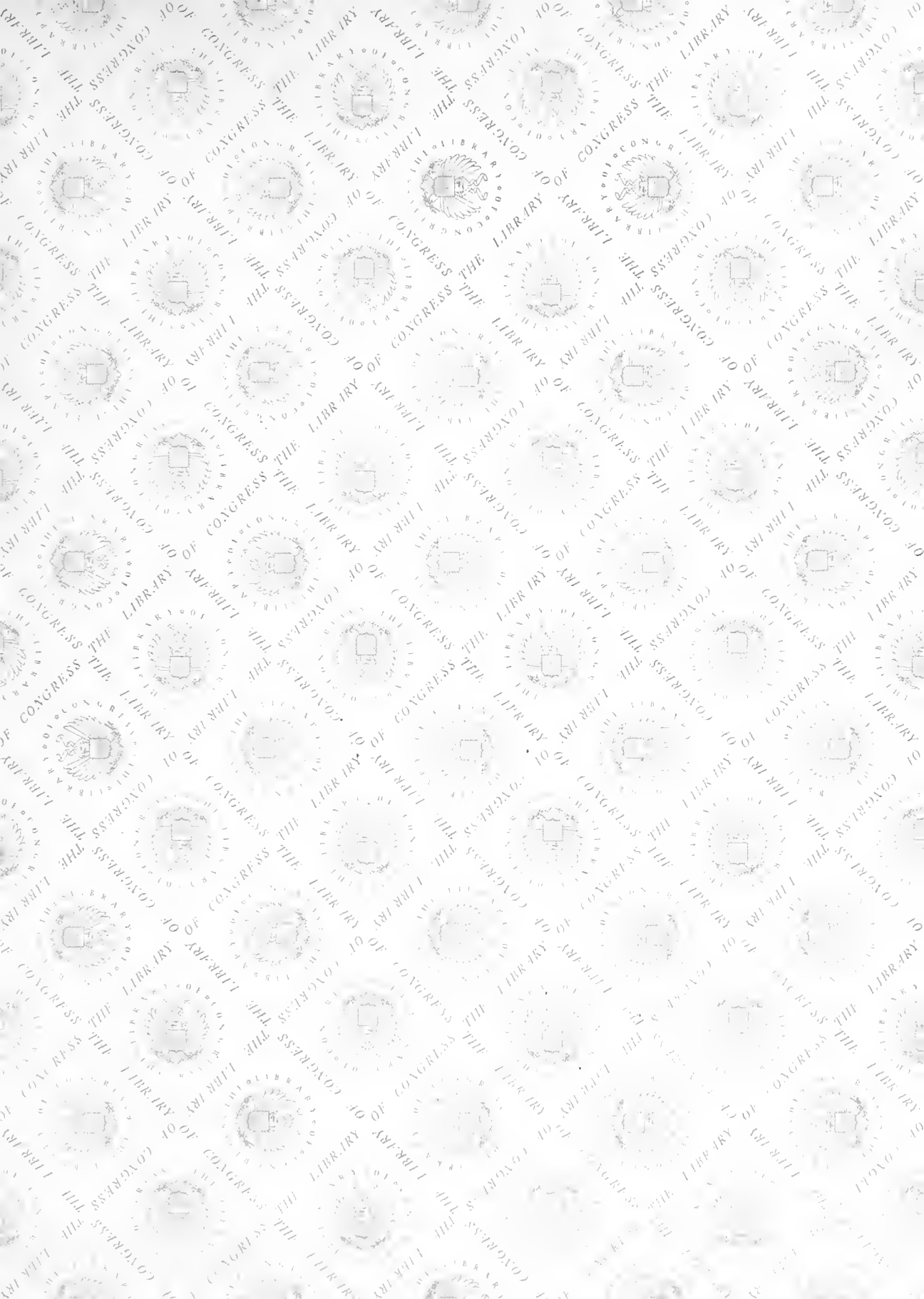
We skirted several snow storms on the way, but in some marvelous way escaped them all.

The day's run of 302 kilometers was covered in 5 hours and 10 minutes. Our total trip from Nice of 4,703 kilometers was covered in 123 hours, with but three mishaps — two punctured tires and one set of broken springs.

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